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1866

Sam'l S. Cox

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

SAMUEL SULLIVAN COX,

(A REPRESENTATIVE FROM NEW YORK),

DELIVERED IN THE

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AND IN THE SENATE,

FIFTY-FIRST CONGRESS, FIRST SESSION

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF CONGRESS.

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1890.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That there be printed of the eulogies delivered in Congress upon the late SAMUEL SULLIVAN COX, a Representative in the Fifty-first Congress from the State of New York, twenty-five thousand copies, of which six thousand copies shall be for the use of the Senate and nineteen thousand copies shall be for the use of the House of Representatives; and the Secretary of the Treasury be, and he is hereby, directed to have printed a portrait of the said SAMUEL SULLIVAN COX, to accompany said eulogies, and for the purpose of engraving and printing said portrait the sum of one thousand dollars, or so much thereof as may be necessary, is hereby appropriated out of any moneys in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated. That of the quota to the House of Representatives the Public Printer shall set apart fifty copies, which he shall have bound in full morocco, with gilt edges, the same to be delivered when completed to the widow of the deceased.

Approved, July 16, 1890.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

DECEMBER 18, 1889.

Mr. CUMMINGS, of New York. Mr. Speaker, it is with sincere sorrow that I announce the death of my late colleague, the Hon. SAMUEL SULLIVAN COX, a Representative from Ohio in the Thirty-fifth, Thirty-sixth, Thirty-seventh, and Thirty-eighth Congresses; also a Representative from New York in the Forty-first, Forty-second, Forty-third, Forty-fourth, Forty-fifth, Forty-sixth, Forty-seventh, Forty-eighth, Forty-ninth, and Fiftieth Congresses; also a Representative-elect from the State of New York in the Fifty-first Congress. Later in the session I shall ask the House to take appropriate action in regard to the death of my late colleague. I send the following resolutions to the desk, and ask for their adoption:

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with deep regret and profound sorrow of the death of Hon. SAMUEL SULLIVAN COX, late a Representative from the State of New York.

Resolved, That the Clerk be directed to communicate a copy of these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect the House do now adjourn.

APRIL 19, 1890.

The SPEAKER. The hour of 1 o'clock having arrived, the Clerk will read the special order.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That Saturday, April 19, 1890, beginning at 1 o'clock, be set apart for paying tribute to the memory of Hon. SAMUEL SULLIVAN COX, late a member of the House of Representatives from the Ninth district of the State of New York.

Mr. CUMMINGS submitted resolutions; which were read, as follows:

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended, that opportunity may be given for tributes to the memory of Hon. SAMUEL SULLIVAN COX, late a Representative from the State of New York.

Resolved, That as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, and in recognition of his eminent abilities as a distinguished public servant, the House, at the conclusion of these memorial proceedings, shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk be instructed to communicate a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

The question being taken on the resolutions, they were adopted unanimously.

ADDRESS OF MR. CUMMINGS, OF NEW YORK.

Mr. SPEAKER. I stand at a desk haloed by memories of a true tribune of the people. To the nation he was born here. It was here that his generous, genial, and manly spirit had full play. Here he displayed the patriotic fervor, the exquisite eloquence, the iridescent imagery, the peerless diction, the penetrating logic, the sparkling humor, and the delightful disposition that endeared him to the nation. He had friends everywhere and enemies nowhere. His active and busy mind and

his ever-ready and eloquent tongue are at rest. The marvelous intellect glows in another world. The whole-souled and unobtrusive friend of the masses has passed away. Only his memory remains. That memory perfumes every home in the land.

A Democratic statesman himself, he came from a race of Democratic statesmen. His father, Hon. Ezekiel Taylor Cox, was not only a distinguished editor, but a member of the Ohio State Senate. His mother was a daughter of Hon. Samuel Sullivan, State treasurer of Ohio, and a man of exalted character. His paternal grandfather, General James Cox, of Monmouth County, New Jersey, was not only a distinguished officer of the Revolution, but a warm personal friend of Thomas Jefferson. He was ever a welcome guest at Monticello. He was at one time speaker of the New Jersey legislature, and died while a member of the Tenth Congress. The portrait of another relative adorns the Speaker's lobby. It is that of John W. Taylor, Speaker of this House during the second session of the Sixteenth Congress. Mr. Taylor was the only Speaker ever chosen from the great State of New York. He was a cousin of Mr. Cox's father.

Samuel Sullivan Cox was born in Zanesville, Ohio, on September 30, 1824. He had twelve brothers and sisters. Eight grew to manhood and womanhood. Mr. Cox's father was the editor of the Muskingum Messenger. He established the first paper-mill west of the Alleghanies. For fourteen years he was clerk of the court of Muskingum County. Samuel S. Cox was preternaturally bright as a boy. He learned to read and write before he was five years old and early displayed a taste for literature. At the age of eleven he was a valuable assistant to his father in the county clerk's office at Zanesville. There are men living who saw the boy swear jurors and witnesses, issue

writs and make up journals. He performed all the duties of an expert clerk before he was thirteen years old. He attended the university at Athens, Ohio, and reached the sophomore year, but did not complete his course there. One of his classmates at Athens was General Albert B. Jenkins, a well-known Confederate cavalry leader, killed in 1864.

While a clerk in his father's office young Cox applied himself to the study of the law. His memory was marvelous. It is said that he knew the old twenty-ninth volume of the Ohio Laws by heart, and that later on he could draw up any pleading without consulting Chitty.

After leaving Athens he entered Brown University. This was in 1844. His father's means were limited. Young Samuel had hard work to pay his way. He did it by the use of the pen. Eli Thayer was a schoolmate at the university. Mr. Cox carried off the prizes in history, in poetic criticism, and in political economy. In the last department his theme was the repeal of the corn laws. His treatment of it indicated his course in after years as an advocate of free trade. He was a free-trader when a majority of his countrymen thought it more than a defect. He graduated with high honors in 1846. It was at Brown University that he developed that readiness in debate and repartee which afterward made him so conspicuous on this floor.

Upon returning to Ohio he resumed the study of the law, first with Judge Converse. Ex-Governor Hoadley was a student in the same office. Not long afterwards both these young men went to Cincinnati. Mr. Cox soon formed a law partnership with George L. Pugh, afterward a distinguished Senator from his native State. He practiced law for two years and became prominent in his profession. The thoroughness of his

knowledge and his readiness as a speaker gave him great strength before juries.

The practice of law, however, became distasteful to him. His literary tastes were eternally in conflict with it. His appreciative fondness for historical works and general literature gave him an ardent desire to visit the Old World. The visit was made soon after his marriage. Mr. Cox married Miss Julia A. Buckingham, of Zanesville, Ohio, on October 11, 1849. Of all the good things he ever did, this was the best for himself. Mrs. Cox proved a true and devoted wife. She was the pole-star of his existence. Rarely was she separated from him. She was his companion upon the burning sands of the African deserts and in the bleak regions of the midnight sun. She was with him upon the isles of the sea of Marmora and in the vast forests bordering Puget Sound. Beneath the blue Italian skies, climbing Mount Calvary, resting amid the ruins of Karnak, enjoying the grandeur of the Yosemite, admiring the wonders of Yellowstone Park, she was ever at her husband's side. In the stormy scenes of life she was always his sheet-anchor.

They remained abroad for more than a year. Upon their return Mr. Cox published an account of their rambling under the title of A Buckeye Abroad. The success of this book turned his attention to journalism. By the advice of friends he bought a controlling interest in the Columbus Statesman. It was the Democratic organ at the capital. Mr. Cox developed sterling qualities as an editorial writer. He displayed great aptitude in treating existing issues and as an originator of strong ideas. He never forgot the admonition of his grandfather, Samuel Sullivan. Mr. Sullivan, in his last will, charged his own and his children's children to remember that "their inheritance was the result of democratic institutions, and said that he expected his

namesake and executor, SAMUEL SULLIVAN COX, to sustain those institutions in their democratic form and tenor with ballot and with bullet."

It was while he was editor of the Columbus Statesman that Mr. COX wrote the article which gave him the appellation of "Sunset." That article was published on May 19, 1853. It is peculiarly indicative of Mr. COX'S tastes and character. I quote it:

A GREAT OLD SUNSET.

What a stormful sunset was that of last night! How glorious the storm and how splendid the setting of the sun! We do not remember ever to have seen the like on our round globe. The scene opened in the west, with a whole horizon full of golden impenetrating luster, which colored the foliage and brightened every object in its own rich dyes. The colors grew deeper and richer, until the golden luster was transformed into a storm-cloud, full of finest lightning, which leaped in dazzling zigzags all round and over the city. The wind arose with fury, the slender shrubs and giant trees made obeisance to its majesty. Some even snapped before its force. The strawberry beds and grass plots "turned up their whites" to see Zephyrus march by. As the rain came, and the pools formed, and the gutters hurried away, thunder roared grandly, and the fire-bells caught the excitement and rung with hearty chorus. The south and east received the copious showers, and the west all at once brightened up in a long, polished belt of azure, worthy of a Sicilian sky. Presently a cloud appeared in the azure belt, in the form of a castellated city. It became more vivid, revealing strange forms of peerless fanes and alabaster temples, and glories rare and grand in this mundane sphere. It reminds us of Wordsworth's splendid verse in his Excursion:

> The appearance instantaneously disclosed
> Was of a mighty city, boldly say
> A wilderness of buildings, sinking far
> And self-withdrawn into a wondrous depth.
> Far sinking into splendor without end!

But the city vanished only to give place to another isle, where the most beautiful forms of foliage appeared, imaging a paradise in the distant and purified air. The sun, wearied of the elemental commotion, sank behind

the green plains of the west. The "great eye in heaven," however, went not down without a dark brow hanging over its departing light. The rich flush of the unearthly light had passed and the rain had ceased; when the solemn church bells pealed; the laughter of children, out in the air and joyous after the storm, is heard with the carol of birds; while the forked and purple weapon of the skies still darted illumination around the Starling College, trying to rival its angles and leap into its dark windows. Candles are lighted. The piano strikes up. We feel that it is good to have a home—good to be on the earth where such revelations of beauty and power may be made. And as we can not refrain from reminding our readers of everything wonderful in our city, we have begun and ended our feeble etching of a sunset which comes so rarely, that its glory should be committed to immortal type.

As the editor of a leading Democratic paper Mr. Cox entered the field of politics. It was one for which he was particularly adapted. Washington McLean, the owner and editor of the Cincinnati Enquirer, was among his earliest friends. Mr. McLean was chairman of the Democratic State central committee in 1853. Anxious to be relieved of its responsibilities, he resigned upon condition that Mr. Cox accept the place and conduct the canvass. In that year William Medill was the Democratic candidate for governor. His opponents were Mr. Barrere, a Whig, and Mr. Lewis, a Free-Soiler. Mr. Cox threw himself into the campaign with all his heart and soul. Never were the industry and versatility of the man better displayed. He not only did the executive work of the committee, but he appeared upon the stump and wrote many a fiery editorial. The effectiveness of his work was shown by the result. Medill was elected governor with a majority of 11,497 over all and a plurality of 61,843 over the Whig candidate.

From that time forward Mr. Cox became an active politician. Young, quick-witted, ready, energetic, ardent, earnest, talented, graceful, and accomplished, no man was more fitted to win the

plaudits of the people. He was the rising young statesman of the Buckeye State. His fame spread to Washington. He visited this city for the first time in 1855. In that year he tells us that President Pierce offered him the post of secretary of legation to England. That honor was declined, Mr. Cox preferring the secretaryship of legation to Peru. He proceeded as far south as Aspinwall, when ill-health compelled him to return to the United States. In August he resigned.

One year later he accepted the Democratic nomination to Congress from the Twelfth Ohio district. The campaign was a bitter one. Samuel Galloway was the Republican and Mr. Stanberry the American candidate. Mr. Cox was elected by a plurality of 355 votes. He succeeded in Congress Edson B. Olds, who was afterward a prisoner in Fort Lafayette.

Samuel S. Cox entered Congress on December 7, 1857. This was thirty-two years ago last December. He came into this House one year before Judge Kelley and two years before the lamented Randall and our friend the venerable Charles O'Neill, of Pennsylvania, by whom I am requested to say how deeply he regrets that he is unable to be here to-day to pay tribute to his old personal friend. Mr. Cox was hardly seated in the old historic Hall that had resounded with the eloquence of Webster, Clay, and Calhoun, before the House of Representatives took possession of this Chamber. Mr. Cox made the first speech ever heard in this Hall. It was his maiden speech in Congress. Listen to him as he describes the scene. I read from his work, Three Decades of Federal Legislation:

> The 16th of December, 1857, is memorable in the annals of the United States. Looking back to that day, the writer can see the members of the House of Representatives take up the line of march out of the old shadowy and murmurous Chamber into the new Hall, with its ornate and

gilded interior. The scene is intense in a rare dramatic quality. Around sit the members upon richly carved oaken chairs. Already arrayed upon either side are the sections in mutual animosity. The Republicans take the left of the Speaker, the Democrats the right. James L. Orr, of South Carolina, a full, roseate-faced gentleman, of large build and ringing metallic voice, is in the chair. James C. Allen, of Illinois, sits below him in the Clerk's seat. The Rev. Mr. Carothers offers an appropriate and inspiring prayer. A solemn hush succeeds the invocation. After some legislative routine the members retire to the open space in the rear to await the drawing of seats. A page with bandaged eyes makes the award, and one by one the members are seated. Then by the courtesy of the chairman of the Printing Committee (Mr. Smith, of Tennessee), a young member from Ohio is allowed to take the floor. He addresses the Speaker with timidity and modesty amid many interruptions by Humphrey Marshall, Thomas S. Bocock, Judge Hughes, George W. Jones, and General Quitman, each of whom bristles with points of order against the points of the speaker. But that young member is soon observed by a quiet House. Many listen to him, perhaps to judge of the acoustic qualities of the Hall, some because of the nature of the debate. And then after a few minutes all become excited. Again and again the shrill tones of Mr. Speaker Orr are heard above the uproar. He exclaims: "This is a motion to print extra copies of the President's message. Debate on the subject is therefore in order, upon which the gentleman from Ohio has the floor."

That gentleman is now the writer. His theme was the Lecompton constitution. As the questions discussed involved the great issues leading to war or peace, his interest in the *mise en scène* became less. But his maiden speech—the maiden speech in the new Chamber—began under circumstances anything but composing.

While Mr. Cox was thus astounding the House with his eloquence, his old law-partner, George E. Pugh, was awakening the United States Senate to the gravity of the situation. The pillars of the Republic were being shaken. There was an ominous rumbling that foreboded the great national convulsion that followed.

Mr. Cox was thirty-two years old when he made this speech.

He began his career by antagonizing his party's administration. He promptly took sides in the great fight between Stephen A. Douglas and President Buchanan. Throughout that contest, so disastrous to his country and to his party, Mr. Cox was an able lieutenant of Judge Douglas. It was a terrific conflict. Stephen A. Douglas swung his trenchant blade in the Senate. He received able support in the House. There William A. Richardson used the broadsword, but Cox was fully as effective with his rapier. He says that his speech was the first delivered against Lecompton in the lower branch of Congress. It was taken to Judge Douglas on the Sunday night preceding its delivery to read to him parts of it in manuscript. This speech drew the line clearly. Mr. Cox lost caste with the administration. But the independence of the man asserted itself in another direction. Differing with President Buchanan, he afterwards differed with Judge Douglas on the English compromise. This subjected him to bitter criticism from friends of the judge. It was, however, an honest difference. The magnanimous Douglas recognized this, for in the campaign of 1860, at an immense mass-meeting in Columbus, he advocated the re-election of Mr. Cox.

Mr. Cox laid the basis of his fame in the Thirty-fifth Congress. He displayed those charming qualities in debate which ever afterward made him a favorite upon the floor. No one ever doubted the intensity of his convictions. His arguments were adorned with eloquence and enlivened with wit and humor. Born within the life-time of Jefferson, Jeffersonian principles became a part of his growth. He was a sincere Democrat, because in his mind there was no other philosophy that could serve his country so well.

He was re-elected to the Thirty-sixth Congress by 647 ma-

jority over Mr. Case, the Republican candidate. That Congress met on December 6, 1859. The great reputation won by him in preceding sessions was of service to him at the opening of the new Congress. General Joseph Lane, then a Delegate from Oregon, drew the seat at which I now stand. Mr. Cox had occupied it during the preceding session. When his name was called, late in the day, General Lane escorted him, amid the cheers of the House, to this desk, saying:

> You fancy this seat, sir. I have no need of it. I am a Delegate and you are a Member. You will survive me in the work which is here to be done. I go to another sphere. As soon as the vote on the admission of Oregon is taken I shall be its Senator.

Throughout the war and the long period of reconstruction Mr. Cox occupied this seat. He changed it for a similar seat on the first aisle to the right about seven years ago. It was where my esteemed friend from Georgia, Judge Crisp, now sits.

Mr. Cox became a leader in the Thirty-sixth Congress. It was in this Congress that the collision between Messrs. Keitt and Grow occurred. It led to a free fight upon the floor of the House. Mr. Cox says that it took place near his desk, after midnight. He describes the scene thus:

> After nearly three decades I see, trooping down the aisles of memory, as then there came trooping down the aisles of the House, the belligerents, with Washburn, of Illinois, and Potter, of Wisconsin, leading one extreme, and Barksdale and Lamar, of Mississippi, the other. Then came the *mêlée*, the struggle; the pale face of the Speaker calling for order; the Sergeant-at-Arms rushing into the area before the Speaker's desk with the mace as his symbol of authority. Its silver eagle moves up and down on the wave of passion and conflict. Then there is a dead hush of the hot heart and the glare of defiance across the Hall. As this scene is revivified, looking at it through the red storm of the war, there is epitomized all that has made that war bloody and desperate.

While in the Thirty-sixth Congress Mr. Cox voted for the homestead bill, which was vetoed by President Buchanan.

In 1860 he was once more a candidate for re-election from the Columbus district. Samuel Galloway was again his opponent. Cox was elected by 883 majority.

The capture of Fort Sumter and ensuing hostilities made an extra session necessary. The Thirty-seventh Congress met on July 4, 1861. Mr. Cox says that he went to that session with a fear and trembling beyond all other public experiences. All his energies, however, were bent upon sustaining the constituted authorities. At the next Congress he was nominated for Speaker by his party against Mr. Colfax. Stephen A. Douglas died in May preceding the opening of the session of the Thirty-seventh Congress. Mr. Cox delivered his eulogy in the House. The tribute was affectingly eloquent—so eloquent that it brought tears to the eyes of those who heard it.

While a member of this Congress he tells us that he nominated William Tecumseh Sherman to President Lincoln as the first choice of Ohio for a brigadier-general. In commenting upon it afterwards Mr. Lincoln happily said that Mr. Cox's choice "manifested intuitive perception and moral greatness."

In that Congress Mr. Cox strenuously opposed the declaration of martial law in the North. The Government asserted that it was a necessity for the successful prosecution of the war. Cox excoriated Secretary Stanton for his order of August 8, 1862. Not only was the right of habeas corpus suspended in every Northern State, but trial by jury was abolished by the edict of an American Cabinet minister. Mr. Cox's scathing denunciation of Stanton in the House is a master-piece of sarcasm.

About this time Col. Michael Corcoran and two other Federal officers of equal rank, captured at Bull Run, were held as

hostages to be hanged in case Confederate seamen were executed as pirates. Through the influence of Mr. Cox a resolution providing for an exchange of prisoners was passed. President Lincoln, however, had previously exchanged the so-called pirates as prisoners of war. It was done at Mr. Cox's solicitation.

Mr. Cox was among the foremost in the effort to abolish privateering under the declaration of Paris. His efforts were checked by the action of Great Britain, who refused to give her assent after the beginning of hostilities in 1861.

Meantime the Columbus district had been gerrymandered. In the new district Samuel Shellabarger entered the lists against the sturdy young Democrat, but Mr. Cox carried it as a war Democrat by 272 majority.

In the following year Clement L. Vallandigham was arrested by General Burnside and sent without the lines. Cox was a warm personal friend of Mr. Vallandigham, who was arrested on account of words which it was alleged he used in a speech. But the words were spoken by Mr. Cox, and not by Mr. Vallandigham. Mr. Cox testified so on oath, and Mr. Vallandigham fortified his statement.

The Thirty-eighth Congress met on December 5, 1863. It was the Congress that submitted the Thirteenth Amendment to the States. This amendment abolished slavery. Singular as it may seem, Mr. Cox, while favoring it, did not vote for it. He feared that its passage at that juncture would interfere with attempts at peace negotiations. His statement is singularly interesting. On the day succeeding the action of the House Mr. Lincoln, Vice-President Alexander H. Stephens, of the Confederacy, and others met at Hampton Roads. The negotiations were the direct result of Mr. Cox's efforts. He was at that

time a member of the Committee on Foreign Affairs. John T. Stuart, of Springfield, Ill., was also a member of that committee. Mr. Stuart was a close friend and had been a law partner of President Lincoln. He was a Democrat and a conservative Unionist. It occurred to Mr. Cox, during the holidays of 1864, when the coil was being tightened around the Confederacy, that the olive branch might be tendered to the South under honorable conditions, with a prospect of acceptance. In September previous peace resolutions had been introduced into the senate of Virginia, and similar resolutions were offered in the legislatures of Georgia and North Carolina. Mr. Cox suggested to Mr. Stuart that they should call upon the President and urge him to receive or make some tender to the Confederate authorities. The President listened courteously to their representations. He frankly admitted that he was anxious to secure Democratic votes and aid to amend the Constitution so as to abolish slavery. Mr. Cox promised his help provided a sincere effort was made for peace within the Union. If that failed he would not only help the amendment but assist in prosecuting the war with renewed vigor.

The new year had hardly opened before Francis P. Blair, sr., went to Richmond on a peace mission. On the day before his arrival there rumors of his mission reached Congress. It led to a fierce debate upon this floor. James Brooks, of New York, favored an armistice and Thaddeus Stevens attacked the President's course of action. Cox stood, like Washington at Princeton, between two fires. He carried himself magnificently and won the day. Blair's mission led to the Hampton Roads conference, and that conference was held on the day after the passage by the House of the constitutional amendment abolishing slavery.

Four days afterward Mr. Cox offered a resolution in this Chamber reciting the gratitude of the nation to the President for endeavoring, with a view to negotiations for peace and the restoration of the Union, to ascertain the disposition of the insurgents. It was carried—105 to 31.

The results of the conference thus suggested by Mr. Cox were vital. Its failure gave fresh impulse to the passage of the bill raising $600,000,000 for the prosecution of the war. Within six weeks General Lee surrendered at Appomattox. Another result running to extremes was a measure which Mr. Cox defeated, confiscating the fee-simple of real property owned by Confederates beyond the natural lives of the owners. This bill was defeated by only 1 majority.

Long before this Mr. Cox had won the friendship of Secretary Seward. In 1861, as a member of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, he aided Mr. Seward in his efforts to settle the Trent imbroglio and the surrender of Mason and Slidell. In the discussion that ensued in the House Mr. Cox proved himself a true American. He said:

> We are, sir, in this country, too sensitive to foreign opinion. Mr. Seward said well when he told Mr. Dayton, our minister to France, that it was no business of our ambassadors to overhear what a foreign press said about us. Our duty was to maintain our Union in its integrity and our position as a leading power among the nations of mankind, regardless of the derision and hostility of kings and aristocrats abroad.

Mr. Cox called Thaddeus Stevens the dictator of the Thirty-eighth Congress. Stevens maintained the right to hold the insurgent States as conquered territory and to give homesteads from them to the emancipated slaves. Mr. Cox strenuously protested. Stevens insisted that the right to govern the insurgent States as Territories was necessary. Mr. Cox fought him

at every point. The fight lasted three months. At the end of that time Mr. Cox's term expired. The measure for the creation of the Freedman's Bureau was passed on the day before the expiration of his term. In commenting upon these events afterward Mr. Cox tersely said that Stevens had Pluto's iron countenance, but he could unbend and be kindly.

The elections for the Thirty-ninth Congress occurred in the fall of 1864. Samuel Shellabarger again entered the field. This time he was successful. He carried the district by the aid of the army vote. His majority was 3,169. Discouraged, but not disheartened, Mr. Cox removed to New York, where he devoted himself to the practice of his profession. He was not a member of the memorable Thirty-ninth and Fortieth Congresses. In the interval he wrote his book, Eight Years in Congress.

The era of reconstruction came on. During his absence the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments were passed; the extraordinary scenes attending the impeachment of President Johnson occurred. Although absent from the House, Mr. Cox was not inactive. He was instrumental in saving the President. While in New York he says he received a telegram asking him to come to Washington. The vote of General John B. Henderson, then a Republican Senator from Missouri, was necessary to save the President from being removed. In his account, Mr. Cox says that he found Senator Henderson's sense of justice affronted by the instructions of a mass-meeting held in St. Louis to vote "guilty." The Senator requested Mr. Cox to pen a telegram to be sent to the president and officers of that meeting. The telegram read substantially: "I am a judge in the impeachment case. You have no right to instruct me in such affairs. As I am an honest man I will obey my

conscience, and not your will. I will vote 'not guilty.'" And he did so vote. Mr. Cox says that he took a copy of that telegram to the White House at midnight. He found the President gloomy. His fate depended upon one vote—nay, upon this one Missouri vote. The telegram was read to him. To use the words of Mr. Cox, "A festivity was improvised on the good news. The morning dawned with a roseate hue for all interested in the righteousness of the President's acquittal."

Mr. Cox was returned to Congress from the Sixth district of New York in 1868. His opponent was George Starr, an extremely popular Republican. Cox's majority was 2,680. The first session of that Congress began on March 4, 1869, and adjourned on April 23 following.

An amnesty bill was among the first that Mr. Cox introduced. He said that his object was to mitigate, in so far as it could be done, the proscriptive tendency which kept our people separated by a great chasm. "Agree with thine enemy quickly" was his motto. His bill came within two votes of passing the House of Representatives, although it required a two-thirds vote under the fourteenth amendment. It was after this that General Benjamin F. Butler introduced his amnesty bill. Cox characterized it from this seat as a bill for pains and penalties, with a meager element of mercy. He termed it punitory pardon. He pleaded for mercy on the old and fraternal plan and against eternizing proscription. He opposed Butler's bill fiercely. In this Congress and succeeding Congresses he sought the passage of a general amnesty bill. It was in advocating this measure that he crossed swords with James G. Blaine in debate. Mr. Cox asserts that Mr. Blaine, while Speaker, authorized the Committee on Rules, of which Mr. Cox was a member, to report a bill of general amnesty. He adds that

Mr. Blaine afterwards precipitately retreated from the high ground which he then occupied. However this may be, it is certain that whatever good in the way of amnesty has been accomplished is largely due to the untiring efforts of Mr. Cox.

In 1870 Mr. Cox was re-elected to Congress from the Sixth New York district. His antagonist was Horace Greeley. Cox's majority was 1,025. Two years afterward Mr. Greeley was a candidate for the Presidency and Mr. Cox gave him a generous support.

The Forty-second Congress met on March 4, 1871. It was in this Congress that the first colored Senator appeared in the person of Mr. Revels, of Mississippi. In this session the bill was passed enforcing the fourteenth amendment. Mr. Cox at this time began his fight against the test-oath system. He afterward introduced a bill to abolish the whole test system, not only in its application to jurors, but to all offices, including that of Congressman. It gave place to a partial measure, which he describes as intended to melt down somewhat the iron-clad oath. The modification extended only to the matter of qualifying for office. It did not apply to the jury test. The modified oath is the oath taken by members of Congress to-day when sworn in. Mr. Cox's efforts to secure the repeal of the iron-clad oath and the jury-test oath were successful nearly two decades after the war was over. It was done by the passage of a general bill, modified by the Senate. It was signed by President Arthur on May 13, 1884.

The members of the Forty-third Congress were elected in New York under a new apportionment. It was the year in which Horace Greeley ran for President. Mr. Cox was candidate for Congressman at large upon the State ticket. He was defeated by Lyman Tremain by 37,699 majority. Not long

afterwards James Brooks, who represented the new Sixth district of New York, died. Mr. Cox was elected to fill the vacancy. His opponent was Julius Wadsworth. Cox's plurality was 6,932. During this Congress an additional civil rights bill was passed. Mr. Cox took an active part in all the debates.

He was elected to the Forty-fourth Congress from the Sixth district by 10,334 majority. This Congress met in December, 1875. It was a Congress of luminous intellects. Among its members were Samuel J. Randall, Nathaniel P. Banks, Joseph C. S. Blackburn, James G. Blaine, Joseph G. Cannon, James H. Blount, William P. Frye, James A. Garfield, Abram S. Hewitt, George F. Hoar, William S. Holman, Benjamin Hill, Frank Hurd, John A. Kasson, William D. Kelley, Proctor Knott, L. Q. C. Lamar, George W. McCrary, Roger Q. Mills, William R. Morrison, Thomas C. Platt, John H. Reagan, James W. Throckmorton, Jeremiah M. Rusk, William M. Springer, J. Randolph Tucker, Henry Watterson, William A. Wheeler, James F. Wilson, and Fernando Wood. SAMUEL S. COX shone in this galaxy like a star of the first magnitude.

Michael C. Kerr was elected Speaker. Mr. Kerr died in August following, while Mr. Cox was officiating as Speaker *pro tempore*. Political necessities called him to the Democratic national convention at St. Louis. He went unwillingly, and appeared in the ranks of those opposed to the nomination of Mr. Tilden. He always felt that he lost the Speakership by so doing.

His eulogy upon Mr. Douglas was matched by his eulogy upon Speaker Kerr. After its delivery Mr. Cox tells us that Alexander H. Stephens sent for him. Mr. Stephens was lying ill at his room in the National Hotel, expecting to die. As Mr. Cox entered the room he said: "I have heard read your eulogy

upon Speaker Kerr, and have sent for you to make a request—a last request. Will you promise to deliver my eulogy when I am gone?"

Mr. Cox promptly replied: "I would like you to promise to make my eulogy. You will be the survivor."

The grand old Georgian got well, but he passed into the land of shadows long before his genial friend.

In the stormy sessions attending the birth and life of the Electoral Commission, Mr. Cox bore a conspicuous part. He was ever in the thickest of the fight. At one time he yielded ten minutes to Col. Henry Watterson. In his Three Decades Mr. Cox says that the gallant Kentuckian was known to be an intimate friend of Mr. Tilden. In melancholy accents he chanted with vaticinal periods those sad days and the coming of the day of reckoning:

"Dies iræ, dies illa."

It was at this time that Mr. Cox uttered his famous sentence: "Peril gives the lessons of years in a day." It was the core of an argument rarely matched for logic and eloquence.

But these were not the only great measures in which his influence was felt. He advocated the resumption of specie payments, the regulation of the paper currency, and the modification of the tariff and internal-revenue laws.

Mr. Cox was almost unanimously re-elected to the Forty-fifth Congress. There were only 41 votes against him. These votes were cast for Col. A. J. H. Duganne, a well-known poet. It was in this Congress that the silver dollar was restored to its legal character. The bill providing for the Tenth Census was also passed.

He took front rank in the effort to relieve the strain upon the

elective franchise by the bayonet power in the South and Federal supervisors in the North. He went so far in the contest as to aid in cutting off the supplies of the Army, thus necessitating an extra session. He began this work in 1877. It was finished six years afterward.

He was re-elected to the Forty-sixth Congress by 4,581 plurality. His plurality in the Forty-seventh Congress was increased to 9,863. In these Congresses, besides his work on the census, he devoted himself to the Life-Saving Service, and appeared upon the skirmish line in the fight for tariff reform.

James A. Garfield was elected President in 1880. Soon after his inauguration in 1881 Mr. Cox made another voyage to Europe. He says that he was near Tarsus, where Paul was born, when he heard of the death of President Garfield. It was in the Forty-seventh Congress that Mr. Cox gave his aid to the civil-service reform bill. He says that the assassination of General Garfield gave impulse to the bill and secured its passage.

Mr. Cox's plurality in the election for members of the Forty-eighth Congress was 11,317. It was in this Congress that he gave his support to the foreign contract labor bill.

Meantime the New York districts were again re-apportioned. He was elected to the Forty-ninth Congress from the Eighth district by 6,511 plurality. He resigned his seat soon after President Cleveland's inauguration and accepted the mission to Turkey. After remaining there for a year or more he came back to New York, and was elected to fill the vacancy left in the Ninth district by the resignation of Hon. Joseph Pulitzer, editor of the World.

So far as I have been able to ascertain, Mr. Cox is the only man who has ever been twice elected to the same Congress and

who has been first defeated and then successful in an effort to secure a seat in one and the same Congress.

The later work of Mr. Cox in the House is still fresh in the public mind. The Tenth Census is a monument to his perseverance and industry. The Life-Saving Service is a monument to his sympathy and humanity. His bill for the relief of the letter-carriers is a monument to his sense of justice to the toiling employés of the Government.

He has but just left us. We almost expect him back.

Mr. Speaker, overcome by his feelings on a similar occasion, Burke exclaimed, in melancholy accents, "What shadows we are and what shadows we pursue." He could not have meant by this to fly in the face of the enchanting theme of existence which in his braver moments he illustrated with consummate grandeur. Looking at the past and concentrating all the energies of my soul, I would with deference supplant this saying of the great orator with these words: "How real is life and in what realities it may eventuate."

Human achievements that essentially affect mankind often develop with full force after the life that accomplished them. The living Moses gave laws to tribes that were still wandering. When dead this wandering shadow, as Burke might have called him, this waif from the Nile whose death no eye witnessed and whose burial-place is unknown, fashioned laws for fixed and mighty empires. The essential agent in this manifest influence is divine speech. It is more potent than tables of stone. Among the busy tongues of this world are some that do not babble. The mysterious graphophone of the dead, of more than mortal construction, rejects what is idle; but the words of the wise and the eloquent endure. Like solar rays, they expand and enlighten as they travel.

When Cicero thundered against the conspirators it was in a narrow forum and to a restricted audience. Now his forum is the world and mankind listen to him.

The daggers of the assassins put a tongue in every wound of Cæsar. The battle of Senlac comes down to us like a clarion call for England's unity. Our civil war, like a thundering trumpet, proclaims the all-conquering tenacity of our own.

Men, things, and events make up this wonderful continuity of confluent action and occurrence; yet each speaks for itself. There is no confusion of tongues.

When Bunker Hill monument was complete, Webster was orator for the day. But an orator remained, towering, silent, impressive. It grows strenuous as it imperceptibly crumbles. When it falls it will add its own vicissitudes to its tremendous discourse. So did the temple at Ephesus; so does the obelisk transplanted to our shores.

The retreat of the Ten Thousand and the revolution in Brazil are both before us. The world knows most of that which it has studied longest.

Events that fly by us with baffling rapidity seem to pause and come back for inspection. Students are still delving in the débris of the French upheaval of a century ago. The tragic coming of Jeptha's daughter and the riotous feast of Belshazzar are yet vivid.

These various tissues in the retrospect accumulate and assort in amazing volume and with wonderful distinctness.

"Alas! It came with a lass and it will go with a lass," exclaimed Scotland's monarch when told that Mary Stuart was born. His scepter passed to the incomparable queen. Though of one blood and in one station, the great drama when she appeared was intensified by her divergent acting. We con-

template the past in epochs, its actors in groups, yet each in his part.

So among his mighty compeers, dealing with mighty events, do we and shall future generations contemplate Cox in his chosen rôle. Difficult and arduous indeed were its requirements, but he met them with an undaunted courage and an unflagging zeal.

He aided in reconciling the sections, he shielded the Israelite from political demarkation, he shortened the tramp of the weary postman, he made the angry waves jubilant with the song of rescue. He was a star in our political galaxy from which men take observations. Whatever weakness he had came not from the poverty, but from the plenitude of his power.

His name appears upon almost every page of our legislative annals for more than a quarter of a century. His handiwork is seen in nearly every apartment of our civil structure. This House was his workshop. The Constitution was his guide.

He asked for no furlough, he accepted no leave of absence. In the most blinding times he stood for his whole country with cheerful spirit and unshaken constancy. When occasion demanded he buried his political animosities in his patriotism. He believed in universal liberty, free labor, free trade, free competition, free opportunity, and no favors. Battling for this universal emancipation he died. He lives; he lives in his work. He will return and speak to us again and again and again, whenever humanity wants a friend or liberty needs a defender.

Address of Mr. Holman, of Indiana.

Mr. Speaker: The plaintive cry of the Hebrew king when the chiefs of his people were stricken down, "How are the mighty fallen!" expresses the sadness of this hour. "How are the mighty fallen!" Nine distinguished citizens, chosen by the people to represent them in this Congress, have finished their course and passed into the other world; three of them, Samuel S. Cox, William D. Kelley, and Samuel J. Randall (the last of whom but a few hours ago we bore away with heavy hearts to the place of his final rest), the foremost members of this House by reason of their long membership in Congress, their commanding abilities, and the valuable services they had rendered to their country.

All these, as it were but yesterday, were in this Hall, in the full tide of its great interests, engaged in the noble rivalry of who should best promote the happiness of our people. Now, their work completed, they sleep in the sacred silence of death.

I can hardly realize that the House of Representatives of the American Congress is at this hour paying its last tribute of honor to the memory of Samuel S. Cox, closing the record of a career so illustrious.

It is sad to think that a life so good and beneficent, so bright and cheerful, diffusing in its pathway the rays of perennial sunshine, the very spirit of kindly sympathy and gladness, should ever close.

There is so much of the "true, the beautiful, and the good" in the life of Samuel S. Cox, his record in public affairs so great, his attainments in scholarship and his literary labors so conspicuous, so charming the personal qualities that adorned

his life, that only the patient historian can do justice to his memory and express the value of his services to his country.

Mr. Cox first entered this Hall as a Representative in Congress on the 7th day of December, 1857. He entered Congress an accomplished scholar, well informed in public affairs, in the vigor of early manhood. Slavery was the living issue. The admission of Kansas into the Union under the Lecompton constitution, a pro-slavery instrument, was the issue of the hour. At the opening of that Congress the policy of the Administration to bring Kansas into the Union under that constitution was announced. The instrument had not been submitted to the people for approval, but it was well known that the greater number were intensely hostile to admission into the Union under that instrument.

The message of the President had been read in both Houses of Congress, and on the 16th of December, 1857, nine days after Mr. Cox had taken his seat in the House, he obtained the floor on a motion to print extra copies of the message. Points of order were raised, and a fierce parliamentary struggle to prevent the debate arose, but Mr. Orr, of South Carolina, Speaker of the House, firmly held that the young gentleman from Ohio was entitled to discuss the admission of Kansas under the Lecompton constitution, as it was involved in the President's message. Mr. Cox denounced in words of burning eloquence the Lecompton constitution as not expressing the will of the people. As an earnest disciple of Jefferson, as a Democrat from his youth up, he demanded for the people of Kansas and all other people the absolute right to form and control their local government.

From that hour Mr. Cox became well known to the American people. It was one of the ablest and, under all the circumstances, the most courageous speech ever delivered in Congress.

He knew very well that the speech would place him in antagonism to the Administration and many of his political friends, but he did not hesitate; the Administration was temporary, the right of the people to self-government was eternal. This speech opened up one of the greatest debates that ever occurred in Congress.

The result is well known. The constitution was referred, in an indirect form, to the people of Kansas, was promptly rejected by them, and Mr. Cox had the pleasure at a later day to vote for the admission of that Territory into the Union under a free-State constitution adopted by the people.

To Mr. Cox, in the House, and his great associate and friend, Stephen A. Douglas, in the Senate, belongs in a large degree the honor of saving the party of which Thomas Jefferson was the founder from the unspeakable dishonor of bringing into this great Union of States a people under a constitution to which they were unalterably opposed.

It is an interesting incident that while the first efforts of Mr. Cox in Congress were in behalf of the rights of the people of a Territory to enter the Union under a constitution ratified by themselves, his last labors in Congress were in behalf of the admission into the Union of the Territories of the extreme Northwest, and the cordial greetings he received from multitudes of people as he passed during the last summer through those great political communities—Washington, Montana, and the two Dakotas—on the very eve of their admission into the Union, attest their high appreciation of his services.

I first met Mr. Cox when the Thirty-sixth Congress met. I was in cordial sympathy with him in the war he waged on the Lecompton constitution, and came into Congress on that issue.

We became friends at once. It seemed to me that I had always known him. For a long time our seats were close together; later on we were farther apart, especially when, in recent years, the House, in consideration of his long and distinguished services, by unanimous consent permitted him to select his own seat, while I stood the chances of fortune. And it is now and must always remain a precious memory to me that for many years and up to the close of the last Congress, when Congress was in session, if I had not called at his seat when the session began he would come over to mine with a cordial greeting. He always came as a golden beam of sunlight, with some charming word, some glad expression of playful fancy, that made the labor of the day more cheerful.

When the Thirty-sixth Congress adjourned, on the 4th day of March, 1861, Mr. Cox and I started homeward. We were detained a day at Wheeling, Va. We spent the day together, talking over the impending conflict. We both knew, as all men did, that war was inevitable. What position we should take as Democrats in Congress in relation to the coming war, when it came, was considered from every stand-point. There was no hesitation on the part of either of us. The Union must be maintained at every hazard. No vicissitude of fortune in the conflict of arms should justify ever the consideration of the question of the dissolution of the Union. The administration of President Lincoln in every measure deemed necessary or proper to uphold the Federal authority in all the States of the Union should be cordially sustained. The records of Congress during the war attest how faithfully Mr. Cox adhered to that determination.

The great question which underlay the fierce conflict between the North and South—slavery—was of absorbing interest in

the minds of members of the Senate and House from the beginning of the war. Mr. Cox was opposed to all forms of slavery, but, as a disciple of Washington and Jefferson, he stood by the Constitution of the United States with unfaltering fidelity; he could not tolerate the thought that any State of the Union or combination of States should interfere with the domestic affairs of any other State. In common with his political friends he would not admit that the war had broken this Union, but claimed that it had only for the time suspended the relation of the States in rebellion to the Union, and that any great change in the Federal Constitution, adopted when, by reason of war, ten States were unrepresented in Congress, might be fatal to the future stability of the Government.

But he abhorred every form of human oppression. In his early manhood, soon after his marriage with the accomplished lady who became his constant companion through life, he visited Europe, and soon afterwards published one of the most charming books of travel ever written. He and his young wife were fascinated with Rome. In that book of travel, bearing the expressive title, A Buckeye Abroad, Mr. Cox relates the visit of himself and wife to St. Peter's when the then reigning Pontiff appeared on the scene. After describing the grandeur of this famous temple of religion and the great audience present, he said:

> Soon there arises in this chamber of theatrical glitter a plain, unquestioned African, and he utters the sermon in facile latinity with graceful manner. His dark hands gestured harmoniously with the rounded periods, and his swart visage beamed with a high order of intelligence. He was an Abyssinian. What a commentary was here upon our American prejudices. The head of the great Catholic Church, surrounded by the ripest scholars of the age, listening to the eloquence of the despised negro, and thereby illustrating to the world the common bond of brotherhood which binds the human race.

The manly sentiment thus expressed in the early life of Mr. Cox was the key to his real sentiment on the question of slavery and the equality and brotherhood of men. It was to him an inborn sentiment. This passage was time and time again thrown at him with sharp criticisms of consistency during the fierce encounters in this Hall which preceded the abolition of slavery, which he always parried with consummate skill, for Mr. Cox never permitted an adversary to boast of a victory. Yet in fact that passage expressed the real sentiment of SAMUEL S. Cox through life. No matter how sharply, in the heat of debate, he resented the taunt of entertaining the sentiments of abolitionism in his early life, I always felt that Mr. Cox would not under any conditions have modified the sentiment he then expressed.

Mr. Cox engaged in the discussion of every great question that has arisen in Congress during the last thirty-three years (except during the short intervals of his absence from the House), but he has been in a remarkable degree the champion of the humane and beneficent measures which have from time to time commanded the attention of Congress.

During the late war, antagonizing his friend Mr. Stanton, Secretary of War, he urged with such determination and earnestness that the law of civilized nations should be recognized in the conflict between the Union and Confederate forces, that a cartel for the exchange of prisoners should be agreed upon, so that the thousands of men in the North and the South held as prisoners of war might be relieved from their wretched and death-dooming confinement, as to secure at least partially that humane result. He stirred up by his appeal in Congress the heart of America, as well as of all enlightened nations, against the barbarism of a European power towards the Hebrews. He

almost forced Congress to recognize the duty of this Republic to protect the remnants of the Indian tribes against the ungodly cupidity of the white race in defiance of national honor.

The life-saving system, in its present efficient form, owes its existence to his labors. The present admirable state of the law in relation to letter-carriers in our cities is the result of his earnest efforts. He was the champion of the humane provisions that limit the hours of labor in Government employment.

In this field of legislation, that takes into account the duties of Government to succor and protect the oppressed, to restrain the avarice of the powerful, to raise up the downtrodden, and to give to labor encouragement and hope, Mr. Cox has been without a peer in Congress in this generation or perhaps any other in our history.

In literature he achieved more than any other American statesman has ever done. His first volume of travels published thirty-eight years ago, and his last published but recently, with works of great merit intervening, all bright and sparkling representations of life, will be always prized in every country where the English language is spoken.

In the House of Representatives Mr. Cox was always a remarkable character. No man in our period has equaled him in readiness for any question that might arise. He was a man of the most precise method and order. His desk in the House was so methodically arranged that even in the heat of an unexpected debate he could lay his hand at once on any paper which had been carefully laid aside for an emergency. Swift as a dash of lightning the clipping from a newspaper, or a public document, or a carefully preserved letter would come forth to confound the incautious adversary. He was the most ready and brilliant speaker I have ever heard. He had at his com-

mand the learning and current history of all countries. The driest subject glowed and sparkled under the magic of his eloquence. He never rose in the House to speak without arresting at once the attention of every member and retaining it to the last. There was a genial, kindly tone and spirit in his speeches that disarmed resentment and commanded admiration.

Certainly not in our period, and I doubt whether in any other, unless it was when Henry Clay in the old Hall used to electrify Congress, has an intellect so bright and highly cultivated participated in the affairs of this House. In those sudden emergencies which so often have arisen in this Hall, especially in times of public disorder in former years, when his party was fiercely assailed by the powerful majority, the eyes of his political associates always turned to Mr. COX as the one of all their numbers best prepared to repel the assault.

My sympathies were of course always with him, yet I venture to assert that in all the intellectual conflicts in which he was engaged in his long service here no opponent ever claimed a clear victory and his political friends never hesitated to claim the unqualified advantage of the champion of their cause. Mr. COX was intensely sensitive as to any matter that touched his personal honor in the least degree or questioned his fairness. Generally so forbearing and courteous in debate, if any unkind personal allusion was made to himself his fiery nature for the moment obtained the mastery, and the retort came prompt, keen, and incisive. And yet he was a man of the most kindly and forgiving temper. After such an encounter Mr. COX'S feelings were in a state of tumult. He could not bear estrangement from his associates, he could not harbor resentment, and in a few days after such a contest it was a joy to his friends to see pleasant relations restored. I have more than once recalled

to memory, when this kindly and forgiving spirit was displayed in this Hall, the fragment of a prose poem I read in my boyhood; I do not know who was its author:

> How beautifully falls from human lips
> The blessed word, Forgive. Forgiveness!
> 'Tis an attribute of God himself, the sound that openeth heaven,
> Restores once more fair Eden's faded bloom,
> And flings Hope's golden halo o'er the waste of life.
> Thrice blessed he whose heart has been so schooled
> In the sweet lessons of humility that he
> Can give it utterance. It imparts
> Celestial grandeur to the human soul,
> And maketh man an angel.

Mr. Cox was an inexhaustible reader. Like Garfield, he literally devoured a book and made its treasures his own.

The books he most highly prized were those which sympathized with the human race in all its struggles for a higher and a better life.

The writers whom I have most frequently heard him mention or quote are Plato and Tacitus, Fénelon, St. Pierre, and Victor Hugo, the Spaniard Cervantes, Jeremy Bentham, Sir Thomas More, and George Bancroft, the great historian of our country.

He had traveled with his devoted wife, the companion of his studies and literary pursuits, into almost every quarter of the globe, from the Polar Seas to the golden sands of the Orient. He made almost unknown islands famous by the graphic touch of his pen.

It is said, in one of those grand old legends of the Hebrews which the Talmud has brought down to the present age, that at the moment of the death of a good man there gather around him his deeds of charity and kindness transformed into ministering angels and the spirits of those departed who have been benefited and comforted by his life, and they bear aloft, on

luminous wings, the freed spirit upward to the very portals of the city immortal. It is to me a consoling thought that, when the eyes of my friend were closing on this world and those of his enfranchised spirit were catching the first gleam of the light of the infinite, the deeds of a good and compassionate life transformed into ministering angels and spirits of the great multitude whose sorrows and sufferings he had sought to soothe and alleviate—prisoners of war, for whom he obtained humane treatment and honorable cartels of exchange and liberty; the swarthy Indian, in whose behalf his voice had been so often raised in this Hall against the rapacity of the white race; the Hebrew sorely oppressed on the Danube, in whose behalf his eloquence had awakened the conscience of the world; the ever-loyal sons of Ireland, for whose right to self-government he had uttered words of impassioned eloquence as lofty and inspiring as those of the great orators of the race; those who with weary feet tread the streets and by-ways of cities, carrying everywhere news of the current hour and to every home missives of duty and affection, for whom he obtained just recognition of law; the mariners and voyagers on the pathless billows of the great deep, rescued from the jaws of death through the humane laws he inspired—a shadowy multitude, a cloud of witnesses of a good life, bore up his enfranchised spirit and filled the pathway of light with the music of the sweetest anthem ever uttered, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

There have been men who have said that, while material nature moves on in countless forms through all eternity, the human soul—that has appropriated to itself the learning of all the ages, that can count and weigh the stars and follow them through almost illimitable space, that has even caught a ray of light from the realm of the infinite and immortal—like a meteor

blazes for a moment in space and sinks into darkness. I can not and will not believe in such a view of the human soul, so dreary and unnatural. Our blessed religion gives assurance of eternal life. Nature in her ever-recurring and never-ending miracles confirms the divine assurance. The apostrophe of the good Addison to the half-divine disciple of the immortal Greek utters the truth:

> It must be so; Plato, thou reasonest well!
> * * * * *
> 'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
> And intimates eternity to man.

Oh, it must be! The just and good heirs of the universe will flourish in immortal youth!

SAMUEL S. COX, gentle and kind of heart, forgiving and merciful, who never heard, unmoved, a cry of distress, with that great multitude who, with pure hearts and lives devoted to the happiness of mankind, the alleviation of human misery, ascend from our globe to the realm of the immortals, will rejoice in the imperishable love and affection which began in this lower world and will find supreme happiness in learning, with every cycle of the countless ages, more and more, something of the nature of the infinite universe and of the attributes of the merciful and ever-living Father of us all.

ADDRESS OF MR. BANKS, OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Mr. SPEAKER: Citizens who surrendered any considerable portion of their lives to the political service of a State or nation deserve the sympathy and respect of every race and caste of the family of man.

Possibly it may be a little less fatal as a pursuit than war, but its labors are no less incessant, complicate, and crushing,

with scarcely a suggestion or thought of adequate recognition or reward.

A proper appreciation or estimate of its weight or woe is impossible until death has silenced its aspirations and settled its claims to consideration and honor.

> What is honor? A word. What is in that word honor? what is that honor? Air. A trim reckoning! Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Is it insensible, then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it.

The distinguished and honorable members of this House so lately deceased had without doubt realized the truth of this analysis of honor from the pen of the great master of human nature.

The limitless void between what is accomplished and what is desired often terminates in the annihilation of hope and heart.

The labor of love and the demands of duty are often insufficient in weight and strength to counterbalance its anguish of disappointment and defeat. The honored and beloved colleague to whose memory our thoughts are turned at this moment, SAMUEL SULLIVAN COX, has left to us an illustrious and memorable example. He gave his life to the public service. From his youth his aspirations appear to have been directed to the amelioration, improvement, and elevation of his country and countrymen.

He has left us no other tangible motive for the continuous, incessant, and crushing labors of his life. It appears in his earliest efforts to excite and elevate the common thought and action and is signally exhibited in his latest labors for the admission of the States recently organized to the galaxy of the American Republic.

He was a distinguished member of Congress from the Thirty-fifth to the Fifty-first Congress, with one or two exceptions, either for a full term or part of a term; this division occurred only as the successor of James Brooks, Horace Greeley, and Mr. Pulitzer, all eminent citizens of his own profession.

In his capacity as a member of different committees of the House of Representatives he was diligent, critical, and patriotic. He introduced and secured the adoption of a plan for the apportionment of Representatives; voted men and money for the civil war, although opposed to some administrative measures of the time.

He was supported several times for the office of Speaker and was often made Speaker *pro tempore*. He created with much labor the census law of 1880; obtained increased pay of letter-carriers, and an annual vacation without reduction of salary.

He was for many years a Regent of the Smithsonian Institution, served on the Committees on Revolutionary Claims, Banking, the Centennial Celebration, Rules, and Foreign Affairs.

He participated largely in debate with fluent and classic speech, apt and sturdy reasoning, rich in illustration and argument. He engaged with unshrinking constancy and courage in some of the most important investigations of his time, such as the "Black Friday," Federal elections in cities, the New York post-office, and the ku-klux-klan troubles, and was the author and champion of the Life-Saving Service. His last important legislative work was in securing the union of many varied and conflicting local jurisdictions of New York in one united Federal jurisdiction, for which he received the thanks of the New York Chamber of Commerce.

During the last Administration he was offered an appointment as consul at Peru, which he declined, and in 1886 was

appointed United States consul and, later, minister to Turkey by President Cleveland. In this position he was vigilant in his attention to the interests of his country, its commerce, and people. He secured just and prompt attention to the rights of his own country and countrymen, and enjoyed at all times the highest respect of the Turkish Government, its officers, and people.

As minister Mr. Cox wisely imitated the example of the celebrated Venetian traveler and savant of the thirteenth century, who gave to Europeans their earliest and only accurate knowledge of the extent, wealth, and civilization of the great Eastern empires.

His works of travel and history, written during his residence abroad as minister and his travels as a citizen, not altogether well represented by their somewhat fanciful titles, have the double merit of benefiting the people he represented by making known to them the true character, interests, and resources of the empire to which he was accredited, as the hitherto comparatively unknown races of the Chinese Empire, by the genius, generosity, manly integrity, and Spartan valor of Anson Burlingame, American minister to the Chinese Empire, were made the enduring friends of the American Republic!

I recall an interesting incident in our national history which ought not to be forgotten. I think I can not be mistaken in saying that I received it from the lips of the late eminent statesman, William H. Seward, Secretary of State in the administration of Mr. Lincoln. When the rebellion had been substantially suppressed by the Union Army it became necessary to obtain a recognition of the abolition of slavery by constitutional amendment as well as by the force of the national arms. This was a work of delay and difficulty. Citizens who were satisfied that

no form of doubt should exist of the utter abolition of slavery were disinclined to procure that result by their own act.

It was yet a question of comparative uncertainty how or when the grand results should be consummated by constitutional provision as by the chance of war. For a long time that triumph was deferred. At length in the enthusiasm of social festivities, then invested with great power in the administration and settlement of the problems of state, Mr. Seward was informed that when his supporters wanted but one vote to complete the triumph of absolute national freedom to which the great Secretary had given his life—it was announced to him as tentative to the ultimate triumph or defeat of constitutional freedom that when he wanted but one vote to secure his triumph, a life-long Democrat stood pledged to support it!

It was easy for the great Secretary to get the requisite number, the last being assured, but difficult to obtain early concessions when the final and last concession was in the vocative. If he would disclose the name of the last convert of the Democratic school, the work should be completed. That man was SAMUEL SULLIVAN COX, whose death we this day deplore, and whose name we hold for this great act, as for many others, in perpetual national honor!

ADDRESS OF MR. MILLS, OF TEXAS.

Mr. SPEAKER: The journey of life lies along the dark valley of the shadow of death. There is no spot on its pilgrimage where his presence is unknown. There is no family over whose hearthstone his somber shadow does not fall. There is always somewhere some eye that is weeping, some heart that is bleed-

ing, some home whose light is extinguished and whose altars are draped in the testimonials of sorrow. Death is no respecter of persons. He visits alike the great and the small, the illustrious statesman and the obscure citizen.

When he crosses the threshold of the hovel and calls the humble tenant whose days have been passed in the lowliest walks of life, unknown to the world, the busy throng moves on unconscious of the visitation and leaves the little circle of kindred hearts to the companionship of their grief. But when he calls for him around whose person the affections of a great people have been gathered and held for years, upon whose ability, integrity, and devotion to the public weal they have leaned for more than a generation with unbroken repose, and to whose name and character the love of a nation is indissolubly linked, then the circle of sorrow is widened, and millions of forms bend in the presence of the divine messenger, feel the affliction, and join in the universal grief.

The inspired writer has told us that the heart of the wise is in the house of mourning. It is there that we bow around the altar of chastening. It is within that sanctuary that our eyes turn inward and the heart is uncovered to the inspection of the conscience. It is in the house of mourning that we find the secluded retreat where we make our confessions to our consciences as to a mediator. The world stands without its portals and without the circle of its benefactions while the spirit within is purified and refined by self-examination, self-conviction, self-accusation, and self-correction. How large is that house of mourning to-day, and how many stricken hearts are feeling its chastening presence!

Cox, Kelley, and Randall, after having served their country each for more than a quarter of a century, are taken from us

during the same Congress, and within a few months of each other. Twelve months ago they were three of the most distinguished of living American statesmen. Each was so firmly fixed in the affections of his constituents that no hand but that of death could disunite them. Scarcely have we returned from the grave of the first till we are called to follow the hearse of the second, and now while we are paying a loving tribute to his memory the third and last bids us adieu and joins his colleagues on the other shore. As we stand over the three newly made graves we may truly say that three great men have fallen.

Mr. Cox was the first to enter this House, and the first to cross the river that divides us from the land of our fathers. Mr. Kelley, in order of time, came next in service here, and followed second in his departure. Mr. Randall came third and went third, and we may say of them all, as David said in his lament over Saul and Jonathan, "they were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided."

The friends and constituents of Mr. Cox, among whom he lived so long and whom he represented for so many years, have paid to his memory all the honors that the living can pay to the dead. To-day we are assembled to add our tribute to his memory, to express our admiration for his ability, his high character, and his long and efficient public service, and to place on the records of the House of Representatives the testimonials of a nation's sorrow at his death.

Mr. Cox was a man of extraordinary gifts and extraordinary attainments. He was endowed with a mind that caught its ideas on the wing. He did not plod and dig and sap and mine to hunt them out of their deep concealment. He did not lay in ambush and wait their coming in order to seize them. Like fire-flies about a burning lamp, they constantly flitted and

played about his corruscating intellect. They were always on hand, and when he wanted them they were subject to his will, and he shot them like electric sparks from a charged battery.

There was no friction and no confusion in his mental machinery. His brain never sulked nor balked; it never got muddled. It was always fresh, vigorous, equipped, and ready for duty. No sophistry, however adroitly veiled, could deceive it. In debate he would as quickly touch and unmask it as did Ithuriel with his heaven-tempered spear the father of sophistries in the garden of Eden. His mind had been thoroughly trained in youth, when the only thorough training is to be had. It had been subjected to the severest discipline, and through discipline brought to its marvelous power.

I recall with distinctness the first time I ever heard his name mentioned. It was in 1858, in a debate in the House, during his first term. He was attacked by a colleague from the same State, who belonged to the opposition. His opponent essayed to bring the young fledgling down and teach him a salutary lesson for his future improvement. But when the contest was over the critic found that he had played the rôle of pupil instead of instructor. That debate gave Mr. Cox a national reputation, and his colleague doubtless thought then, as many others have thought since, that in the intellectual arena he was a good man to let alone.

He had an inexhaustible store-house of knowledge, which he had gathered up in a life-time of labor, and he was adding to it every day of his life. He studied books and traveled over land and sea to study man and nature. He climbed the sides of the tallest mountains in Europe. He penetrated the deserts of Asia and Africa to the boundaries of the savage tribes. He went out into the Arctic Ocean to see the sun for twenty-four hours

where the earth upon which he stood did not intervene between him and the orb of day. He saw nature in all its aspects and humanity in all its phases. He was an accomplished scholar and well up in all the sciences.

In the memorial services of Professor Henry I remember how he surprised the savans in his address; how he played with science and the scientists, and how familiar he was with the lives of the great scholars. In politics he was a Democrat of the straightest sect of that faith. He loved liberty, personal, political, civil, and religious. He believed with all his heart that man would attain his highest usefulness and highest happiness on earth whenever he had the largest liberty.

He opposed paternalism in government in all its forms and in all its deceitful disguises. He believed that man was capable of self-government and would govern himself better than he would be governed by others; that the people who were governed the least were governed the best; that the government that was furthest from the people was the most dangerous government, the most difficult to restrain, and the most ambitious to encroach upon the rights of the governed, and ought to be intrusted with the exercise of the least power; that the largest mass of powers should be granted to the local government, which was nearest to the people and more completely under their control; and that all governments, national, state, and local, should keep their hands off the citizen as long as he kept his hands off his fellow.

In short, he believed that the proper function of government was to secure the person in the full enjoyment of all his natural rights, and to take none of them from him. He was raised in the creed of Thomas Jefferson and lived in it all his life, and labored earnestly to propagate it until the messenger called him

to join the Great Founder of free government on the other side of the river of life. In Congress or on the hustings he was a quick and hard hitter, and in a partisan fight I have never known his equal. He would see every joint in his adversary's harness, and mercilessly pierce it when he lifted his lance in the lists. He could not only make a strong logical analysis of a proposition, but he could marshal his facts around it with great power. He was full of wit and it poured out of his brain like an artesian stream. As a humorist I doubt if this country has ever produced his equal.

The shafts of some men leave wounds like poisoned arrows, wounds that rankle and heal slowly and sometimes never heal at all. He did not deal in that kind unless he felt that he had been savagely provoked. I never knew him to dip his arrow but once, and then he felt that he had been wantonly attacked and challenged to try results with his adversary. In that instance he came to the contest with his quiver full, and they were radiant with smiles and their barbs dripping with Marah's waters, in which they had been dipped for the battle.

I have served with him here for sixteen years, and always on terms of the most intimate friendship. In economic science he always claimed me as one of his pupils. It was reading his early speeches that set me to studying the effects of tariff legislation on the material interests of the country. Few men have written or spoken with greater clearness and force than he has. To me he was one of the most charming of speakers and writers. He always sent me copies of his books as they came from the press, and I have read them with unflagging interest. His books of travel give vivid accounts of the countries and the peoples of which he writes, and in his pen-pictures the humorous side of human nature is never forgotten.

Whenever it came under the flash of his eye it came under the point of his pen, and in presenting it to his reader he had the happy faculty of holding the mirror up to nature. A man of such rare genius and of such varied accomplishments the world has rarely seen. With all these great qualities he was so genial and kind that he seemed to be encircled with sunshine wherever he moved. The sky above him seemed never overcast with clouds. There was no night beneath his feet, no storms above his head. It was all sunshine. He lived and abided in the light.

In thought, speech, and act he stood in the meridian splendor of a cloudless day. His character was white, and stood out like a monumental pile of snow filtered and sifted by the fierce blast of an arctic winter. He was an able and distinguished member of Congress when corruption stalked like a harlot through these halls, but, thoroughly grounded in moral principle and guided always by a conscientious conviction of duty to himself, his family, and his country, he moved along impervious to its touch. When the ink of suspicion was blackening the names and reputations of many around him, he stood like a statue of white marble that was proof against defilement.

Mr. Cox has left to his wife, his country, and his party much of which to be proud. They will often recur to his valuable and interesting works, to his splendid compositions, his eloquent and sparkling speeches, and the measures of legislation which he inaugurated and accomplished. He is dead, but he still lives in the hearts of the people, and he will live on the pages of our history as long as our history shall endure and as long as our posterity shall cherish true manhood and a loving and tender heart.

He is dead, but we are assured that the dead shall live again,

that the grave shall give forth its dust, that the corruptible shall put on incorruption and the mortal immortality. That we shall all rise again is a faith that comes to me by inheritance, and I abide in it day and night. That we shall meet our friends who have gone before us and those who shall follow after us, in another and a higher and better state of being, I believe with my whole heart, but how, where, or when is beyond the realms of finite knowledge. Life is a mystery, and death is a mystery, and all beyond it is an unknown land. To all our inquiries the still, small voice replies, "Do your duty to God, yourself, and your fellow-man, and leave the rest to Him who doeth all things well."

Mr. Cox's last moments were tranquil and serene. The philosophy that guided him through his life did not forsake him in the hour of death. The same cheerfulness that had accompanied him through the day-time of life remained with him when the night was drawing its curtains around him for his long and quiet sleep. When nearing the place of parting, in the way where the mortal and the immortal must separate, he said he had no regrets save one. He regretted the separation from his wife.

From early life the twain had been one. She had been his constant companion at home and abroad, on land and on sea. Wherever he went she followed his steps with the faithfulness of his shadow. Now he felt he was to leave her alone and for the first time to enter on the journey without her companionship.

He is gone from among us, and it will be many long years before the world will produce another like him. A grateful people mourn his loss and honor his memory. A nation tenders its heartfelt sympathy to her whose sorrow is deepest.

We gently fold the drapery of his couch about him and lay him down to sleep where immortelles and sweet forget-me-nots will bloom over his grave. We bow with resignation to the summons that called him away, and we leave him with the angels who will stand at his tomb and keep watch over his slumbers, and we invoke Him who is above all angels, principalities, and powers to care for her whom His dispensation has left widowed and alone in the world.

ADDRESS OF MR. BUTTERWORTH, OF OHIO.

Mr. SPEAKER: Within a very brief period three men, conspicuous alike for their ability and patriotism and also for their prominence in the affairs of the nation, have been taken from our midst by death. SAMUEL S. COX was summoned first, Judge Kelley died soon after, and on last Sabbath morning Samuel J. Randall joined the others on the farther shore.

These men were widely different in their characteristics. Each had a host of admirers and devoted friends. Doubtless, of the three, SAMUEL S. COX was the more versatile, had the wider range of information, was the more eloquent and persuasive. Mr. Randall was a leader of men. Judge Kelley won fame as a champion of a protective tariff. Mr. COX had been longest in public life. He was a Representative from Ohio before the war.

In his public career he rode no hobby. He was a well equipped, "all around" fighter, and was equally available in a combat which involved finance, the tariff, internal improvements, foreign policy, or the advancement of the arts and

sciences. His wide range of information, his studious habits and careful training, fitted him equally well and thoroughly for the discussion of every question that was brought before the legislative body of which he was a member. He differed from Randall in this, that he was a teacher, not an aggressive leader of men. His place was in the council, not in the fray. But it was not my purpose to suggest a comparison between these three men; they were all strong; they were all gifted, each in his way; each served the nation nobly and deserved well of his country.

My honorable friend from New York [Mr. Cummings] has, in a manner at once just and felicitous, given a history of the career of our late friend, but I beg to add a word or two. SAMUEL S. COX was the son of a pioneer. He was born in Ohio. There was not a railroad beyond the Alleghanies during his boyhood; of course the telegraph did not exist even in the mind of the dreamer. To use a phrase each woodman will understand, he took life "from the stump." In his early days there were about him but the rude appliances of pioneer life. In a home near the frontier, in the midst of such opportunities as a new State afforded, he began the battle of life. He was a natural student and literally fought his way to a collegiate education.

Ohio at that time was a land of cabins and clearings, and though Mr. COX'S home was in the town, he attended the "log-rollings," the "barn-raisings," and the "corn-huskings," all important institutions of that day and generation. They were not occasions for jollity; they meant hard work, though mirth was at the fore; they were rendered necessary by the condition and hard lines of the pioneers. It was these conditions and surroundings that taught men to be self-helpful and also to lean

upon one another. It developed in the settler that kindly sympathy and love of neighbor which made the life of the then West as happy as it was free and independent.

Mr. Cox was popular from his earliest boyhood; he was a natural orator, possessed of an eloquent, persuasive manner that never failed to captivate the audience he addressed. He was singled out in his school-boy days to be the orator on each occasion that required a speech; he had stumped Ohio from lake to river before he had fairly passed his majority. He had a ready wit, and while it sometimes cut like a knife it was not his desire that it should wound. His wit and humor was like the aroma of rich wine. Like Lincoln and Corwin, he saw the ludicrous phase of things, and like those sterling patriots he saw and felt as well, in full measure, the solemn and serious aspect of portending events. He was a natural-born politician; no one knew the weakness of man better than he. He could, unknown to them, guide men in the way he would have them go. He could convince them against their will, but with such adroitness and in such happy humor that they would find themselves agreeing with him while they deemed themselves to be in antagonism.

His early surroundings served him a useful purpose in after life. There he learned what it required to overcome the obstacles that confronted the settler, whose main equipment was a stout heart and willing hand. It awakened, or rather developed, in him large and generous sympathy that never failed to find expression on fit occasions. He was a student of books, and not less a student of men and of nature. He traveled a great deal; pondered upon old battle-fields where empires fought for supremacy; he delighted to trace the source and rise of warring powers; he felt a rich joy when standing on the Alps watch-

ing the wild fury of the elements about him in the conflict of the storm.

He found a lesson in all he saw, and gleaned from all he heard, and retained for use all that was worth remembering. His word-paintings of what he saw in his travels were a well-spring of enjoyment to others. It might be said of him as it was said of Byron, he "stood on the Alps, stood on the Appenines, and with the thunder talked, as friend with friend." Those here who have heard him describe the scenes midst which he stood, whether upon some tempest-tossed ocean, or of a war of the elements about the mountain-top whence he gazed, or of some battle between armies fighting for empire, can never forget the graphic pictures he drew. It is not easy to measure the influence of such a character upon his fellow-men. He will live longer in the hearts of his countrymen, his influence for good will be felt after all recollection and trace of others who have occupied for the moment a larger place in the world's affairs have been forgotten. Many will be remembered for having been identified with some single act which gave them conspicuous prominence by association with other actors or with some single event.

The life of Mr. Cox from his childhood down to the day of his decease was marked by one uninterrupted series of kindly acts and expressions, by earnest labor and devoted work in behalf of his fellow-men. These have left their impress upon the people amidst whom he moved. Yes, and its influence went forth in an ever-widening circle.

I know something of the kindly remembrance in which he was held in his native State. When he returned to it, which he did frequently, gray-haired men with little strength left under their weight of years would insist upon going out to hear

the man to whom they had listened in his boyhood days. They never failed to be instructed and improved by the speech they heard. Upon such occasions Mr. Cox was most happy in portraying the scenes of his youth and the honorable part his aged hearers had taken in building up the State.

The trying ordeals through which the old pioneers had passed to attain the splendid results that remained to bless them were pictured in the happiest vein of the speaker. He never failed to pay a fitting and deserved tribute to the fathers and the mothers whose patient toil and untiring industry had wrought the change in that fair land which their children enjoy to-day. He was not only a speaker of exceptionally good ability, but he wrote with equal facility. He could make an adversary writhe under his pen or tongue when he saw fit to exercise his power. But it seldom occurred that his kindliness did not prompt him to forbear, even when his adversary deserved the punishment.

It is but just to say that in his life's labors he was assisted by a devoted and brilliant wife, and it is said that to her gentleness and kindly nature many of Mr. Cox's political adversaries are indebted for the suppression of asperities which but for her would have found expression in his lines. Like a true woman, her kindly sympathy suggested that her husband might be severe and just and yet be kind even to gentleness. His life was a pleasant one. Mr. Cox had the faith of a Christian; that faith he showed by his works. I remember lolling with him in the lobby of the House one day, when we got to talking about Christian faith, and I said to him: "Cox, what is your religious faith, or do you have any?" He replied, "Yes, I have. I believe in the religion which was taught and exemplified in the life of the Nazarene, and I never fail to bear testimony to the ennobling

and purifying influence of the Christian religion." And we, who have heard him, will remember that he was always a witness for Christian precepts and in charity and kindness enforced those precepts by worthy example.

It is not my purpose to suggest that Mr. COX was a saint or that he was what the world would adjudge to be a thoroughly exemplary Christian; but here, bidding him adieu on this day, paying this last tribute of respect to his memory, it is a duty and a pleasure to say of him that the world was better that he lived, and that those with whom he came in contact were made better by that association. I think the influences of his precepts and examples of his life were to elevate men.

He was a natural democrat; he believed in evolution, and thought the human race would work out its own salvation without much bruising or breaking to mend perverse spirits. He found some good in every man, although in some cases it required a careful search.

We shall miss him here. There have been many occasions during this session when I have found myself looking up to catch the face of the brilliant man from New York, to be instructed by his knowledge, to be convinced by his logic, to enjoy his wit, or possibly to wince under his sarcasm.

He has gone from our midst. The death of Judge Kelley was not unexpected; the death of Mr. COX was sudden and not anticipated. We parted from him in health in the spring; we expected to serve with him here in the fall and winter. Randall was strong and vigorous. His death seemed untimely and unnatural. The death of these, our friends and late associates, reminds us that we are hastening to the grave, and the work which is given us to do must be done while it is yet day. We part company with these choice spirits with regret, but I am

persuaded that we have parted with no one whom we will hold in more affectionate remembrance for personal worth, for generous and noble bearing, than SAMUEL S. COX.

ADDRESS OF MR. BRECKINRIDGE, OF KENTUCKY.

Mr. SPEAKER: Among works of art there are pictures called mosaics; and these eulogies upon our dead colleagues form the mosaic portraits drawn by various hands, each drawing that particular feature which he best recalls, making a compact and, as a rule, a just and faithful portraiture of every beloved lineament and every well-remembered feature. The portraiture of Mr. COX requires more of this separate treatment than that of almost any of the colleagues with whom I have served in my brief public career. He was, more than almost any man I ever met, many-sided.

There is reluctance in the human mind in admitting that a man possesses more than one great quality. If he be eloquent it is hard to realize that he may be extremely cautious and able and strong; if he be witty, we are apt not to think him wise, conservative, and politic; if he be gallant and chivalric, we are inclined to think that he is not possessed of cool and cautious judgment; when the fact is that great qualities frequently go together. They are but different aspects of a majestic nature; they are revelations of a unique and imperial soul exhibiting itself in different relations. And Mr. COX had many apparently diverse qualities that had the same common root.

In tropical countries we find on the same tree at the same time the green leaf, the embryonic blossom, the full flower, the green fruit, the yellow and ripened orange, so that one can

gather from its branches the sweetest fragrant flowers as a bridal wreath, while another plucks the ripened fruit for his feast. So our friend at times weaved a bridal wreath of fragrant flowers, while at other times he furnished to this House the richest feast from those marvelous attainments and equally varied gifts which he possessed.

It was this many-sidedness of his character that struck me when I first came into contact with him. He possessed more of these qualities than almost any man I ever knew; a clearness of statement that was scarcely surpassed (if I may be allowed a personal allusion) by him who was the Speaker of the last House; a quickness and nimbleness of debate on the spur of the moment that was nearly equal to that of the Republican leader in the late House, now promoted to its Speakership; a gentleness and tenderness not surpassed by anybody; a playfulness that attracted; and under that playfulness the quick stroke of the rapier, for graceful is the hand that uses the Damascus steel; and with it all a wealth of learning, a breadth of attainment, a happiness of illustration that never descended into triviality, that always illustrated as well as adorned; and then with these the peculiar quality that we sometimes call cat-like, so that whenever his adversary thought he had thrown him he found that he had lit upon his feet, ready to conduct the contest on absolutely equal terms. His very defeat seemed to be the means of reconquest in the continued and uninterrupted process of debate. So that under all circumstances and in every emergency he exhibited adaptability to that particular occasion and that peculiar environment.

Now, Mr. Speaker, these are remarkable qualities, each somewhat rare in itself, in combination extremely rare, and yet it is one of the curious facts of our peculiar and duplex nature, fear-

fully and wonderfully made, that they are rarely found in combination in those men who are called to do some act supremely great. They belong to that class of men who are leaders of men, who are leaders of thought, who are necessary to the contest, who adorn the annals of the era in which they live, who make honorable and noble work and give inspiration to others. And yet they seem to have so many qualities that in no one are they supremely great for a great occasion. Therefore it is not unnatural that Mr. Cox, who was always a conspicuous member of this House, always an able and influential member of this House, never became the leader of his party.

There is something needed that has more in it of iron than was in his composition; something that has in it less of consideration for the reputation and for the feelings of his followers and of his enemies than he had; something more of willfulness, something larger of the capacity to risk all, to dare all, and to wound and, if necessary, to trample on all who stand between him and the accomplishment of the purpose which he feels called upon to accomplish, than he possessed. And it is probably, therefore, a greater tribute to his memory and to his loving nature, as well as to the tenderness and gentleness of his life and the attractiveness in all that he did, that he did not possess these sterner qualities of leadership.

Thirty-two years have passed away, nearly, since Mr. Cox came into the House of Representatives. The other day, when we were passing just eulogies to the memory of Judge Kelley, the thought that was uppermost in my mind was that he represented, during the thirty years of his life and service, a victorious party. Now, when we come to pay our eulogies to this colleague, the corresponding contrasting thought is that for the larger part of his life he represented a falling and defeated

party or a party struggling from opposition towards majority. He entered public life at the time when the Democratic party was separating itself, not by the attacks of its enemies, but by its own hand compassing its division and destroying its power. He signalized his entrance into this House by a bright, able, stirring speech, which marked the dissensions between, not his party and his enemies, but between him and many party friends.

The very earliest of his public services in the House was to defend the leader of a part of that party against its nominal and official head. He saw that party divided amidst the throes and the bloodshed of the most terrific war between the States that history has ever chronicled or the world has ever seen. He returned to public life from the great and imperial metropolis, which sits crowned upon the shores of the Atlantic, with a handful of colleagues who felt and thought as he did. He stemmed the great tide of Republican victories, the fair results from the successful conduct of the war, from the emancipation and enfranchisement of four and a half millions of human beings, and from meeting with intrepid purpose the perplexing problems of an enormous public debt.

He stood with that minority amid the sad and terrible days of reconstruction, and lived to see it grow constantly stronger and stronger, but never obtaining possession of the departments of the Government in such a way that it could crystallize upon the statute-books its opinions of public policy and its judgments of great economic questions. And he died, after thirty-two years of brilliant and conspicuous service, in the ranks of a defeated party.

His colleague was borne to the grave as one of the leaders of that party which had control of the statute-books of the nation for a period of thirty years; this colleague we bore as the repre-

sentative of a party who during all of that time was in opposition. Who can say which is he that the country owes most to, he who helped to form its policy or he who by voice and earnestness checked further encroachments?

Who can tell, in the action and reaction of counteracting influences, which is the better, that which is powerful for positive legislation or that which is potent as the check on legislation? And as we leave this Hall on this day, which is typical of his life, this faultless spring day, with its cloudless sky and its genial and bright sun, with the vernal blossoms just bursting into bloom, and the melody of the birds which is heard in the trees, who can tell to-morrow and in the days that are to come, as the younger men take the places of the older, to whom shall most honor be given? Or rather can we not well say that, on the graves of both of them and on the newer grave of the more stalwart and willful and aggressive leader whom we have just buried, a nation, forgetting their differences for the moment, obliterating animosities, can say of each, "He did as he thought best for a country he loved with all his heart, under a sense of duty to a God who led him in the pathway he pursued?"

Address of Mr. Bland, of Missouri.

Mr. Speaker: When I first came to Congress, in December, 1873, I found Mr. Cox a member of the House. He had served many terms prior to that. I had never met Mr. Cox before. His reputation at that time as an orator was world-wide; consequently I was anxious to meet him and to hear him speak. My admiration for the man grew upon me as I became more familiar with him.

The Forty-third Congress, to which I have alluded, gave many occasions for the display of his oratory, wit, and humor. It was a notable Congress in our history. Mr. Blaine was Speaker. General Butler, of Massachusetts, was then the acknowledged leader on the Republican side.

General Butler, with all his great ability and pertinacity, pressed what were then known as the force bill and the civil-rights bill. He succeeded in passing the civil-rights bill, but through the dilatory tactics of the Democratic party, led by Mr. Randall, of Pennsylvania (whose death but a week ago we are also called to mourn), with Mr. Cox as our great champion in debate, the force bill was defeated. Justice requires me to say in passing that the strict impartiality shown by Mr. Blaine, the Speaker, during this memorable contest extorted the highest warmth of admiration from his political opponents. In that fight there were two great men and great characters brought more prominently than before into public notice. These were Samuel J. Randall and Samuel Sullivan Cox.

These two late Liberal leaders in American politics have their counterparts across the waters. Mr. Cox was truly our Parnell, while Mr. Randall in many characteristics was to us a Gladstone.

My service here with Mr. Cox began in the Forty-third Congress, and was continuous, except in the Forty-ninth Congress, while he was minister to Turkey. I was fortunate to have a seat by him for two years. In this way I learned to know him as a friend. From overwork and cares incident to public life I was in failing health. Mr. Cox took great interest in my case. He gave me the benefit of his advice and experience, for he was never robust himself. His amiable disposition and jocular good humor threw a halo of sunshine around his companions.

As my health gradually recovered I used to tell him that it was all due to his cheerful company and buoyant temperament.

Mr. Speaker, in our journeyings we encounter plains, table-lands, hills, and mountains, and mountain peaks that look grand in the distance, their summits peering above the clouds in their dazzling, misty heights; the plains and hills covered with forests of shrubbery and young trees struggling to higher proportions. Here and there we find clumps of huge foresters, with the growth of ages, shooting their foliage high above their surroundings as if to catch the first rays of the sun and to drain from the clouds the first drops of water, the winds whistling and sighing amid their boughs like an Æolian harp. Far above the tallest forest trees and amid the crags of the loftiest mountain peaks soars the eagle, now basking in the burning radiance of a summer's sun and now riding upon the storm, defying the thunder's roar and the lightning's glare. So towered in grandeur and majestic flights the enchanting eloquence and withering satire of S. S. Cox. As an intellectual man he was a giant; as a genius he was a prodigy.

Mr. Speaker, how often have we witnessed his powers here. The ablest who crossed swords with him in the repartee of running debate did so with all the misgivings of foregone defeat. I can now recall many occasions when the mad passion of party swayed the House as a cyclone would twist a forest, when it seemed inevitable that blows must follow words. At this juncture Mr. Cox would take the floor and by the impassioned eloquence of a Clay calm tumult to tears and by the wit of a Curran set the House in roaring laughter and good humor.

Mr. Cox was a man of the kindliest and most humane impulses. He was of noble spirit, a patriot and philanthropist. He loved his whole country; but his love of liberty, of the

Jeffersonian idea of home rule or local self-government, was world-wide. Ireland had no greater friend or abler advocate in her struggles for freedom than Mr. Cox. The tears of Ireland and the tears of America will mingle in love and sympathy for his memory so long as manhood is honored and liberty held sacred.

Mr. Cox loved our Union for the Union's sake. His voice and his vote were potential in aid of the war for the Union. When resistance to the Union ceased his cause of war ceased. He had no resentments. His voice was raised for peace and amnesty. He labored to restore the Union by constitutional methods.

The unhappy people of the South, in their struggles for restored liberty under our Constitution, had no truer or abler champion than he. The idea of State government taught by Jefferson, that we now call home rule, was a cardinal principle with him. No man living or dead did more in these Halls than he to cement our people in the sublime principles of union and justice.

Mark Antony played the necromancer over the dead body of Cæsar. He moved the Roman populace to tears and roused in them all the passions of terrible revenge. Yet Cæsar's fame was baptized in a Rubicon of human blood; his sword had cut from their moorings the liberties of the people, that he might float upon a sea of imperial power.

The great man whose death we mourn to-day, the utterances of whose tongue had so often moved his countrymen to wild applause and rapturous admiration, was loved by the people for his great genius as a statesman and orator, for his magnanimous spirit and humane sympathies. His great victories were achievements of intellect, the trophies of valor won in the arena of de-

bate. His walks were the walks of peace; his ambition was tempered by justice and mercy. His bounding heart took in loving embrace the oppressed everywhere. His joyous smile was the delight of his companions. In him was the well-spring of perpetual youth. Verging on to near the allotted three-score and ten, yet had Mr. Cox lived a century he would have died young. Neither age nor physical infirmities could wrinkle his sunny face, quench the fire of his eye, nor blight the evergreen in his soul.

Our ideas associate the better world beyond with peace and joy, mirth and song. If this be true, death for him was only the lifting of the thin veil separating time from eternity. As he left this, so he stepped upon the other shore. There was no change.

As Prentice said of the immortal Clay:

> But he is gone, the free, the bold,
> The champion of his country's right;
> His burning eye is dim and cold,
> And mute his voice of conscious might.
> Oh, no! not mute; his stirring call
> Can startle tyrants on their thrones,
> And on the hearts of nations fall
> More awful than his living tones.

Address of Mr. Buckalew, of Pennsylvania.

Mr. Speaker: I shall speak to a few points in the character and career of Mr. Cox, leaving to others to draw a more complete picture of the man and of the achievements by which he is best known to this generation and will be remembered in future times.

Mr. Cox went abroad in early manhood and again in mature

age, and gained varied stores of knowledge from observation of the natural features, the men, and the institutions of other lands, first as a private citizen and again as a representative of the Government of the United States. He was always observant, discriminating; enjoying the romantic and historic associations of all the places and scenes visited, constantly gathering materials for reflection and conversation, for literary labor and for public discourse. Europe gave to him vivid impressions of her forms of civilization, the organizations of her governments, the peculiarities of her people, and of the evils which attend upon dense populations in crowded cities.

But he also found there a development in scientific pursuits, in literature, and in art to which the New World has not attained, and also ecclesiastical organizations antedating Columbus and Newton, which yet in great measure dominate the religious beliefs of the world.

And in the far East, upon the coasts of Africa and Asia, he wandered like another Volney among the ruins of empires, indulging in reflection upon the mutability of human affairs, gazing with astonishment upon the monuments of past grandeur and contrasting them with present degeneracy and decay. The sacred land of the Jews, the capital of the Turk by the Marmorean Sea, and that land of wonders, the Valley of Egypt, brought back to memory the classic books of college days: Herodotus and Homer, the Mosaic and New Testament writings, the polished pages of Xenophon and Gibbon. Perhaps he recalled also with humorous enjoyment the less pretentious narrative of the United States expedition under Lynch to explore the tortuous courses of the Jordan and the salt waters of the Dead Sea.

In his last sojourn abroad he saw and studied "the unspeak-

able Turk" in his home, his quick eye detecting elements of the ludicrous, the incongruous, the romantic, and the picturesque all around him. There were the Mosque of Omar, once a Christian church; the seraglio of the Sultan, and all the splendors of the Golden Horn; and in the bazars and streets of the great city were to be seen men of various nationalities and of varied costumes: the Bedouin of the desert, the pasha with retinue from Damascus, the Maronite from Lebanon, Bulgarians of the Danube, merchants from Macedonia, and the pious pilgrim just preparing to join the annual caravan to holy Mecca, to the tomb of the Prophet, far south toward the coffee lands of Araby the Blest. No more varied and motley assemblage than can be seen at Constantinople was collected at Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost, told of in the second chapter of the Acts, when "Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, and in Judea, and Cappadocia, in Pontus and Asia, Phrygia and Pamphylia, in Egypt, and in the parts of Lybia about Cyrene, and strangers of Rome, Jews and proselytes, Cretes and Arabians," did each hear in his own tongue of the wonderful works of God.

But whether at Constantinople or Cairo, at Rome or at Paris, in Berlin or in London, Mr. Cox was ever the American, always and everywhere "A Buckeye Abroad." If not a "stranger in a strange land," if scenes grew familiar from nearness of view and from recollections of their former glory, still, outside his own country there was for him "no abiding city," no place to be chosen for permanent abode. He would have languished even as a member of the American colony at Paris. He did tire of his surroundings and of inaction at Constantinople. He longed to come back to our great city by the sea, to revisit his native valley of the West, and above all and beyond all to stand

again in this House, a loved and honored representative of American institutions and American men.

This desire was gratified by the city of New York, which again assigned to him a seat on this floor, and he appeared among us at the opening of the Fiftieth Congress.

In that Congress Mr. Cox chose the position of chairman of the Census Committee, and he reported the bill under which the population and industrial statistics of the country are to be taken the present year. The increase of the States and Territories in wealth and numbers was to him a subject of deep interest and of patriotic pride. He rejoiced in all signs of public prosperity and indulged hopeful anticipations of the future.

In the same Congress he was conspicuous in support of irrigation surveys and works of water supply in the far West. He conceived such works in the Territories to be legitimate and important objects of national policy, and his imagination bodied forth a bright picture of prosperity for settler and citizen upon our waste and arid lands when those lands should by such works be reclaimed for human use. Cañon, valley, and ravine, gorge and basin, were to be utilized; scientific skill was to bar their outlets, and thousandsof made channels convey the stored-up waters to town, garden, and farm, to fruit-tree, meadow, and pasture land, in all those sections that skirt the mountains of the Southwest. Under human control and directed to human use, the great mountains that milk the clouds were to send down to the thirsty plains their fructifying and life-giving waters.

In supporting this policy he recurred to his observations in Syria and Asia Minor, where, by the destruction of mountain forests and neglect of irrigation works that once existed, water supplies have been lost and sterility established upon what were

once fertile lands sustaining great populations and prosperous states.

The admission of four new States into the Union was another subject upon which Mr. Cox felt great interest at the last session, and he exerted himself to the utmost in favor of the admission bill in the House. He looked upon the rise of free Commonwealths in the Northwest with genuine pride and with high hopes of their future. That stalwart men by Puget Sound, in the recesses of the Rocky Mountains, and along the Red River of the North should have their desires fulfilled and a hearty "God speed" given them in their onward march to the position of great States, gratified his sympathies and excited him to zealous and determined effort. When in some one of those new States a great capitol building shall be erected with a statue of SAMUEL S. COX placed at the entrance, a fitting tribute will have been paid to his memory by the men he served.

It will be seen that the labors of Mr. COX in the last Congress were largely directed to the census enumeration of 1890, with its elaborate industrial statistics for the whole country; to the reclamation of arid and waste lands in the far West, and to the admission of new States. Time would fail to sketch even in outline the immense number and variety of subjects which engaged his attention during his prior long service in this House. He was here before the war of the rebellion, during the progress of that struggle and afterwards; always prominent in debate and always prominent before the country. How well he bore himself in all that time, what displays he made of fertility in resources, aptness and quickness of movement, steady consistency, discretion, and dauntless courage, is best known to those who saw him most and judged him closely. It was, however, his quickness of perception and keen wit that specially

distinguished him in the House. These enlivened discussion, gave point or illustration to argument, and enabled him to carry off the honors in many a contest.

His perceptive and receptive faculties were of a high order, enabling him to take impressions and knowledge from all sources—from nature, from books, and from men; and what he obtained he held in a retentive memory, and drew upon it at pleasure. Thus he was mentally a full and a ready man, prepared upon most subjects for discourse or exposition and to comprehend and appreciate their treatment by others. Sensitive at all times to the influence of his immediate surroundings in communication with an audience, a social circle, or a companion, he received impressions as readily as he gave them; hence, all his relations in human intercourse were relations of mutual appreciation, and commonly those of sympathy also.

When he chose to amuse an audience the enjoyment of the audience was his own also, veiled by a discreet self-restraint in its manifestation, and the sympathetic bond which united speaker and audience always remained unbroken. In efforts of a discursive character, when fancy was let loose to depict resemblances or draw contrasts between things near and remote, or those known and imagined, his audience went willingly with him upon his excursion, and realized his picture in all its details, their minds led captive by an art which with the speaker was unfailing and instinctive.

In intellectual collision, in occasional combat, Mr. Cox excelled. He was fitly armed for the fray and not loath to engage his antagonist. In encounter his weapon was not the battle-ax of Richard, but the keen cimeter of Saladin, and that weapon he wielded with an ability which intimidated foes and excited the enthusiastic applause of friends and supporters. Those who

looked on admired the skill of the champion and enjoyed his triumph. Sympathy went with him alike in sportive foray and in regular combat; for he was as chivalric as enterprising, and struck only to disarm his antagonist, not to mutilate or degrade him. Spitefulness and malice had no lodgment in his soul; his anger when most provoked was curbed by magnanimity and self-respect, and he did not permit the sun to go down upon his wrath.

He reasoned soundly, and often strongly, in debate; but to the multitude it was his occasional strokes of witty allusion to men and events, his pictures of the romantic or the ludicrous, and his appeals to sympathy and generous emotion that gave zest to his discourse and elicited admiration.

That Mr. Cox loved admiration more than most men and labored and toiled for it with zeal and diligence is perfectly true. To attain to a firm place in the hearts of his countrymen, and especially of his associates in public service—this was the ardent desire of his soul, which inspired effort, defied fatigue, and was, briefly stated, a great motive-power of his public life. But this love of approbation was of a very manly sort, and was associated with moral and intellectual convictions which gave steadiness to his character and withheld him from the arts of the demagogue and from base subjection to the evil influences of his time.

I think I may justly claim that he was not merely an honest man in the common acceptation of that term, but that his integrity was of a high order and was constant and sure. When, pending a late election in Ohio, his name, with those of others, was forged to a pretended ballot-box contract, no effect to his disparagement was produced in his native State. There and everywhere else throughout the country, to all intelligent per-

sons, it appeared incredible that Mr. COX should turn speculator in the legislation of Congress, and the charge was rejected before it was disproved. It was, in fact, as impossible that Mr. COX should have engaged in the alleged enterprise as that the eloquent member of this House from Kentucky [Mr. Breckinridge] or the popular leader of this House [Mr. McKinley] should have fallen into evil ways, or that the great Senator from Ohio [Mr. Sherman] should have lost his mental poise and his superb caution in prospect of petty and illegitimate gains.

Three men, each of long service in this House, have taken rank in public opinion and will take rank in our annals as men of genuine wit: Randolph of Roanoke, Stephens of Pennsylvania, and SAMUEL S. COX. They were not jokers nor punsters, nor were they sentence-makers, like our American Junius of the Senate; but in different ways, each with individual peculiarities, they reached a like position and distinction as men of pleasing and pungent speech.

It is by contrast that we can best view these former strong men of the House. Randolph was eccentric and insubordinate; in a majority willful and restless; in opposition lawless and unrestrained. But from his speeches, in the imperfectly reported debates of his time, may be selected many a sparkling gem in which thought and diction assumed almost perfect forms—passages which charmed the age in which they were uttered, and now, after the lapse of three-fourths of a century, linger long in the recollection of all who read them.

Thaddeus Stevens was a master of quick-witted speech. On many an occasion his strokes of humor disarmed enmity and extorted admiration. His humor was sometimes grim, sometimes playful, sometimes caustic, but it was always of genu-

ine stamp and was exactly suited to his immediate purpose. Twenty-two years ago, upon fit occasion in another place, I sketched the character and career of that remarkable man, not with words of fulsome praise, but, I think, with discrimination and justice.

When we compare Mr. Cox with his predecessors many more points of difference than of similarity appear. He was unlike them in form, in manner, in modes of thought, in habits of life. He had not the bony finger, often extended, of the one, nor the impassive countenance and demeanor of the other. To those who will seek for them there are somber lines of coloring in any complete picture of Randolph or Stevens, but in the portrait of Cox the lines are all light and cheerful. No bodily imperfection, as in the case of Byron, gave to him embittered reflection or caused embittered speech.

He enjoyed life and imparted enjoyment to others. He was in sympathy with his surroundings, and obstacles in his way did not discourage him. He was a diligent worker and loved his work, for thereby he wrought out results, secured self-approbation and the approval of others. He was distinguished by versatility in labor and employment. His time was not wasted. Independent of Congressional service, he read much and he wrote much—correspondence, books, essays, speeches, lectures, newspaper articles.

He spoke often to great audiences and to select ones. His active life, full of incident and achievement, was beyond question a happy life also. Randolph was admired and feared; Cox was admired and loved. Many warm friends stood by him from youth upward, and many new ones gathered around him in mature age. Their sympathy encouraged and sustained him in all his life-work and attended him to its close.

He was also fortunate in his home—a home where his affections could have safe and steady anchorage—and in a companion who merited all his esteem and held his whole heart as her priceless and unchallenged possession. To that companion, now sitting bereaved in the great city by the Hudson, goes out, and will continue to go out, the sincere and profound sympathy of this House.

ADDRESS OF MR. MCMILLIN, OF TENNESSEE.

Mr. SPEAKER: Death has again invaded our ranks. What sad reflections crowd upon us when contemplating the fall of this learned patriot! "The silver cord has been loosed, * * * the golden bowl broken." The three men oldest in service in the House all taken from us in less than two hundred days! Mr. COX, whose loss we mourn to-day, was elected to this House fourteen times. Mr. Randall, whom we sadly followed to the tomb this week, was elected fourteen times. Judge Kelley, who died after the holidays, was elected fifteen times. They were all unostentatious in manner, patient in labor, patriotic in purpose. Do we realize the loss when an experienced statesman dies? Learning may be gathered here again, and intellect may be obtained, but their experience, gone forever, can not be supplied.

SAMUEL S. COX was born in Ohio, September 30, 1824. A college graduate with distinguished honors at the age of 22; secretary to the legation to Peru at 31; a member of Congress at 33. He represented the capital district of Ohio for eight years. He came from that great State at the time when Thurman and Vallandigham, distinguished Democrats, were meeting

in the intellectual arena Sherman, Joshua R. Giddings, and other strong men of their party. He concluded to change his residence, but followed not the usual course of emigration in this country southward or westward. He looked east and beheld a great city stretching out on the Hudson and the Sound, spread around which, not confined to one State, were other grand cities, making a center of population the wonder and admiration of the age and the glory of the continent. Metropolitan in its proportions, it had in its midst business men from every quarter of the globe and every nationality of the world.

To this city, which was too big for jealousies, too grand for rivalries, and too great for prejudices—to New York—he wended his way. Quick to perceive merit and ready to reward it, Mr. Cox was received in the city of his adoption with open arms. He was learned in the lore of every land. He could talk intelligently to every nationality of the things peculiar to itself. All lands and tongues were tributary to his knowledge. When he narrated his travels, by his genius a more enchanting witchery danced upon the waters across which he had been wafted and a brighter halo hovered around the hills over which he clambered.

When he arrived in New York his welcome was not confined to mere words. Ten times he was elected to this House from New York City, sometimes by the district in which he lived, at other times by districts of which he was not a resident. Every member of this House can bear truthful testimony to the untiring vigilance with which he watched its interests and the great ability with which he defended them.

Married in early life, he was blessed with a companion who went with him in all his trials and rejoiced in all his triumphs. Both intellectual and learned, she was in full sympathy with

all his intellectual exertions. A sympathetic nation joins in her sorrow for her illustrious dead.

Mr. Cox was one of my first acquaintances when I came to the extra session of the Forty-sixth Congress. I remember with pleasure now the warm welcome he gave me. I knew him well. His intellect was of a high order and his learning very great. He had, too, that kind of intellect which makes all feel and appreciate it. He combined with a high sense of the ludicrous a quick perception and a strong understanding. He was also a great student. When Atticus asked Cicero to recount the means by which he had achieved his marvelous success, the orator replied that he studied three years for the forum and practiced two years, during which he met Hortensius; that he was not satisfied with his own style, and that he traveled two years in the East to study and reform it; that during this entire seven years he hardly let a day escape him that he did not write something, memorize something, and compose something. Mr. Cox, like the eloquent Tully, was an untiring worker. I knew no man who could work more rapidly or did work more constantly. He was gifted with rare ability to conceive beautiful and forcible thoughts and extraordinary eloquence to promulgate them.

He loved his country with the fervor which should characterize a patriot whose ancestors had fought in the Revolution. His great-grandfather had drawn the sword of a captain in that glorious struggle and had sheathed the sword of a general. After the close of the conflict, realizing that—

> Beneath the rule of men entirely great,
> The pen is mightier than the sword,

he participated in his country's councils as a member of Congress.

Ezekiel Cox, father of SAMUEL S. COX, was also a member of the legislature of his State, where he won distinction. What his fathers fought for and established he maintained. His tongue and pen were both dedicated to the institutions of his country. The perpetuation of constitutional government was the aspiration of his youth, the aim of his most vigorous manhood, and the solicitude of his declining years. The mad passions of sectional hate never burned in his bosom; the unmanly utterance of sectional prejudice never polluted his tongue.

Our flag was emblematic to him of one country and one people. The brightness of each star and the whiteness of each stripe told him of a great Government, where every State had a right to administer its domestic concerns in its own way, yet where all the States were cemented together in the bonds of constitutional union for the general welfare and the common good.

He ever contended for the observance of the Constitution. He was always found in the ranks, or rather in the lead, of those who struggled to maintain the rights of man. He took high rank in whatever field of intellectual labor he entered. Whether we view him as student or journalist, as historian or statesman, he was the same—strong in intellect, eloquent in speech, warm in his friendships. He was gentle as the breeze to his friends, but dreadful as the storm to his antagonists.

Mr. Speaker, when another century shall have passed away; when the State of his birth shall have attained 10,000,000 population and the city of his adoption shall have become the metropolis of the world, as it is now the metropolis of the continent; when this glorious Republic shall have a quarter of a billion of people and the student of history looks back to the first century of our national existence, wherever his mind lingers to revel in the delights of literature or wanders to the far-off land of Leonidas

and Lycurgus, with the faithful diplomat, or studies statecraft in most eloquent appeals for free government, there will be found the foot-prints in history of SAMUEL SULLIVAN COX.

ADDRESS OF MR. GROSVENOR, OF OHIO.

Mr. SPEAKER: I come as a Representative from the State of Ohio to lay upon this bier the tribute of a personal friend and admirer of the late SAMUEL S. COX. He was born and raised in Ohio. He was educated, in part, in the Ohio University, in the town of Athens, where I live, and he grew to mature manhood in his native State. He was editor of a leading Democratic paper published at Columbus, and as such won his first literary fame. At that early day he was a graceful and eloquent writer.

Returning from his post as secretary of legation at Peru, he was elected to the Thirty-fifth, Thirty-sixth, Thirty-seventh, and Thirty-eighth Congresses from the State of Ohio, and held high position in the Democratic party as their representative in national conventions from that State. So it is proper that Ohio should claim a great interest in his fame and character.

His father was a prominent merchant, residing in the Muskingum Valley, and introduced into the Ohio legislature the first bill looking to the improvement by the State of that splendid water-way. The only speech, it is said, that was ever made by the elder Cox, although long connected with politics, was made from the vantage-ground of a dry-goods box, on a street corner, in the light of a bonfire that had been kindled by the enthusiastic people in celebration of the passage of the bill to improve the Muskingum River. In the last Congress in

which the son served he aided, advised, and assisted to secure the complete establishment of a successful and valuable improvement of the same river by the United States Congress.

He never lost his interest in Ohio and Ohio affairs. Connected by blood and marriage with several prominent families in the State, he kept up his friendly interest in all the affairs of Ohio, and one of the remarkable phases of his mind was that he carried into all the ramifications of fifty years his memory of the families and people with whom he had associated in his boyhood.

I shall not attempt, Mr. Speaker, to dwell at length upon the high qualities exhibited by our lamented friend in his long service in the House of Representatives. There are others here who knew him better, because they served longer with him. Coming here as I did in the very zenith of his power and influence in the House, I looked upon him as one of the most brilliant and capable men whom I had ever known. I never knew a man with such varied ability in debate. He was possessed of a fine education, which he had kept alive by persistent application, constantly familiarizing himself with the literature of the country and the world. He preserved in all its brilliancy and freshness the splendid education he received in the schools, and on the floor of the House, in the heated debates, he utilized his knowledge with wonderful adaptation and marvelous rapidity of thought and action.

When upon the floor of the House, in the full tide of debate, with all the sails of his wit, knowledge, and eloquence set, he was the most dangerous antagonist ever encountered by an opponent, in my estimation. The flashes of his wit flew like lightning, and always struck the object aimed at. He never failed to respond with a promptness that astounded his adver-

sary. It was at times like this that the marvelous resources of the man manifested themselves. He dwelt upon history, poetry, wit, sentiment, pathos, and eloquence, and all these varied resources came to his support, and falling into the martial array of his splendid abilities, he directed them all with the unerring hand of genius against his foe.

He was seldom bitter, but always ready. He was seldom cruel to his adversary, but always incisive and prompt. He exhibited one of the great characteristics of his nature in the discharge of his duties in Congress. He was a man conspicuous for his kindliness of spirit. He was ready to help the weaker. No man ever appealed to him for kindly sympathy in vain. The younger or inexperienced member of Congress never applied to him for advice in regard to parliamentary procedure that he did not patiently and willingly give it to him. No man ever asked him a favor as a personal accommodation, in the business of the House, if it were within the bounds of possibility, that he did not grant it. His battle for the letter-carriers, his strong advocacy of the interests of the life-saving stations, were the outgrowth of his kindly sympathy. He helped the weakest. His sympathies went out to the poor.

He aided those who needed help, and not those who could help themselves. His mind was broad and comprehensive and responsive to the just and intelligent observation of the affairs of the whole country. It was often a marvel to me that, leading the hurrying, pushing life that he did here, when question after question arose, varied in their scope, widely different in operation, affecting the remote sections of the nation with interests widely differing, he should be found ready armed and equipped for every emergency.

As a writer he early achieved fame, as I have already said,

and it was in those lines of literature involving beautiful descriptions, pathetic illustration, and appealing to human nature that he distinguished himself.

As the presiding officer of this House he brought to the discharge of his duty the same readiness of action, promptness of judgment, and consistency of conduct that he displayed upon the floor and in every other place. It was his ambition to be Speaker of the House. If he ever bewailed misfortune in politics, it was because he never attained that high position. If it had been his lot to be selected by his party associates as Speaker, it is my judgment that he would have made a career conspicuous among the conspicuous men who have occupied that exalted position.

His mind was of the very type that makes it possible for a Speaker to be able to rule and yet be popular. He would have shown no partiality in his position to men or measures. He would not have availed himself of the power and patronage of his exalted position to punish his enemies, retard the growth of his rivals, or foster his personal ambitions. He would not have left the Speaker's chair with the unpleasant consciousness that he had gotten even with his enemies by leveling himself down to their level. He was a generous man. He was always ready to recognize ability where he saw it, and he saw it with an eye trained in the accuracy of discernment.

He was tenacious of his political opinions. Once adopting as true a theory of politic l action and propriety, he never faltered in his advocacy of it. For many years he occupied a position far in advance of the recognized leaders of his party upon the great question of the tariff, and he never hesitated to boldly proclaim his opinions.

No matter that his party might deal in glittering generalities

in their platforms, he struck out straight from the shoulder. His flag was always flying; his opinions always put to the front. No man can say that he dodged an issue like that. It did not affect him unfavorably to call him a free-trader, for on more than one occasion he proclaimed that he gloried in the name.

It was his honest belief in the wisdom and propriety of his position that made him bold to announce it; and as with all men of original ideas and original thought, when they have by a process of thinking adopted a policy they believe in it and are bold to proclaim it and defend it, so it was with Cox.

Possibly there was nothing in his career that was more annoying to him than the public estimation that had grown up that he was a sort of a professional humorist, and with what opportunity I had I tried to study the man in this regard and to ascertain whether the wit, repartee, and humor that came bubbling up from the inexhaustible resources of his mind were studied efforts or otherwise. Complaining that he was characterized as a humorist, was he studying the art nevertheless? It took but a very brief analysis of his character to serve the purpose.

The bright things which he said and which have passed into permanent record were spontaneous and not prearranged. His wit was born at the moment. His repartee came rushing forth, suggested by his opponent. The very challenge produced the answer. The thought came as a flash of lightning. It was inspiration. It was naturally original with him, more naturally spontaneous with him than any other man of my acquaintance. Often and over again have I witnessed the sharp-witted response to the challenge of some one, and the whole House was in a roar before the gentleman from New York seemed in the

least to appreciate that he had said anything out of the common run of discourse.

He was a man without malice. He fought hard and dealt heavy blows in a contest, but when the battle ceased there was no bitterness behind. He had statesmanship as well as politics. He saw with unerring knowledge and judgment that the great Northwest was rapidly assuming vast political importance; that the demand for statehood of those splendid Territories could not be delayed or balked longer by political "jugglery;" that the star of empire had taken its way to the West, and that the result was to be new States.

No party consideration could limit and destroy his accuracy of vision or the patriotism of his action. Following as a true party man the leadership of his party to a certain point, he boldly gave notice that while the bill was in the House he would follow the caucus demand, but if the Senate took a broader view, a more patriotic view, a view more in accordance with his judgment, he should insist that his party yield to that suggestion, and failing or refusing that he would follow his party no further. His action in that behalf was recognized by the people of those Territories, and when he went to visit them they received him with open arms and accorded to him assurances of a generous recognition of the part he had taken in their behalf. I would that it might have been ordained that he should live to see with his own eyes, on the 4th of July next, the flag of his beloved country unfurled in her official places with her added stars, for the creation of which he so faithfully struggled.

In his appreciation of the growth of the West and his pride in the manifest destiny of that great section of the country was developed a prominent trait in his character. Born and edu-

cated in Ohio, then a younger and newer State, he grew to an appreciation of the wants of a growing, thriving, prosperous, agricultural free country. Had he remained in the West he would have been, in my judgment, a greater man. I do not believe that the city constituency that he so long represented after he left Ohio was calculated to bring him into so close relations to the thought of the people as would have been contact with the Western constituency, and it was remarkable to observe how in the career of this man his early inspirations, his early ambitions, his early judgment of men and things, adhered to him in after life. Circumscribed by the city constituency, not one-tenth part of whom he knew, he yet became the representative in all things of the great people with whom he had grown up. It is not a disparagement to his later constituency that it was an environment rather than an inspiration to the gallant young American whom they selected as their representative.

Now, Mr. Speaker, the long column of the dead pass in review before us of the Fifty-first Congress—Cox, Nutting, and Wilber, Laird, Gay, and Kelley, Randall, Burnes, and Townshend—nine have gone forth, and we are here to finish as well as we can the work that is set before us.

I have no taste or talent for philosophy on an occasion like this. When a man like Mr. Cox, in the very zenith of his intellectual power and in the very heyday of his usefulness, passes away, we can not, as we consider his character and the mystery into which he has gone, hesitate to believe that somewhere, in some other condition of existence, we shall meet again. I do not believe that the creation of man is such a failure as we would be compelled to believe if we thought these nine comrades of ours had been so suddenly and untimely transferred

from this sphere of existence, to be heard of, to live, no more forever.

I shall cherish the virtues of those men. I shall, so far as my ability goes, emulate the example of those men; and I shall trust that in a better world, at a future time, I shall know the mystery, solve the problem, and understand that it is the development of a wise provision of the Creator that this should be but the training school and death the open door through which we shall pass to a better world beyond.

Address of Mr. Outhwaite, of Ohio.

Mr. Speaker: It seems peculiarly appropriate that I should participate in these ceremonies to commemorate the virtues of Samuel Sullivan Cox, coming here as a Representative from the city whence he first came as such and from the district which first honored him and itself by recognizing his abilities and requiring his services in Congress. In a large portion of this district his name is almost a household word, his fame is treasured with affectionate pride, and his loss mourned as a personal bereavement. In all that I may say to extol him there will be no more than the utterance of the sentiments of his constituents.

My youth was spent in the town where he was born, and my earliest recollection of a political meeting is of the one at which he spoke in his native city just after his first nomination for Congress. I shall not now attempt to portray the impressions of that delightful hour, but must say that from that time on the course and career of the speaker has held my admiring atten-

tion. I most deeply regret that I am not able to properly review his life and character, his achievements and excellences.

SAMUEL SULLIVAN COX was born in Zanesville, Ohio, on the 30th of September, 1824; he died on the 10th of September, 1889, in the very fullness of his perfect manhood and before his years, through any waning of strength or decay, had become "but labor and sorrow." His life had been complete and rich. Honors and places had been his to accept or refuse, and we can not doubt that other honors and other places awaited him.

In preparing even for a slight review of such a life, in regarding the steady march of events from childhood to youth, from youth to manhood, and the development of inherent character which kept pace with or even outstripped waiting circumstances, one sees how the man did but fulfill the promise of the boy.

If, then, we are to attain to any real understanding of this character, its forming causes and inherited tendencies; if we are to come to any appreciative knowledge of this life, so pregnant of early promise, so rich in mature fruition; if youths are to be benefited by the example of this brilliant boyhood or genealogy to be advanced towards a science, the early life of SAMUEL SULLIVAN COX must not be passed over in silence, nor can reference to his ancestry be omitted.

He was a many-sided man, broad, brave, and good; his aspirations were of the loftiest; he was indefatigable in the pursuit of knowledge; his overflowing sense of humor never led him to any toleration of the ignoble or base; his whole nature turned towards the noble, the pure, the true. Investigation shows that his ancestry possessed all the qualities that were found compact in his broad and fertile brain. To say this does not detract from his originality or from his acquirements by patient study and deep research, but only gives the world a striking proof of

what study and training can accomplish in the development of such qualities of mind, heart, and soul.

That "the child is father to the man" is nowhere more charmingly and conclusively illustrated than by the reminiscences of those who knew and loved S. S. Cox in his early childhood and youth. Then, as in mature life, he was bright, sunny, genial, fond of fun, sparkling with wit, always truthful, fearless, and generous, never hesitating to confess a fault of his own and ever ready to defend the weak and oppressed.

He was always a bright scholar, always ready to help any who lagged behind him in the race for learning. Indeed, a cousin relates how he was taught his letters by this boy, who, having reached the mature age of six, desired to put his playmate, six months younger, on a level with his own advancement.

Much of his time in early childhood was spent in reading books of travel, and very early he told his mother that he was going to visit the Holy Land; that he should go to Russia; that he should see the Sultan and the minarets of Constantinople, and that he was going to the North Pole, or near enough to it to see the sun go round without setting. All these dreams of his youth were fulfilled, and his graphic descriptions of these very trips are familiar in the books he has written.

One of his earliest teachers was Rev. George Sedgwick, of Zanesville. Among the scholars in this school were three whose character even then gave promise of future greatness, a promise abundantly fulfilled. The three were afterwards known to the world as Rev. Dr. Aschmore, for many years a faithful and eminent Baptist missionary in China; the late Justice Woods, of the United States Supreme Court, and SAMUEL SULLIVAN COX.

He was prepared for the Ohio University, at Athens, under Professor Howe, a well known and somewhat distinguished educator in those early days. The old academy which he attended in Zanesville was situated on Market street, on the present site of Duvall's machine shops. Professor Howe was a man of learning and cultivation.

SAMUEL was always full of his boyish pranks, even venturing sometimes to play tricks on his dignified father, for which it is said that his eldest brother, Thomas, used not infrequently to receive the reproof and punishment rather than betray the real culprit, to whom his self-sacrifice would be all unknown.

But he was a diligent and enthusiastic student, who won and kept a high place among his classmates. Before he had passed out of boyhood he was appointed deputy to his father, who was then serving as clerk of the supreme court and of the court of common pleas. Even at this early age he was so thoroughly conversant with all the business of the office that a great part of it was safely intrusted to him.

S. S. COX made a brilliant beginning in his university course at Athens, and would doubtless have been graduated there but for a rebellion among the students, caused by what they considered an arbitrary ruling on the part of President McGuffy in regard to one of their number, which resulted in the withdrawal from the college of the senior class in a body.

During his time at Athens a lawsuit between the college and the town was decided in favor of the latter, much to the displeasure of the students. Party spirit ran high, and the division lines were as marked as in fights between "townsmen and gownsmen" in an English university town. A celebration most distasteful to the college was decided on; a bonfire was to be built, speeches made, and a cannon fired. The bonfire

blazed, the speeches were made, but the boom of the cannon was not heard, the "great-gun" of the town, a 6-pounder, having been prudently spiked the night before by a daring college boy. It was not known till long after that the youth who so effectually silenced the voice of the cannon for that and for many succeeding nights was S. S. Cox.

At Brown University, which he entered after leaving Athens, and where he studied under Dr. Wayland, he carried off the highest prizes in history, literary criticism, and the classics, and in what was perhaps even then his favorite study, political economy, the not inconsiderate prizes which he received for these achievements materially assisting in his support while he pursued his college course.

His study of the law was zealous, thorough, and comprehensive, and he came to the bar well equipped to take a high place in this profession. He chose the capital city of Ohio as his field of practice; but not long after making his home there he became editor of the Ohio Statesman, then, in fact, the journal of his party in the State. Soon his marked ability as a journalist and as a political writer gave him a national reputation, and in 1855 he was appointed by President Pierce secretary of the legation in Peru. Having returned home in 1856, he was elected as a Representative in Congress from the Columbus district.

He was then continued in Congress four consecutive terms, and was here participating in the momentous legislation immediately preceding the civil war and during three eventful years of it. Early in his career he took a high place in the councils of his party. Three times he was sent as a delegate to the national Democratic convention and assisted materially in framing the declaration of its policy upon two occasions. He

left Ohio to live in New York City in 1866, and was soon again sent to Congress, and was returned for four consecutive terms. In 1872 he was defeated as candidate at large for the State of New York, but was subsequently elected to the same Congress to fill the vacancy caused by the death of James Brooks. From that time he was almost continuously a Representative in Congress from the great city.

Appointed minister to Turkey in 1885, he remained at that honorable post but little over a year, and returning to the metropolis he was at once elected to fill a vacancy, and was returned as the member from the Ninth district of New York to the Fifty-first Congress. As such he died, and we are here to-day to honor his memory. A busy life closed at the very zenith of its usefulness. For nearly a third of a century, with brief intermissions, he has been a familiar figure here. He has left the impress of his heart and mind upon the legislation of his country to an extent equaled by few of his contemporaries. He was always earnest, full of courage, and true to his convictions of duty. Having determined for himself what course was right, he firmly adhered to it, leaving the consequences to take care of themselves or to be wisely controlled thereafter.

In his dedication to his constituents in Ohio of his book entitled Eight Years in Congress, published in 1865, he says:

> I voted to avert the impending war by every measure of adjustment; and when war came, by my votes for money and men, I aided the Administration in maintaining the Federal authority over the insurgent States. Sustained by you, I supported every measure which was constitutional and expedient to crush a rebellion. At the same time, I have freely challenged the conduct of the Administration in the use of the means committed to it by a devoted people. Believing that a proper use of such means would bring peace and union, and believing in no peace as permanent unless it were wedded to the Union in love and contentment, I have omitted no opportunity to forward these objects.

There is the chart by which he was guided in those tempestuous times. No truer patriot ever trod the floor of this Chamber. Another marked characteristic of the man was his sympathy for those in danger, difficulty, or distress. His efforts in behalf of the Life-Saving Service were of immeasurable value, both for those whose lives were imperiled upon the deep along our ocean coasts and those whose rescuers have been stationed there largely through his efforts to render needful aid.

The struggles of labor always moved his heart. Where legislation could ameliorate them he became a ready champion, and more than one large body of the Government's employés gratefully recall his services for their welfare.

I will not undertake to comment upon his many other valuable services, they are so numerous. He was ever a zealous advocate of such measures as he thought would extend and increase the glory of his country. The enthusiasm of this sentiment caused him to champion with fervor the admission of all the Territories seeking statehood in the Fiftieth Congress. The two Dakotas, Washington, and Montana should ever honor his name. They owe him more than a passing tribute of praise. While he was always full of work, either upon literary matters or affairs of state, Mr. Cox was ever ready to give time and attention to any who called on him for advice or assistance. Almost daily other members came to him for information, counsel, or assistance, which he gave with pleasure.

He often became so much interested in matters for younger or less experienced members as to immediately take upon himself the duty of chief advocate or defender of the cause. His varied and unfailing store of information, his long experience as a parliamentarian, and his tact and quickness as a debater made him a valuable ally. Even during the last Congress,

twenty-five years since he had been a citizen of Ohio, he received letters from his old constituents there requesting his help, and they were attended to. He will long be cherished among them for—

> That best portion of a good man's life,
> His little, nameless, unremembered acts
> Of kindness and of love.

Turning again to the grave characteristics of the man, we must say of Mr. Cox that he was a scholar for the love of learning, who never abated the zeal of his study until he had mastered the subject under investigation. He was a citizen whose wide travel in foreign lands only strengthened his affection for his own country and intensified his faith in the wisdom and beneficence of her institutions. Although a partisan from profound convictions, he was ever ready to yield to the apparently superior demands of progress or of patriotism, and "always strove to make his party conservative of his country."

A statesman largely gifted with practical legislative power, free from the bigotry of sectionalism, abounding in general knowledge of the wants, interests, and aspirations of the people of every part of this land, and of all sorts and conditions of men, and perfectly familiar with the fundamental principles of this Government, he was the active promoter of all good causes before Congress, a constant, vigilant, and determined defender of the harmony of the constitutional relation between the Federal Union and the States, and the watchful and resolute antagonist of all attempts at encroachments upon the reserved rights of the people.

While Mr. Cox was one of the foremost political economists of the country, a statesman familiar with public affairs and grave international questions, and a student of social problems, he has found time to ornament American literature with many

bright pages, and produce some delightful books of travel, and has contributed handsomely to the political history of recent times. His speeches in the House and upon the stump have always given pleasure as well as afforded instruction. "Wit, eloquence, and poesy" were ready at his command. No debate in which he participated ever languished into dull mediocrity. Rarely gifted by nature, he had strengthened his powers and enlarged their scope by the discipline and culture which education gives. He was a tireless worker, and never depended upon his stored force when there was an opportunity to acquire more by special preparation. He once gave this explanation of his ability to accomplish so much:

> I began my life in a county clerk's office, and I there learned good business habits. My college days were spent at Brown University under Dr. Wayland, the man who wrote the Political Economy. Dr. Wayland was a great advocate of exhaustive-thought analysis, and he made his students analyze everything they took up. Under him I learned analytic thinking, and this I found of great advantage to myself in after years. When I began a debate on the floor of this House I saw the end of my speech before I said the first word; everything fitted itself to its proper place, and I did not repeat, as is often done. When I studied Blackstone, after leaving college, by the aid of my training in analysis I found that I could repeat almost the whole of it in my own language, and since then, throughout the whole of my life, I have found analysis of the greatest advantage.

His friend and eulogist, the Hon. Proctor Knott, among many other good things, said of him:

> He realized that labor was the only talisman of success. He ate no idle bread. He flung away no priceless moment. In his boyhood, as in his mature age, he was a prodigy of intellectual activity, a miracle of mental energy.

Therein is one of the secrets of his great success. Another was his genial temperament and lovable disposition. He won

the hearts of men, whether in the fields of his first constituency or the rush and bustle of the great metropolis. Even casual acquaintances felt drawn to him by a sense of companionship.

His friendships were numberless and unrestricted by social standing or party ties. With unbounded faith in the integrity and good sense of the people, he won their confidence and never betrayed the trust. Passing through the years of trying ordeals and great temptations to public men, no breath of suspicion ever whispered a charge against his private character and "not a stain or speck ever stuck to his official garments."

Ex-President Cleveland, at the memorial exercises at Cooper Union, on October 10, said to his constituents:

> I shall not, however, forbear mentioning the fact that your late Representative, in all his public career and in all his relations to legislation, was never actuated by a corrupt or selfish interest. His zeal was born of public spirit and the motive of his labor was the public good.

The life of one of whom such things may so truthfully be said is a rich heritage for his country. Let American youths treasure the example.

My attention has been called to an article published in the Independent some time ago, which I shall embody in my remarks. It is entitled—

FROM GAY TO GRAVE—THE HON. S. S. COX'S EARLY RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCES, RELATED BY HIMSELF.

The Culbertsons, Hoges, Zanes, McIntires, Youngs, *et alii*, who, before this century began, blazed their way over the hills of Ohio, while with rifle and compass they made their roads through the State—by Federal grants of land and propagandist energy—were not merely Presbyterian and Methodist household words, but household companions of my grandparents and parents.

Father David Young, who married the widow of John McIntire, one of the founders of Zanesville, was to me a being of another world and of

antique mold and manner. His Druid-like beard and aspect, his quaint ways and exclusive manners, and his natural humor and eloquence made him seem the ideal of a presiding pioneer elder. In my boyhood, however, he preached but seldom, taking turns, in the absence of the stated minister, with an uncle, Samuel J. Cox, in the old frame church at the intersection of Second and Main streets.

There was not a little poignancy in my heart when I saw the old church where I had so often worshiped, or rather attended, razed to the ground. Was it not there I attended my first Sunday school? There it was that I learned my Bible verses and received my red and blue tickets for proficiency. There it was that I accomplished the memorable task of reciting all of St. Paul to the Romans, under the gentle guidance of the Rev. William P. Strickland, then a clerk in my uncle's post-office, and since a shining light and ready writer in the church.

It was there I used to hear Joseph Trimble, when he brought his first-fruits of oratory to the altar. It was there in that old southwest corner, where the "amens" were most pronounced, that I realized in my childish fashion that I was unregenerate and sinful. It was from thence that I went to my home convicted, and entered the closet to cast off my little burden of sins and woes with an infantile orison; alas, only to be discovered by a vigilant mother, who had all too frequently missed her plum preserves and lump sugar, to be sent to bed with all my imperfections on my head unhealed, sore, and not a little revengeful.

But this old frame haunt of Methodist piety had its time to fall. Along with it went the old coal-scuttle bonnets of the elderly Quakerly women and many plain and beautiful customs of the early church.

A brick "meeting-house" of larger dimensions and more pretension was to be erected. My grandfather was on the building committee, and, in absence of a better workman, it was my awkward hand which marked out upon the stone the awkward glyphics which designate the sect and date the time of erection.

Happy Arcadian days! Eheu! How they have glided into the abyss and rearward of time. I only recur to them to show the pious readers of the Independent how a Democrat "experienced" religion, and what a fall, in their opinion, he has had by reason of his unregenerate politics.

Those early memories were cut in durable stone. Tarnished by worldliness, dusted with the activities of life, they have pursued me through the various vicissitudes of studious professional, literary, and political life. They became the nucleus of studies in college; they were coats of mail in

the struggles against selfishness and skepticism; in fine, they prefigured and preordained my choice of spiritual belief as against the delusive sophistries of new philosophers and mere material science. They have enabled me, in following and studying the physical advancement of the past quarter of a century, to perceive in all the atoms, forms, and forces of nature and the phenomena of mind, the truth and benignity of the great scheme of human redemption, which is founded on the veracity of Christ, and becomes, with lapsing years, more beautiful with the white radiance of an ennobling spirituality.

In this intellectual stability, upon the rock of truth, is there not some compensation for the shortcomings of our daily conduct? Is this denied by the purist? Will he abide no deflection from the mixed right line of known duty? Ah! it is much to know the line, even if one can not always walk to it lineally and uprightly.

Mr. Cox, of the National Museum, has placed in my hands the following interesting statement of incidents in the lives of the American ancestry of the Hon. SAMUEL SULLIVAN COX:

Thomas Cox, the great-great-great-grandfather of SAMUEL SULLIVAN COX, was one of the twenty-four original proprietors of the province of East New Jersey. He, with Elizabeth, his wife, came from the north of England and settled in Upper Freehold Township in 1670.

James Cox, the son of Thomas and Elizabeth, was born in Monmouth County in 1672, and died in 1750, at the age of seventy-eight. He was a large land-holder, and highly respected in the community in which he lived. His estate, which comprised some of the most valuable lands in the colony, was called, on account of its fertility, "Cream Ridge," a name which still survives in the neighborhood post-office.

Anne, the wife of James Cox, was born in 1670 and died in 1747, at the age of seventy-seven. They were buried in the family burial-ground upon the estate.

Joseph Cox, the son of James and Anne, was born in 1713, and lived to be eighty-eight years old, dying in 1801.

Mary, his wife, daughter of Thomas Mount, of Shrewsbury, was born in 1715, and died in the year 1800, at the age of eighty-five.

Joseph Cox was a farmer in easy circumstances, and a man of strong mind and unblemished character. It is said of him that he always contended for the equal rights of man; that he was opposed to all oppres-

sion and injustice; that he honored no man because he was rich, despised no man because he was poor; that he was never ashamed of honest labor, and readily put his hand to any work to be done on his farm.

Mary, his wife, was remarkable even in her old age for her "fine form and countenance." In their latter years this venerable couple lived in one end of their large, old house in Upper Freehold, while James Cox, their ninth child, with his numerous family, occupied the other part. A son of James Cox, when an old man, used to speak of the pleasant hours he spent in the rooms of his grandparents in the old home, and made special mention of the hours the venerable man used to spend reading the Bible aloud to his aged wife.

James Cox, who occupied the old homestead in Freehold with his parents, was the grandfather of SAMUEL SULLIVAN COX. As a young man he was remarkable for both mental and physical vigor and activity.

He married Ann Potts, of Burlington, N. J., in February, 1776. To his country's call for soldiers James Cox did not say, like the man bidden to the Gospel feast, "I have married a wife, and therefore I can not come." He promptly joined a volunteer company, of which he was made first lieutenant, and which he generally commanded. He was in several engagements, notably at Germantown and Monmouth, which latter battle was fought within a few miles of his home.

Even in the stirring days of the Revolution James Cox was distinguished as an earnest patriot, so earnest, indeed, as to rouse an enmity, which even the return of peace did not remove, in a neighboring family who had espoused the British cause. After the close of the war, when at work one day in a field near the house of this family, he discovered it to be on fire. He at once hastened to the spot, accompanied by the man who was at work with him, and by great exertion, and at the risk of his life, extinguished the flames. This action excited lively expressions of gratitude, and a confession that this same family had often attempted to have his house burned during the war. But in spite of this brave and generous act no permanent reconciliation took place. James Cox still looked upon this family as the enemies of his country and they regarded him as a rebel against their king.

After the Revolution, James Cox was made a major of militia, and was later elected brigadier-general of the Monmouth brigade by the legislature. He was early called to various offices of trust in his township, such as assessor, clerk, etc.

In 1800 he was prevailed upon to become a candidate for the State

legislature. He was elected in 1801, and held his seat in the General Assembly for several years. He was elected speaker in his third year, and continued in this office as long as he was in the assembly. He was elected to Congress in 1808; died suddenly of apoplexy in 1810, when only fifty-seven years old.

James Cox was known as an earnest Christian; he was exceedingly generous and hospitable, so much so, indeed, as to prevent any great accumulation of property; his conversation is spoken of as having been extremely instructive, abounding in striking anecdotes, with a rich spice of wit and humor. He was very popular among his neighbors, by whom it was related that he never asked any person to vote for him, and that from the time of his nomination till after election he scarcely ever left his own farm. In appearance and manners he was dignified and commanding, and he was a general favorite with both political parties.

Anne, the wife of General James Cox, and hence the grandmother of SAMUEL SULLIVAN COX, was the daughter of Amy, the youngest child of Joseph Borden, the founder of Bordentown, N. J.

She came of pioneer stock on both sides, being the great-granddaughter of Thomas Potts, who, with his wife and children, came to this country in 1678, in the *Shield*, the first ship that ever dropped anchor before Burlington, N. J., the dropping anchor being accomplished this time by mooring the ship to a tree with a rope, while the passengers went ashore the next morning on the ice, so hard and suddenly had the river frozen.

Smith, in his History of New Jersey, relates how on the voyage up the river the *Shield* went so near the bold shore at Coaquanock, the Indian name of the place where Philadelphia now stands, that part of her rigging struck the trees, some one on board remarking at the time that that was a fine site for a town.

Anne Potts Cox is remembered as a devoted Christian and an excellent mother to her thirteen children. She is spoken of by one who knew her well as "an almost peerless woman." Going on a visit to one of her children, when fifty-eight years old, she was drowned in the Delaware by the overturning of the packet-boat in which she was passenger. The simple inscription on her tombstone, which says, "Few lived more beloved, or died more lamented," gives a correct epitome of her character.

Ezekiel Taylor Cox, the father of SAMUEL SULLIVAN, was one of thirteen children; he was born in 1795, and moved from New Jersey to Zanesville, Ohio, early in the century. His wife was the daughter of

Judge Samuel Sullivan, of Zanesville. From this union there sprang thirteen children, SAMUEL SULLIVAN COX being the second son.

Ezekiel Cox became the publisher and editor of the Muskingum Messenger in 1818, and afterwards had two of his brothers associated with him in this enterprise. Later, he and his son Alexander became editors and proprietors of the Zanesville Gazette. He was for ten years recorder for the county, and at the time of the birth of his son, SAMUEL SULLIVAN, was clerk of the supreme court, which position he held for eight years. He was afterwards State senator. As a public officer he was ever accounted prompt, accurate, and trustworthy.

At the time of his death a leading paper of Zanesville spoke of him as a pioneer citizen and an early and constant friend of that place, where his name will long be remembered with honor, whether he be considered as an adventurous printer and editor, combating with untried difficulties in the wilderness of Ohio; as a clear, technical, and accurate writer; or as a faithful, well informed, and attentive clerk of the court, courteous alike to judges, jurors, witnesses, suitors, and lawyers; or as a Christian man of just views and upright conduct.

Judge Samuel Sullivan, grandfather on his mother's side of SAMUEL SULLIVAN COX, was a native of Delaware and one of the pioneer settlers of the "Northwest Territory," to which he went with his family in 1804, by wagon, over the difficult roads across the Alleghanies. He had early foretold the making of a great State out of the Northwest Territory, and he lived to aid in the fulfillment of his vision.

Judge Sullivan never sought office, but many positions of trust and confidence were conferred upon him. He was State senator, and in 1821, a time when the affairs of the treasury were in utter confusion, he was elected State treasurer. The amount of bond for this office was fixed by the governor at $140,000, then considered an exorbitant sum, one totally unprecedented in the affairs of the State, making an application to comparative strangers for the purpose of securing bondsmen a matter of great delicacy.

Understanding the embarrassment under which Judge Sullivan labored, General Harrison, who was then also a member of the State senate, although he had voted for Judge Trimble, the opposing candidate, came forward with characteristic magnanimity and offered to head the list, with the remark that, "as he was rated at $200,000, he supposed the governor would not object to him as one." Judge Sullivan, however, declined this generous offer, unless the bond should be previously signed

by his old acquaintances in Muskingum. When he returned to Columbus from Zanesville the long list of responsible sureties obtained in a few hours induced the pleasant remark from General Harrison that "there must have been a town meeting to have furnished so many names in so short a time."

Judge Sullivan's business habits were prompt, exact, and methodical; his manners reserved and dignified, but his familiar friends knew him as generous, gentle, and tender, a man with the most delicate perception of the beautiful, and a constant longing in the midst of business cares for a closer intimacy with nature. He looked upon the kindred pursuits of agriculture and horticulture as not only the most honorable, but the most interesting occupation to which a man of leisure and means could give his time. As an illustration of this feeling, after becoming what might be called an old man, he planted three orchards, and one of them mostly with his own hands after he had reached his seventy-fifth year, saying, almost in the words of Cicero's *diligens agricola*, "I do not plant for myself, but somebody will reap the benefit of my work."

The mother of SAMUEL SULLIVAN COX was born in Philadelphia in 1801, and consequently was but little more than an infant when the family emigrated across the mountains to the wilds of the West. When her father finally settled in Zanesville in 1808 the town was almost in the wilderness, and Mrs. Cox in her old age used frequently to speak of playing with the Indian children thereabouts, the woods and the rocks, festooned with wild grape vines where the rivers meet, near what is now the west end of Main street, being a favorite resort. Such were some of the memories of this one of the pioneer mothers of the great Northwest.

Mrs. Cox lived to be over eighty-four years old. She saw children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren gathered about her, and among the group none gave her more dutiful and loving care than her illustrious son, SAMUEL SULLIVAN. When told almost in her last days that he had been appointed minister to the Turkish Empire, in words of motherly self-forgetfulness she said, "If the office pleases him, it pleases me to have him go."

We all know how this son, before starting on his mission, was called to stand beside the death-bed of this reverend and beloved mother, which he reached, to use his own tender words, "in time to receive her conscious blessing."

In this connection I will read a letter from the new minister to Turkey to an old friend in Baltimore, Mr. John T. Ford:

ZANESVILLE, OHIO, *April* 5, 1885.

MY DEAR FRIEND: Your letter was handed to me, with others on congratulation, just as I was leaving Washington on the saddest journey of my life.

I reached here in time to receive the conscious blessing of my mother on her dying bed. "God unloosed her weary star" so peacefully that it seemed like the unrippled calm of a lake reflecting a serene and cloudless heaven. I could not have gone on my mission abroad with such a dear one in life at home. In one sense I may now go without "dragging at each remove a lengthening chain of filial fear."

This loss of my mother is the greatest affliction I ever knew. I can speak freely to you, my friend of friends, about it. It is thirty years since we met in Colonel Medary's old Statesman building at Columbus, when I was a young editor, and how much have we seen in the "three decades" since. That reminds me of the volume I am writing and publishing. It is baptized "The Three Decades of Federal Legislation; or Union, Disunion, and Reunion." What these terms imply, you, my friend, have had reason to know in some personal ways, as to which you had my sympathy. I have endeavored in this volume to show the rise of the Republican party in 1855 and its downfall in 1885. It ends with the inauguration of a President who will endeavor to avoid the excesses which gave our country so much unrest, so much sanguinary experience, so much to make man distrust the capacity of human nature for self-government.

Thank God, we have lived to see, in measureless content, the old party of our love in the ascendant. My work teaches the philosophy of the greatest conflict and strings upon principles which are enduring the facts in logical, if not chronological relation, which illustrate the principles of of the good old cause. But it is hard to write of these things when so great a calamity hangs over my spirit. My mother was more to me than words can tell She is one of the bonds that bind me to Maryland. "How?" you ask. Thus: My grandfather, my mother's father, was Judge Samuel Sullivan. He came to Ohio in 1804 from New Castle, Del. His grandfather came over with Lord Baltimore.

I have heard my grandfather say that he remembered his grandmother counting her beads. These Quaker-Methodists of northern Delaware and early Ohio, when they emigrated to Ohio, were three generations before devout Catholics. But the change of faith never swerved the ancestral integrity. My mother's father, Judge Sullivan—whose name I

bear—was selected as the trustworthy senator for the office of State treasurer in 1818, when the treasury had been despoiled, and on his bond was every member of the legislature. This is one of the incidents I love to recall, and as I laid my blessed mother away to-day I feel an honest pride in her honest ancestry which compensates for many poignancies. But why recall all this to you, except that by sharing our thoughts and sorrows our old-time friendship may have newer and brighter links for the future vicissitudes of life?

You and others wonder why I leave a prominent place in Congress for a mission to Turkey. Well, first, many things tended to make me feel that I lagged somewhat superfluous on that stage. My faculties and qualities, such as they are, never were in better condition; and the equipment of a quarter of a century for the work of debate, of committee, and legislation was as nearly rounded on every theme as a sturdy and stern sense of duty could make it.

But the advent of new men, as is natural, has pushed me to the rear, so that while abreast if not ahead of my party on most themes, I was not able even to command my old and favorite foreign committeeship, or my former Smithsonian regentship, always accorded to me even by Republicans, besides so much work in Congress and no result—the rolling, rolling, rolling up of the stones which rolled down "with a resulting bound," the foolish modes and rules, which few in control cared little to correct—all this and more made me think it was high time to seek the land of sleep and rest on the banks of the Bosporus. Besides, without the intervention of any one, save a kind word from a Missouri and Tennessee member, this oriental compliment came to me directly, gracefully, and spontaneously from the President alone. The Senate gave me a confirmation quite complimentary without referring it; and these facts, together with my pleasant reminiscences of the happy days spent in the olden capital of the Greek Empire (upon two visits to the Orient), were predominating reasons why I propose to have a respite in the land of the Ottoman.

But will it be a respite? Is not the old capital of eastern empire still, as ever, the nucleus of intrigue, diplomacy, and contention? Are not the eagles gathered over the hills of the Bosporus? Is not Afghanistan found via Constantinople? Is not the Sultan the Caliph? and is not the head of the ninety millions of Moslems in Europe, Asia, and Africa concerned about the Jehad and its avatar, El Mahdi? What scenes may not be witnessed—safely—under our flag from the heights above the Golden

Horn within the next four years! Besides, I have a great fancy for the Orient and for the Sultan; he bears himself nobly.

I once wrote of him in my Orient Sunbeams, which you may read at length, as a monarch for whom I had an enthusiasm—"a king every inch," without any dramatic ostentations. You will understand that better than most men. I express my admiration for his individuality and ability, his self-reliance and inborn dignity. This preconception and pre-expression ought to give me grace in his sight, after oriental methods, and enable me to be useful to our country and its commerce in case great emergencies eventuate out of the oriental imbroglio. I suppose I must prepare for new scenes; I already bid them at a distance hail. But go where I may, I bear with me your kind, good will, and that makes absence tolerable.

Sincerely,

S. S. Cox.

I will print, also, the record prepared by Mr. W. V. Cox, his nephew, of the American ancestry of SAMUEL SULLIVAN COX:

Thomas and Elizabeth Blashford Cox settled in Upper Freehold Township, Monmouth County, New Jersey, in 1670. Thomas Cox was one of the twenty-four original proprietors of the province of East New Jersey.

James Cox (born August 18, 1672, died April 17, 1750); a large landholder and a man highly respected in the community. Married Anne —— (born January 16, 1672, died November 25, 1747).

Judge Joseph Cox (born August 18, 1713, died April 17, 1801); known as a man of strong mind and unblemished character. Married Mary, daughter of Thomas Mount, of Shrewsbury, N. J. (born May 31, 1715, died November 24, 1800).

General James Cox (born October 16, 1753, died September 12, 1810); officer in the Revolution; speaker of the New Jersey assembly: member of Congress at the time of his death. Married Anne, daughter of William Potts, of Burlington, N. J. (born February 13, 1757, died March 21, 1815).

Hon. Ezekiel Taylor Cox (born May 25, 1795, died May 18, 1873); moved from New Jersey to Zanesville, Ohio, early in the century; State senator, clerk of supreme court of Ohio, United States marshal, etc. Married Maria Matilda, daughter of Judge Samuel Sullivan, of Ohio (born March 16, 1801, died April 3, 1885).

Hon. SAMUEL SULLIVAN COX (born September 30, 1824, died September 10, 1889); second son, editor, author, member of Congress, minister to Turkey, etc. Died while member of Congress. Married Julia Ann, daughter of Alvah Buckingham, of Ohio.

He struggled in the world's rough race,
And won at last a lofty place;
And then he died; behold before ye
Humanity's brief sum and story—
Life, death, and all there is of glory.

ADDRESS OF MR. LAWLER, OF ILLINOIS.

Mr. SPEAKER: Although my personal acquaintance with the late Mr. COX dates back only some six years, I had previously known him by reputation for over a quarter of a century. To say that his public career commanded my respect but feebly expresses the admiration with which I regard his many public achievements, especially those which have indissolubly connected his name with the highest attributes of philanthropy. That public man whose career in the councils of the nation has been specially distinguished for humanity, charity, and sympathy for his fellow-man deserves to win and wear a crown of immortality.

It does not befit this solemn occasion to speak of SAMUEL SULLIVAN COX as a partisan. While his affiliations with and services to the Democratic party had been life-long and eminent, without the slightest break in the political circuit, yet, nevertheless, he was far above the low plane of party in all the qualities and elements so necessary to true statesmanship. He was a representative American, proud of his country, proud of the American people, and devoted to the ennoblement of the American Republic. His sympathies were broad and acute.

They welled out to all humanity wherever there was suffering and affliction among the people.

These were the peculiarities and leading traits of his public career that first attracted my attention. It was my privilege to read and applaud his eloquent appeals for the establishment and maintenance of the Life-Saving Service, because I lived in a city near by the great inland seas, over which frequent storms swept their fury and where the lives of those who "go down to the sea in ships" were in constant jeopardy.

I well remember that when the tidings of the Russian persecution of the Jews reached us, Mr. Cox lost no time in offering and securing the adoption by the House of a resolution protesting against these inhumanities and requesting the President to employ his best offices in behalf of the sufferers. I also recall the fact that Mr. Cox was always pressing in his efforts to secure the gold and silver medals authorized by law to be issued for those brave longshoremen who had rescued lives at the imminent peril of their own. Surely the endeavors of Mr. Cox to secure pensions for the widows of those gallant Life-Saving Service men who perished on our sea-board while following their dangerous calling should not be in vain, although he was not spared to see that measure successfully carried out.

While it is not my purpose to review his life, there are certain salient points to which I feel it my duty to allude. The present law apportioning Representatives under the Tenth Census was his work, and his speech on the centenary or Eleventh Census bill was undoubtedly the ablest and most exhaustive ever made in Congress on that subject. He seemed to possess a wonderful faculty for calculations, and loved such work, notwithstanding his public and private efforts had always been in an apparently contrary direction.

I remember that Mr. Cox estimated that the present census would show a population of 64,000,000, and this opinion is now borne out by the recent estimate of the Census Office, which approximates the population at 64,443,000. I am informed that both General Walker, of Massachusetts, the Superintendent of the Ninth and Tenth Censuses, and Mr. Robert P. Porter, Superintendent of the Eleventh Census, regarded Mr. Cox as the ablest statistician and the most thorough scholar of the present day on this important question.

There is, however, one subject which I feel in duty bound to mention specially. My colleagues will all bear witness to the unremitting labors of Mr. Cox on behalf of the letter-carriers, clerks in post-offices, and the railway postal clerks, a class of hard-worked and deserving employés of the Government whose assiduity and high order of integrity are admitted on all sides. To Mr. Cox more than any other single member of Congress is due the credit of securing the passage of the letter-carriers' eight-hour law, and he was the special champion of the measure to increase the pay of the post-office and railway-mail clerks, who are to-day the hardest worked and poorest compensated of all the Government employés.

It is possible, Mr. Speaker, that I speak with some feeling on this question, for I followed the humble but no less honorable occupation of a letter-carrier for several years, and doubtless bore both joy and misery to many hearts when in my daily rounds I faithfully delivered the missives into the hands of those entitled to receive them. Mr. Cox was pleased to frequently talk over and consult with me concerning the letter-carrier and postal-clerk business, gleaning the varied and peculiar experiences attending the career of a letter-carrier in a large city. He probed deeply into this subject and wanted all de-

tails, and I found that, while he sought to learn facts to govern his public action, he nevertheless desired to look into the many mysteries and incongruities of life with which letter-carriers have frequently to meet and deal.

I hazard nothing in expressing the conviction that SAMUEL SULLIVAN COX will be missed more and more as time passes. There were but few such men and such minds in this or any other country. But miss him as we may from out the councils of the nation, who shall miss and deplore his loss like unto his amiable, loving wife, whose life was bound up in that of her husband; who was his faithful adjunct and never-separated companion from the hour they joined hands in wedlock at the holy altar? Her loss, it is true, is very great, but the nation claims its share; and not the American nation alone, but all nations who honor the memory of great and noble deeds.

ADDRESS OF MR. DUNNELL, OF MINNESOTA.

MR. SPEAKER: The earthly life of SAMUEL SULLIVAN COX, which we this day rightly honor by words of merited eulogy, began at Zanesville, Ohio, September 30, 1824, and ended in the city of New York September 10, 1889.

Other members of the House who shall take part in a commemoration of his life and character will set out in fitting language his early life, the period of his training in the schools, his attainments in literature, his wit, his humor, his patriotism, his integrity in private and public life, the steadfastness of his friendships, his unswerving devotion to principle, his conceded statesmanship, his travels abroad, his large acquisition of knowledge, his love for the beautiful in nature and art, his generous

culture, his reverence of God, and the amenities and kindnesses which were born of a large and generous soul.

We mourn to-day the loss of a member who was in great honor among us, who indeed was loved. Few men ever served in this House of Congress who came so near his fellows as did our friend. There were in him elements of character that had this grand fruitage. He loved his fellows. He loved the good, the brave, and the oppressed.

It will be my wish to speak of him as the large-hearted friend. Others may speak of his rare intellect, his correct and exhaustive study and analysis of American history and institutions, his clear conception of the end and limitations of human government; but I shall find more pleasure in an attempt to show in what directions his generous, kindly nature took him. And that I may do this more fully, I shall give a place to some of his own words, used in the advocacy of measures which brought this kindly nature into exercise.

On June 4, 1878, Mr. COX made a memorable speech in this House in support of the Life-Saving Service. It was a speech of great power as well as beauty. This service he profoundly loved. His very soul reveled in thoughts of life, its exceeding value, the superlative glory of saving it. His words mirrored a spirit which must surely bring to its possessor and hold by unseen cords, in devout reverence and affection, any soul which yields to the beauty of human kindness. In this speech he said:

> I have said, Mr. Speaker, that we have one beautiful statute which has a sacred halo around it. It makes a sunshine in the shadow of our selfish, sectional, and patriotic codes and laws. It is that which preserves human life. It is not merely a sentimental humanity, but a real benefaction. Like the orange tree, it bears fruit and flowers at the same time. * * *
>
> It is no exaggeration to say, in view of its object, that it gives us a

glimpse, though dim, of the golden age. The world's heart clings to it as if it were a memory of a past paradise or the hope of a paradise regained. The sea itself plays its mighty minstrelsy in its honor. * * * Life is precious because its loss can not be repaired. Jeremy Taylor has told us that while our senses are double there is but one death, but once only to be acted, and that in an instant, and upon that instant all eternity depends. Other losses may be recompensed by gains, but loss by death never. No one is so lordly or powerful as to stay this irreparable loss. Every day puts us in peril; while we think we die. What care and esteem can equal the eternal weight of human life? Can any legislation be too ample or adequate for its protection?

It was in the great speech from which the above sentences were taken that he pictured in the most graphic periods the vessel freighted with human souls wrecked upon the rocks, the double darkness, the seething sea, the ingulfing waves, the horror, the unutterable helplessness of crew and passengers, and then in words of exultant hope lights up the darkness by the cry of "The life-boat! the life-boat!"

It was on this occasion that he gave a thrilling account of the wreck of the French steamer *Amérique*, January 11, 1877, and brought out in such matchless vividness the work of the life-saving stations of the New Jersey coast. The appeals in that speech, its unanswerable arguments, brought great honor to Mr. Cox at home and abroad. The then pending bill passed, and from that day we have had a fixed and efficient Life-Saving Service, doing honor to the country and our Christian civilization.

Near the close of this defense of the life-saving system he said:

Mr. Speaker, I have spent the best part of my life in this public service. Most of it has been like writing in water. * * * But what little I have accomplished in connection with this Life-Saving Service is compensation sweeter than the honey in the honey-comb. It is its own exceeding

great reward. It speaks to me in the voices of the rescued; ay, in tears of speechless feeling; speaks of resurrection from death,

> In spite of wreck and tempest's roar,
> In spite of false lights on the shore;

speaks of a faith triumphant over all fears in the better elements of our human nature. It sounds like the undulations of the Sabbath bell ringing in peace and felicity. It comes to me in the words of Him who, regardless of His own life, gave it freely that other lives might be saved.

I have already said that Mr. COX loved the brave, the daring in human conduct. Gentlemen who have served upon the Committee on Commerce in this House when he had a seat here will recall how quickly he came to the rescue when any bill or resolution went to that committee which looked towards any abridgement of any of the privileges of the pilots in New York Harbor. He resisted every such bill with promptness and unflagging zeal.

I remember a scene in the room of that committee in the Forty-fourth or Forty-fifth Congress.

A very strong opposition to the compulsory pilotage system was found to exist in the committee and in the House. Mr. COX appeared before the committee and demanded a full hearing, and at which the pilots should be present and be heard.

His request was granted, and at the next meeting of the committee he had the room filled with the pilots then in service in the harbor. They were men of noble bearing. They pleaded in touching language for their vocation, for their wives, and their children. Mr. COX moved among them. His presence was their support. In the face of every pilot could be seen how much they honored and loved their great friend. His protecting kindness filled them with the profoundest gratitude. Their movements, their words evinced the great hold his gracious

efforts for them had given him. He was their Representative, but he was their attorney and their friend.

When the marble shaft shall rise above the resting-place of our friend there could fittingly be carved upon it, in full relief, the life-boat mounting swollen waves on its way from the shore to the discovered wreck; and on another side, pilots standing with ready oars, watching the approaching vessel. These two classes of men had his sympathy, his admiration, and his ready service. To save human life was, with Mr. Cox, the grandest service of man.

> The drying up a single tear has more
> Of honest fame than shedding seas of gore.

Mr. Cox hated oppression. His very nature abhorred it. Against it he everywhere raised his voice. He loved fairness. Men and classes of men with whom he could not agree had in him a defender when they were wronged or oppressed. He would forgive their errors and labor to raise them, free them. The spirit of forgiveness moved him, and thus his life was full of generous deeds.

While he was a firm believer in the Christ of the New Testament, yet the spirit of him who said "Father, forgive them" taught him to repel oppression done to the Jews of his own and other lands. They had in him a grand defender. These people came to honor him, and when he died their best orators vied with each other in words of high, merited eulogy. One of them used the following words:

> Among the many friends who have contributed to our welfare at home and abroad, as a people and a race, no one ever so endeared himself as the late Samuel Sullivan Cox. A statesman, a patriot, a legislator, a diplomatc, an author, a wit, a lecturer, he was, notwithstanding all these attributes which caused him to be devoted day and night to the many

duties of his calling, a devoted friend, a strong and wise defender of the oppressed of all climes and of all faiths, a counselor humane, gentle as a woman, genial, exuberant, and bubbling over with the well-springs of a humanity that had its fount in the heart, and that had its elevation in the loftiest attributes of a refined and cultured brain.

On the 4th of July, 1889, Mr. Cox stood in the midst of assembled thousands of his fellow-citizens at Huron, in the then Territory of Dakota. No more imposing or grander ovation was ever given to an American citizen than was given him on that occasion. The prairies, the towns, and the villages for miles around were deserted, for their inhabitants would look upon their great deliverer. These people would hear the voice of the eminent statesman who, in the House of Representatives, had raised his voice for fair play. They were not drawn to the place so much to hear the great orator as to look upon the man whose great heart had borne him beyond the line which his party had set for him. They were not simply grateful, they were in love with him. He was their hero. They pressed upon him, for they deemed him something nobler than a mere orator or statesman. They felt him to be a fellow-citizen, kind, generous, and full of good will.

These people were not mistaken. They had rightly judged the man in their unspoken thoughts. They gave him as just and true a eulogy as we, who have known him long and well, can give him here to-day.

In a further mention of the character of Mr. Cox I can not omit a reference to his strong personal attachments, to the warm friendships he cherished. He did not forget his friends. His reminders were frequent. Sometimes they were from scenes and places sacred to the most hallowed memories.

In 1881 he was in the Holy Land. The flowers of spring, taken from the Mount of Olives and Emmaus, gathered into

small bouquets, he sent to his friends at home. While with reverence he was passing over roads trodden by the Nazarene, while he was recalling the Crusaders and the mighty efforts to capture the Holy Sepulcher, the delicate flower by the wayside he would pluck and send to friends far away, as though he would thus transmit to them the tender emotions then moving his own reverent spirit. He would transmit to them the delicate emblem of a pure friendship.

My acquaintance with Mr. Cox began with the opening of the Forty-second Congress. There were elected to the House of Representatives of this Congress but nine of the two hundred and forty-three members composing the House of that Congress. Of these nine, three have fallen since this Congress came into existence. But six remain, Mr. Banks, Mr. Holman, Mr. Whitthorne, Mr. Ketcham, Mr. Harmer, and myself. I could not refrain from an allusion to the changes in the membership of the House in this period of nineteen years. While we are commemorating the life and character of Mr. Cox, we are unable to forget the more recent death of Mr. Kelley and Mr. Randall.

How well these three men wrought in this House! How great they were! How rich in learning they became! How mighty in influence, how useful, how patriotic, how upright! For nearly thirty years, here they sought the nation's good. They honored this branch of the National Legislature. They honored the States they represented. They honored the entire nation, and it to-day profoundly mourns their death.

We have wisely set apart these hours to name the virtues and the work of SAMUEL S. COX. His life was eminently honorable and useful. It were easy further to speak of his rare mental culture, his varied learning, his many and valuable contribu-

tions to literature, his participations and triumphs in debates in this House, his advocacy of humane legislation, his patriotism, his strong love for American institutions, his thoroughly American habits and tastes, whether the representative of his people at home or of the Government in a foreign court, and the quiet and unostentatious life he lived, yet a life of vast activity.

Our friend was a great man. His attainments, his labors, the character of his work, the spirit with which he wrought, place him among the foremost men in American history. His greatness was resplendent in his generous and ever active love for his fellow-men. He hated every form of wrong done to man. He was the defender of the injured. His tender and generous heart went out in love for the entire family of man.

In this light I have sought to place him. His fame is fixed. No words of mine can extend it.

> Nothing can cover his high fame but Heaven;
> No pyramids set off his memories
> But the eternal substance of his greatness,
> To which I leave him.

ADDRESS OF MR. MCADOO, OF NEW JERSEY.

Mr. SPEAKER: It requires an effort to realize that within these historic halls the familiar face and form of our dead friend can no longer be seen. It seems but yesterday that he stood in yonder aisle a living and intense personality, radiating intelligence, humor, and hopefulness to all around him. In the mental vision which photographs the past into life and light I see him now, standing in his favorite attitude, with deft and graceful gestures, illuminating the question to which he addressed himself with electric flashes of reason, learning, and wit from a seemingly inexhaustible store-house.

A copious but chaste vocabulary waited upon a rich, nimble, and picturesque imagination which had been stimulated by long voyages on the seas of universal literature, a long and constant experience with all kinds and conditions of men in nearly all lands. In command of such arsenals of the mind, and with that ripe experience that gave skill and accuracy to the handling of every weapon, beloved, admired, followed, applauded, in the very zenith of a useful life the world ended for SAMUEL SULLIVAN COX, and our friend and associate has vanished into the heart of the great mystery, and in the common phrase we say he is dead. Ever since the world began, before such graves as this philosophy and science have vied with faith in an endeavor to console the living and justify the wisdom of the universal law. The poet, too, has defended our common mother by insisting that—

> When the poet dies
> Mother Nature mourns her worshiper.

Alas! were this but true; for, sad to see and know, nature seems callous and indifferent to the woes of man. The sun shines, the flowers bloom, the streams run singing to the sea, and the heart of nature breaks forth in song, oblivious of widows' tears and orphans' sobs and new-made graves, and the hardships, crosses, and burdens of our mortal life.

The birds sing joyously beside the death chamber where love with breaking heart in agonized accents appeals in vain for relaxation of the inexorable laws of nature. The lost sailor wails piteous prayers to the cruel sodden skies of the Arctic Circle that nature would still her fierce forces.

The traveler beseeches in vain the burning sun to moderate his rays on the gray sands of the parched and arid regions of the tropics. Nature seems deaf and heartless, with no equities

in her undeviating and universal laws; and had not faith cast heavenly light on the maxims of philosophy and discovered in the unknown forces of science omniscience, mercy, and love, the fate of man in this our world would be sadder than that of the patient ox that this spring-day turns the furrow in yonder field and to-morrow is the victim of the shambles.

It is not my purpose to recount the details of the busy and illustrious life of Mr. Cox. The story of his busy career has been well and graphically told here and elsewhere. Neither is this the time and place to accurately analyze the character of this distinguished man. The Ohio boy, picturing in the columns of the country newspaper with free, artistic hand the glories of nature; the statesman, loving his country and his kind, and enchaining the human heart with the magic of his voice as he pleaded for fraternity and the rights of man; the life hallowed by the holiest of loves and blessed with the utmost domestic felicity—these are but bare outlines of his eventful career.

Gifted, versatile, cosmopolitan, the range of his mental vision sped from land to land and ranged the orbits of other worlds in star-gemmed space. Intensely American in the best and highest sense, he was neighbor and brother to all mankind. He lived in close communion with nature, loving the beautiful and the good, and his pulses timed their beat with the throbs of the great heart of humanity. No narrow geographical limitations marred his patriotism, no undue and rigid nationalism clouded his judgment or numbed his sympathies for men and women in other lands.

The whole of our comparatively little world, swinging here in universal space, was not too large to enter the conceptions of his reflective mind, and humanity was but a family in which

all were to him akin. Intensely active and varied was this life of our illustrious countryman, characteristic of so much in our country and its ways. In his intense mental activity he had in less than the ordinary life of man swept from center to horizon on every topic as it arose. His grand themes, to which, however, all subjects were subordinated, were liberty in man and the freedom of local rule. His very heart-strings vibrated to the sublime anthem of universal liberty.

He was democratic in a sense so high, broad, and deep that it knew no confines. He loved his party for its principles and his principles he subordinated to no expediency. The secret, in part, of his great success was, in my opinion, due to high and noble motives, persistency, and independence in pursuing the object in view, and the intense concentration of a brilliant and fully equipped mind and magnetic and pleasing personality in the one thing to be done at the particular moment.

No man was so well adapted as he to represent the great metropolis of New York. He was in touch with the heart of that great cosmopolitan world's city. The mingling of races, the confusion of tongues, the catholicity of its sympathies, its world-pervading commerce, the rush and Americanism of its splendid progress, charmed a mind universal in its tendencies. He was the favorite child of the great city. In the whirl and storms of its business and its politics, by general acclamation he was reserved to pursue his great career in these halls.

It was the highest tribute to him that in the very whirlwind of conflicting passions and ambitions his seat in this Chamber was set aside as sacred to the higher and better phases of national politics. He had so enthroned himself in the hearts of the masses that no selfish, malicious, or corrupt cabal, class, or clique dared raise their hands to do him harm. He had ever

the friendship of the active men in the politics of his party, but his first thought was to represent the best interests of the rank and file of its voters. Never did man weld together in mutual friendship and confidence in himself so many divergent elements as did Mr. COX.

The friend of labor, he was so honest, just, and clear in his statements of its cause that capital could not gainsay his reasons or question his motives. The advocate of progress and the highest civilization, he did not offend wise conservatism or identify himself with radicalism in any form. The lover of liberty and mankind, his voice was raised for the proscribed and outraged Hebrew in Russia or the condemned patriot languishing in prison or facing the gibbet for love of Ireland, and yet the principles which marked his advocacy of men struggling for freedom were so lofty and disinterested that bigot nor despot dared to question his motives or make light of his eloquent and forceful protests.

There survives him at this moment at least one American citizen whom by timely action here he saved from a felon's doom for alleged treason to a foreign government. It was touching and dramatic that at the memorial meeting held by his constituents in New York over this friend of man a Roman Catholic priest should make the opening invocation and a Jewish rabbi deliver the closing prayer. Mr. COX had a thorough appreciation of that great stream of humanity from other lands which forms on our shores and swells the grand army of American citizens, and represented in this House many thousands of these naturalized citizens from many lands. He had their admiration and confidence in great degree, and among none did he stand higher than with Irish-Americans. His genial wit and humor, his quick Celtic temperament, his terse epigrammatic

sayings, his eloquent diction, his intense love of freedom, all appealed powerfully to them.

Aside from his many services in their cause, that he should possess their love and confidence is not strange, for often in conversation, with evident pride, Mr. Cox has assured me that his best powers and most marked characteristics of sprightly mentality, in whatever degree his modesty would allow his making claim to these gifts, came to him from his Celtic ancestry, evidenced by his middle name of Sullivan. And among the many pleasant reminders of my friendly intercourse with him are some letters in his usual delightful style, written by him to me during his sojourn in Turkey, and in which he refers to the rich imagery of the Oriental mind as being similar to that of the race to which he was of kin. While all the elements that make up our citizenship revere the memory of Mr. Cox, in the warm hearts of this race it shall ever remain like the perpetual verdure of Innisfail.

Mr. Cox was blessed above measure in the sweet and tender companionship of the best of wives. Constant companions, faithful lovers, kindred spirits, they saw together many lands and strange peoples, journeyed in the fields of literature, traversed together the rich meadows of thought and imagination, and gazed at the world's painful but glorious progress from the highest altitudes of historic research. From the armory of thought and study, the well equipped and pleasant workshop in which he furbished up his weapons and donned his armor, she for many years saw him go forth to unbroken victories in the highest arenas of mental contest, prouder than Spartan mother who watched her son go forth to battle. To the noble and stricken wife he is not dead, for his freed spirit still communes with her in a thousand tender recollections, and she lives amid the rich

harvestings reaped by his genius and breathes an atmosphere weighted with the gratitude and admiration of his countrymen.

The great dead need no monuments to perpetuate their memory. Moses and David, Socrates and Cæsar, Paul and Shakespeare, the host of mighty dead, their fame has outlived the ravages of time, the upheavals of nature, the violences of revolution, and the vandalism of man, and they live and speak to us without the aid of art or the gilding of rhetoric.

The great dead wrote their names while they lived as it were in the firmament, and planted their memories by the never-ceasing rivers of thought, and the memory of the good dead is embalmed forever in the richest affections of the human heart. They speak to us by the nobility of their actions and the wisdom of their recorded sayings. They testify to us with such potency that the patriarch Abraham from the celestial heights refused the appeal of the suffering Dives to send the glorified Lazarus to his wayward brethren, saying: "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead."

SAMUEL SULLIVAN COX has written his name on the pages of our history which record the great struggles, prevailing glories, and astounding progress of the Republic. He dwells forever in the grateful hearts of a humanity that he loved and served, and will continue to speak to us and to posterity for justice, freedom, and truth.

He sits in high communion with the masters of the mind, with the lovers of freedom and of man, with the immortals of of our land, with the dear companions and brave comrades in many a contest in this historic forum. Rest well, our brother; rest well, for thou hast done a true man's work in thy all too brief day for a still struggling and suffering world.

Address of Mr. Chipman, of Michigan.

Mr. Speaker: It was my good fortune to know Mr. Cox during my early manhood and to be honored with his regard up to the time when I saw him last, at the adjournment of the Fiftieth Congress. To say that his death shocked me would be mere commonplace. Men who attain three scores of years are never shocked by death. It has hovered around their career, dogging their steps with ever-increasing speed, until it is a familiar presence, and they know not whether their partings are good-night or good-by. And so when one of us falls from the ranks, never to catch the step of life again, we must march on to our appointed time wondering when it will be, and wondering, too, whether it is well with those who have gone before.

To a strong man there is pity in this wonder; pity for himself, pity for others; for he knows, however strong he may be, that living has not always been triumph, nay, not happiness even; and that, if life is a bubble to break, no matter in what golden hues, on the air, or the cunning of a complex machine to lose all power when its cerements fall from it, it is not worth living. He sees that immortality alone gives emphasis to human joys and griefs, to the relation of man to man. Hence we whisper over the dead and step with muffled feet. The question "What is there beyond?" crowds out all baser thoughts. The old, old mystery is an eternal sphinx to the generations of man.

We doubt, we hope, we believe, we fear; yet we know that the wind bloweth not where it listeth; that alike when it bears terror and destruction on its wing, or when its breath is sweet

with summer blooms, it goes to its appointed task. We know, too, that the heart and brain of man have their labor of love and benefaction, their seed-time and harvest of endeavor and power. Do they, like the wind, die out in ocean solitudes? Or do they quaff immortality in better worlds and hew to nobler ends in eternal opportunity?

I know full well the vanity which, even when we act our parts meanly, throws its glamor around us. We strut our brief hour. We make great outcry for fame. We mistake noise for action. We have innumerable reasons for despising, honoring, pitying, condemning ourselves. Still, when we lie before each other chiseled by the cunning art of death into marble helplessness, we say, "Here is a shrine for pity's tears; here a mystery which makes this clay a thing of awe; here may be an angel's cast-off robe; here an abode of immortality, which will itself rise to immortality."

When the one we mourn has lived nobly we must say this. When he has been powerful as well as good, but above all powerful, we feel that he can not be extinct.

Happy are we in that faith to-day. The memory we honor "smells sweet and blossoms in the dust." The life we recall, the virtue we pay tribute to, the genius which still scintillates in this Chamber, were all noble, all worthy of these high obsequies. We can imagine for them a higher life than mortals have, a ripening rich and large, glowing with a greater wisdom and free from every earthly blight.

It is difficult to speak on an occasion of this kind with the sober propriety which is respectful to the dead and to ourselves. Eulogy is often but a tribute to ourselves. To love virtue is near akin to being virtuous. To comprehend great actions is an approach to greatness. So we place our wreaths upon a

tomb and think them more beautiful because they are ours. Yet, on this solemn occasion, in this great house of the people, I believe there is here to-day mourning and reverence for the worth and genius which only yesterday were our delight and pride.

The career which has closed was not all sunshine. In many years of political strife there were storms as well as calms. Feeling often ran riot, and there were those who could not conceive that they would be mourners here to-day. For, sir, this man who has left us was an earnest, brave man. He clung to his faith in defeat as well as in victory. He lived his early years in the tempest of the Republic's history. He acted with strong men, bold men, great men, and struggled with the giants. He smote and was smitten; but in the fierce contest his courage was serene and high, his patriotism incorruptible, and his abilities up to the standard of the exigencies of his times. This is saying a great deal of any man, but it is only saying that he bore himself nobly in a goodly company of the honored sons of his country. No doubt some of his contemporaries in those troublous days were impatient with him. We are all prone to be impatient with those we can neither bend nor break. That is human meanness, and fortunate is the man who discovers that it is meanness and rises to higher planes of judgment.

We all saw that this man had the weaknesses and faults of a high, generous nature, but now that he is gone we see that he was our brother after all, and that he was wise and gifted beyond all of us. We see this clearly now, for it is the blessed power of death to give a better vision to the living and lend to their gaze all the tenderness of the heart, all the greatness of the soul.

I hope, then, that I may be permitted by the members of this

body to credit him with his sincerity as a Democrat. He never faltered in that. He never counted the cost in that. It was his fortune to be opposed to a strong majority during a national convulsion; not opposed to the prosecution of the war for the Union, but to constructions of the Constitution which he regarded as dangerous to liberty and to a use of victory which he felt to be unpatriotic.

His sentiments were not always popular, but he did not shrink. He faced storms few men would dare to face, and he and the great Pennsylvanian whose sunset lingers in the tender glow of a people's love and the glory of his great achievements, asserted the principles of the Constitution and advocated a wise statesmanship.

I repeat it, he did not count the cost. Other men fled their party and sought refuge under the shadow of power. He knew whither thrift led. The path to position and fortune was well beaten; but when the rebellion ended he thought good feeling should prevail, that the Union should be relaid in constitutional freedom and in the affection of restored brotherhood. For this I honor him. It was the highest loyalty. He was right. No doctrine of internecine hate can elevate the power or swell the prosperity of the nation. We are one family, North, South, East, West, children of one mother. All our great policies prove that. Even our tariff differences cluster around the necessity to seek each other's good.

In his love for the Union and his hatred of rebellion I sympathize with him. In his immovable faith that the passions of war ought not to be terror-striking ghosts, haunting the blessings of peace, I reverence him.

But, sir, his career in this House was not all storm. Here was his true home, here his most congenial field of action.

Here his wit and wisdom delighted and instructed his countrymen. He was a great commoner, a true representative of the people. Many of you knew him well. His voice lingers in your ears and provokes your wonder and applause. He was undoubtedly a man of wit, and I think regretted that he was such a man; but he was wise also. He was laborious; he was well informed. He honored this body too much to indulge in superficial preparation. I have observed that there is knowledge here of every subject discussed, and that the man who would be heard respectfully must understand his theme. He never abused the patience of the House; he never dared to be ignorant nor presumed to be superficial.

When we remember what a field he explored this is high praise. He did not pose for grand occasions, but when they arose he stood well to the front. The hard work of the Census Committee, the claims of the railway mail clerks, the necessity for shorter hours of labor, the efficiency of the life-saving stations, the admission of new States, the administration of our land system, the irrigation of the arid regions—all these engaged his best abilities. Who of you who were here in the Fiftieth Congress can forget his appeal in behalf of the beneficent scheme of the Director of the Geological Survey to reclaim the arid lands? It was a poem as well as an argument, and you saw water quickening the dead earth and making the desert bloom as a rose.

Besides his labors here, he was a scholar and an author; but I do not care to follow him beyond the portal of the abode of his highest fame.

And now it seems strange, wondrous strange, to speak of him as gone forever! But yesterday he was so buoyant, so alert, so indomitable. The idea of mental force was as an atmosphere

around him. Where is that force now? Is it quenched in immeasurable space? Is it no more forever? Our eyes question the everlasting depths, our hearts yearn for a voice from the eternal silence; but we know that a noble spirit has departed and that America mourns for a well-beloved son.

Address of Mr. Covert, of New York.

Mr. Speaker: He is not absent who is not forgotten. In this sense the distinguished Representative, the genial gentleman, and the faithful friend in whose memory we are met to-day is with us now—in the place which next to his home he loved best on earth—the Hall of the House of Representatives.

We are met to-day to place upon the records of this House our appreciation of the great loss his district, his State, and the nation have alike sustained in the passing away of one who was an able, courageous, and most conscientious Representative in Congress.

We who served with him here may be permitted to voice a nearer and a deeper grief at the more personal loss sustained by us in the severance of the ties which bound us to one whose abilities commanded our respect and whose warm and genial nature had won our love.

We are to-day honoring ourselves in honoring the memory of our late associate, in sorrowing that his labors for the public good are over, "and sorrowing most of all that we shall see his face no more."

My esteemed friend and colleague [Mr. Cummings] has given us in his own clear and earnest way a full and perfect record of the life and public services of his illustrious predecessor. We

have heard from him of his student days, of his admission to the bar, of his editorial experiences nearly forty years ago, and of his subsequent political progress; his four terms in Congress from his native State of Ohio and his ten terms in this House from my own State of New York. This long service in Congress, in connection with his representation of this country abroad, presents a most extraordinary record and bears the most conclusive testimony as to the warm regard in which he was held by his fellow-citizens.

The gentleman from Indiana [Mr. Holman] has spoken of the work of our late colleague in special directions: the tariff, the Life-Saving Service, the Federal census, postal matters, and foreign affairs. During his long experience in this House he had served on almost every important committee, and it would be difficult indeed to name a solitary branch of the public service on which he has not left the impress of his work.

Those who served with him here will remember always his appearance in this House; the lithe, alert figure, springing up at any moment to cross swords with the most adroit debaters of this body; the sometimes impassioned, sometimes playful utterance and the characteristic gesticulation of head and hand as he attacked or defended the proposition under discussion.

In debate he was eloquent and vigorous, and, more than this, clear and direct. I doubt if SAMUEL S. COX, on this floor or in public discussion anywhere, ever made an obscure statement of any proposition in his life-time.

My friend from Texas [Mr. Mills] has referred to Mr. COX'S powers of wit and humor. These were qualities he could not repress. It was as natural for him to be epigrammatic—to make a humorous allusion—as for the flower to bloom under a summer sky or for the bird to carol forth its greeting to the

morning. His complex and yet symmetrical character would not have been complete without these traits, and they were qualities which tended to spread the sunshine of life among his fellow-men.

There were, seemingly, born to our late associate, and his by right of natural possession, in large degree the qualities hoped for in the ideal god of the future:

> Can rules or tutors educate
> The coming god whom we await?
> He must be musical, impressional,
> Awake to all sweet influence
> Of landscape and sky.
> And tender to the spirit touch
> Of man's and maiden's eye.

Though his was a nature eminently manly and every trace of effeminancy was foreign to it, he was in his mental and moral make-up as finely fibered as a woman.

The possessor of a clear judgment and strong will, he was yet impressionable. All the sweet and mystic influences of nature reached and moved him; and like an instrument of music he was responsive to the slightest touch of feeling or of fancy. His Congressional labors alone would have seemed to call for all the time and thought that any man, possessed of even extraordinary ability, could command. But our late associate had unlimited powers of application. The arduous work so well performed in committees and on this floor constituted a part only of his labors. He worked for the accomplishment of large results, and he worked as well in lighter fields, perhaps for lesser objects; and these lighter labors were his means of recreation. I know of no one who in himself so well illustrated the power and compass of the cultured mind of this age.

With a restless energy he seemed to have absorbed, analyzed, and classified almost every subject of human thought. History, science, political economy, philosophy, romance, poetry—all these fields were explored, and from them he garnered into the store-house of his active mind the richest treasures of the harvest. Nothing seemed too remote for him to reject or too insignificant for him to investigate.

He gave instruction as readily as he labored to attain it. Did he examine into any special subject as a part of his public work; did his reading lead his thought in any one direction; or did duty or even illness carry him abroad, his books, his letters, and his lectures gave the benefit of his experiences and study to the world.

Let me take this occasion to express the hope that some loving hand may in the near future cull from the vast collection of literary material he has left behind him what he would have most desired to be thus preserved. The compiler would find in this labor of love an embarrassment of riches, and the work would stand as the best monument that could possibly be erected to the memory of the lamented scholar and statesman.

In my own small collection of literary treasures are copies of some of his books, prized most highly for their own merit and as gifts from my dead friend. In this collection is his Search for Winter Sunbeams; and I know of nothing which better illustrates his technical knowledge and habit of thorough research than the opening chapter of this book, in which he treats of "The functions of light."

"Sunset" Cox loved the sunlight; loved it in its literal and in its figurative sense. He believed in letting in the sunshine upon every obscure point in science and philosophy, upon every dark spot in governmental policy whenever and wherever it

existed, just as he believed in flooding with golden sunlight the dark and dreary dwellings of the poor. His thoughts were bright and cheerful as the day; his mind had the vigor and healthfulness of the plant grown and nurtured under the summer sun.

As he loved all things bright and beautiful, so he loved and gloried in the material sunshine and in the sunlight of thought that illumined and made all things clear. To use one of his own utterances:

> The very acme of all joys, the joys of heaven, is expressed in the words: "And there shall be no night there."

And death came when it seemed with him but little after noon. There was no darkness in his death, no sudden coming on of the night-fall. There was light to disclose the saddened faces of friends to whom in life he had been leal and loyal and who to the end were loyal and leal to him.

There was light to reflect the last hand-clasp with her who had been the truest and closest companion of his manhood, and a holier light clear enough to reveal the heart-clasp so tender and yet so strong as almost seemingly to hold the speeding soul back from the brink of the great beyond.

And so, loving and loved, he passed from the semi-darkness of this life into the eternal light and glory of the life hereafter.

To the past go more dead faces
Every year,
As the loved leave vacant places
Every year.
Everywhere their sad eyes meet us;
In the evening's dusk they greet us,
And to come to them entreat us
Every year.

You are growing old, they tell us,
Every year;
You are more alone, they tell us,
Every year.
You can win no new affection;
You have only recollection,
Deeper sorrow and dejection
Every year.

But the truer life draws nigher
Every year,
And its morning star climbs higher
Every year.
Earth's hold on us grows slighter,
And its heavy burden lighter,
And the dawn immortal brighter
Every year.

It is difficult to realize that this busy, tireless worker who has woven his name and his fame into his country's history; this wise statesman and devoted scholar whom we all esteemed; this genial gentleman and faithful friend whom we all loved, has turned his dead face to the past and has left a vacant place among us.

Time will do justice to his great abilities. History will recount his public services. Warm hearts and loving lips will hand down his memory to those who follow.

If they are not absent who are not forgotten SAMUEL S. COX still lives and will live among men, while, loving the light as he loved it, his spirit dwells in the golden glory of the never-dying dawn!

Address of Mr. Stone, of Missouri.

Mr. Speaker: There is a great difference in men. They differ as the stars—those lighted torches held up by the hands of angels, glimmering in the night—differ one from another in glory. Sometimes a light goes out which we do not miss. Its absence is not observed by men, unless in the convulsive agony of extinguishment it sweeps the sky with meteoric trail and we behold it for a moment, wondering, as it sinks into the shadow and fades away. Other lights there are shining in the azure fields which, if they should be extinguished, would disturb the harmony of the spheres and startle if not appall mankind.

So some men, journeying now through blossoming clover-fields and now over toilsome hills, come to the end and lay down this thing we call life, and the great world goes on without a moment's pause. That is the fate of most men; a few fleeting years of effort and then the pitiless cycles of oblivion! Other men there are, better poised, better equipped, more resolute, whose lordly spirits rise on tireless wings to greater heights, and who shine among their fellows as the planets, those stately sovereigns of celestial empire, shine among the vestal fires burning chaste and pure on the mounting-steps of heaven. They are men of high purpose and great achievement, who not only make history, but are history. When such a man falls the human race stops and stands awhile in wonder. It is like the end and the beginning of an epoch. We can not go on until we pause and look back at the vast void occasioned by his absence, and thenceforth we carry with us a memory of him and of his deeds.

In this mold of great men that noble gentleman whose memory we embalm to-day was cast. When SAMUEL S. COX passed out from among men into the endless shadow of that mystery we call death, it was as if the evening star had slipped from tired hands and fallen to shine no more.

What shall we say of him now that he is gone? What distinguished him, what marked him as an exceptional man? Not simply that he achieved great things and made for himself a historic name, for that others have done. True, the scope and character of his achievements differ from those of most men we term great. Nearly all great men have accomplished greatness by persistent effort along some special line of thought or endeavor. He was remarkable rather for the versatility of his thought and the diversity of his endeavor.

He was a scholar of extensive research and splendid erudition; and yet in this respect he will not rank with that scholastic prince of the forge who spoke almost all the tongues of men, nor with those savants who solve the occult mysteries of nature. He had traveled much, had seen the wonders of many lands and the civilizations of many peoples; and yet in this respect he will not rank with that stalwart wanderer who, having explored the continents of the world, sang as he rode the laughing wave:

> The Sea is a jovial comrade;
> He laughs wherever he goes;
> His merriment shines in those dimpling lines
> That wrinkle his hale repose;
> He lays himself down at the feet of the Sun
> And shakes all over with glee,
> And the broad-backed billows fall faint on the shore
> In the mirth of the mighty Sea.

He was an author whose books enchant with bewitching descriptions and sparkle with noble gems of thought; and yet in

literature he will not rank with those immortals, rare and distant, who, by the arduous toil of a life-time, wrung the jewel of fame from unwilling hands. He was a statesman of unsullied patriotism and comprehensive grasp; and yet in this respect he will not rank with the incomparable sage of Monticello, whose magic pen wrote the Declaration of Independence. He was an orator whose cimeter flashed at the front of fierce debate and whose impassioned eloquence swayed multitudes as storm-winds sway primal forests; and yet in this respect he will not rank with that impetuous child of the Revolution whose eloquent defiance was liberty's inspiration, nor with that stately Grecian who learned his first lessons from the thundering sea. He was an ambassador whose culture, grace, and gentle breeding made him a favorite and whose skill in diplomacy won him respect while it dignified the Republic; and yet in this regard he will not rank with Talleyrand, that wizard of the court, who, false it may be, yet played with kings as I might play with carved images upon a chessboard.

Along all these paths he trod, in all these fields he wrought. He was great in all, without being exceptionally great in any. He was not exceptionally great, because he was not and could not have been a specialist. He drank not at one fountain alone, but at many. His foot-prints are left on more than one mountain peak. He was versatile, diverse, eclectic. But whatever work he did was well done and whatever station he filled was adorned. We remember his splendid gifts—his learning, his writings, his eloquence, his statesmanship—and take pride in them as something not apart from ourselves. But those are not the things we love best to recall to-day, for those are the things which have made him known of all men and given him place in history.

The dearest memory to us who knew him, who have felt the pressure of his hand and seen the sunlight on his face, is the man himself. When he laid down for awhile the heavy burden of his thought; when he left his books, those mute solitudes in which wise men lose themselves; turned aside from the intricate and unsolved problems of empire, to seek the companionship of friends, the man himself was seen as he came from the plastic hand of God, just as the flower imprisoned in folded calyx is seen when it uncovers its blushing beauty to the wooing sun. Then he "wore his heart upon his sleeve." How genial and companionable he was! How full of life, of the glad, rollicking joy of life, he sometimes seemed to be!—a very boy except in years, scattering laughter and sunshine along the way—

> Turning to mirth all things of earth
> As only boyhood can.

And then, again, how gentle he was when sorrow folded her pallid wings and brooded about the homes or the hearts of those he loved! In his presence sadness seemed less sad and a softer light crept in among the shadows, for in whatever he said and did there was something so like the melting music of woman's speech and the delicate touch of woman's hand.

He loved the beautiful and the good. The tints of flowers, the exquisite shading of a bush, the golden glory of an autumn sunset, the swelling symphony of the sea, the glee and merry prattle of childhood—such things as these touched his poetic soul as with the magic wand of sweet enchantment.

Such was the man we loved; and we loved him all the more because we felt and knew that behind this native gentleness, back of this charming companionableness, was the strong, mas-

culine man, familiar with the philosophies of books and trained to the responsibilities of great affairs, who, when occasion required, could be stern, rugged, obstinate, almost vengeful.

Such was the man we loved, such the man we lament. He lived a pure and blameless life, noble, unselfish, useful, and he goes away into the mystic summer-land leaving a great name behind him and taking with him the blessing of his race. He loved this beautiful world, and he had perfect faith in the hereafter. Those who say there is no hereafter deny that they do not know, without asserting aught they do know. He went away without thought of fear, bearing a sweet message from the world to those who should greet him in the great beyond.

I pay this poor tribute to his exalted worth and then go on wearing the memory of him near my heart as an inspiration to higher thought and better things.

> He was a man, take him for all in all,
> I shall not look upon his like again.

Address of Mr. O'Donnell, of Michigan.

Mr. Speaker: The Fifty-first Congress has been called upon to mourn the loss of nine of its members. Some of these had served here many years—all with fidelity, to their own credit, and advantage to the nation. Death has reaped a rich harvest in this House. Their passing away is but the immutable law of nature. To-day we pay a tribute to the memory of one of that number, Samuel Sullivan Cox. He served in this body nearly twenty-seven years. He entered these halls in 1857. Since then more than one-half of those who made up the life of

that day have gone to the eternal rest. He held a foremost place in the list of strong men who influenced public opinion and shaped the destinies of mankind during those eventful years.

As a politician, a scholar of large attainments, author, journalist, Representative in Congress, diplomate, he left the impress of his individuality on all undertakings. His native endowments and acquired abilities were of service to his country. A man devoted to the political party with which he affiliated all his life, of strong convictions, he was considerately tolerant of the opinions of others. He was generous and charitable in all things.

No member here thought at the close of the Fiftieth Congress that Mr. Cox was approaching that age in life when shadows foretell the nearness of evening. He carried his sixty-five years as lightly as many men in the noon of life. If any friend coupled death and the statesman, this was almost put away by the feeling that the genial man could turn back the somber Atropos with her fatal shears from his home.

He departed from these familiar scenes to enter upon added duties. Although heavily burdened, as is every member of this body, he assumed greater tasks, overtaxing the resources of nature; the hand was staid, the voice was stilled, and the outcome was the peaceful and eternal silence of death.

Mr. Cox came to public life well equipped to meet every requirement of the position to which he was chosen. At college he graduated with the award of prizes in classics, history, literary criticism, and political economy. He began life as the editor of the leading newspaper in his section in Ohio, and his ability and application were soon the means of calling him to higher fields of usefulness and honorable position. As a mem-

ber of this House he soon advanced in rank; it was not long before he attained an eminent place in the parliament of the people.

In this land, with its abundant opportunities, he won greatness by doing his best, and the Representative who, when he commenced his duties in this Hall, was little if any known outside of his district, shortly challenged attention by his readiness, acumen, and native ability. He entered Congress in 1857, serving eight years, receiving the approval of his constituents at four successive elections. During this period a new chapter was opened in the political chronicles of the nation. The mighty contest for liberty rolled its crimson tide over the land. Mr. Cox was a firm supporter of the Government during that eventful epoch, while not hesitating to criticise, sometimes harshly and may be bitterly, the agents of the nation and their methods.

He was a member of the war Congresses and was a deeply interested spectator and participant in the creative period, when new systems took the place of the old, when one of the great movements of the world gathered and spent its mighty force. He saw the avenging genius of the country smite those who would destroy; he observed the period of happy transition from the old to the new, and rejoiced that it was followed by the unification of the American people. He hoped and wrought for an end of the work of blood; he wished for peace to come again to the distracted land; he, like Abraham, longed for the happy day. "He saw it and was glad."

The nation laid deep and broad its future security. He realized that civilization supplied the momentum which swung the wheel past the dead-point in progress; that the restored Union and its results were the muniments of our civil liberty.

His history in those dark years was closely interwoven in the struggle for the national life.

In those days party feeling ran acrimoniously high; the blister of public opinion fell upon the political organization with which he was identified, and he retired from these halls, soon to reappear indorsed by another constituency. Fifteen times in all he was commissioned by the people as a Representative in Congress, and here he remained to serve the nation. His star shone serenely above the gulf where there had been so many shipwrecks.

During all his long years of public service he was never besmirched by any of the foul contaminations which unhappily sometimes envelop modern politics. As secretary of legation, Representative in Congress, or minister to a foreign court, he demeaned himself to his own honor and the glory of the Republic. He was conscientious, industrious, and faithful; his sagacity, discrimination, courage, and adherence to his conception of duty were of that nature which adds to the power of the statesman.

In this Chamber he achieved a marked standing as an effective speaker and was recognized as one of the readiest debaters in this body. His utterances abounded in common sense; he was philosophical, searching, going to the nerve of every subject, while his unfailing and inexhaustible fund of wit, humor, satire, and repartee made him an opponent in the arena of debate not to be sought after. His oratorical magnetism, brilliancy in the corruscations of fancy, drollery, and merry rejoinder often pricked the bubble of illusion, re-enforced by fact, epigram, and pleasantry. His forensic armory proved an arsenal of defense and attack, and he was ever ready to employ the great resources nature had given him.

With his brilliant attainments was the genial, gentle, kindly heart, where the lightness of exquisite merriment welled up from an organization whose basis was laughter, which distinguished him for bright and amusing sayings. His cheerfulness was sunny and invincible. Why We Laugh, one of his books, was exemplified in the author in his drollery, kindliness, and humor, coupled with the joyousness of his life. To him was given the rare faculty of holding the close attention of his auditors when in debate. Withal he was a statesman who labored to secure the general prosperity of the nation and advance the well-being of the people. His long continuance in this House attests the appreciation of his fidelity and capacity.

The annals of Congress exhibit his energy and wonderful industry, and his genius is stamped in useful laws in the statutes of the nation. He was of service to his country; his character and ability adorned the place he occupied with short interregnums during three decades of Federal legislation.

Mr. COX came from a family of warriors and statesmen. His grandfather, General James Cox, sat in Congress, and, like the grandson, died while a member of this House. He never wearied in advancing the cause of the unhappy land beyond the sea, being true to the Celtic blood which warmed his heart.

As a parliamentarian Mr. COX ranked among those best versed in that intricate law and science. By acquirements, knowledge, and natural aptness he was wonderfully equipped for the position of Speaker, the great office of representative government, a place to crown his legislative career. In June, 1876, death hovered over the occupant of the Speaker's chair; the incumbent was too feeble to discharge the duties of the Speakership; it was feared the then Speaker would never recover, and it was only a short time before the fading life of the

first officer of the House would expire. Mr. Cox was elected Speaker *pro tempore*, and was in the line of promotion. Political exigency and devotion to his ideas of right took the prize from him just as he was about to attain the eminence.

The party to which he belonged in the State of New York decided to present its great leader as a candidate for the Chief Magistracy. Mr. Cox was hostile to the nomination and determined to oppose the proposition. The alternative was presented of losing the Speakership or joining the ranks of the dominant faction. It did not require long deliberation. Mr. Cox said, "I believe, with Mr. Burke, 'that the representative should represent,' and, as my constituents are opposed to Mr. Tilden and believe his election impossible, I must stand by them." He resigned the place of Speaker *pro tempore*, hastened to the national convention, fought a losing contest, and returned to the floor of the House, putting away forever the great ambition of his life.

Of the domestic life of the departed statesman I delight to speak. No small amount of his success was contributed by the wise counsels of the wife who mourns his departure. The husband believed with Lord Bolingbroke when he said, "If I were making up a plan of consequence I should like first to consult with a sensible woman." To the statesman she was the embodiment of all that was admirable, helpful, and holy in womanhood. Many hearts ached for the desolate wife when the mighty hand of sorrow and affliction was so heavily laid upon her. Those two walked the journey of life in paths of happiness, "each for the other, both for God."

Mr. Cox gave half his life to his country—yea, all. The nation was benefited by his years of devotion to the upbuilding of our institutions. His long continuance in this House was

owing to his loyalty to duty, sincere and able. Had he toiled less his life would have been prolonged. "The zeal of thine house hath consumed me," might be said of him, "for he labored for his country, as the Hebrew prophet served his God, with an ardor whose flame was clouded by no baseness."

As an author our dead friend added to the literary possessions of the nation. The ten volumes from his brain and pen entitle him to a bright place in the republic of letters.

All his books are interesting and instructive; his writings are entertaining, giving strength and knowledge. His industry, information, and discrimination are apparent upon every page, and the clear, compact, and intelligent treatment of all questions is observed in each chapter. He had the happy faculty of saying things in a striking way, and most of his publications are the product of conscientious study and research. The reader can not but note the admirable treatment of his themes, distinguished by a classic simplicity and lucidity, clear and graceful, denoting the intellect of the author, strong and full of creative force.

His historical works illustrate the experience and learning that embellish every page; the events narrated are excellently concentrated and condensed, and the author established himself as a clear and vigorous writer and thinker, delighting all with his extensive culture, discernment, and superior taste. His latest volumes exhibit the same polish, breadth, and thoroughness of preparation; the advancing years of the author show no deterioration in happy expression, terseness, and reliable statement. He exemplifies the saying of Milton, "A good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit embalmed and treasured up to a life beyond life." In several of his works there is a glowing style and generous admixture of humor

coupled with profound truths semi-humorously expressed. His name will have an honorable place in American literature.

Death had no terrors for our friend. Even as the silver cord that moors us to time had been slackened and as he was drifting away to the still, strange land, just as he was about to vanish into the unknown, the genial spirit turned back and with a sunny smile renewed the joyousness of his being, exemplifying what was written three centuries agone by the great bard, "How oft when men are at the point of death have they been merry!"

The four new States in this Union—the new jewels in the crown of statehood—owe much to Mr. Cox for their places in the galaxy of Commonwealths of the Republic. We remember how persistently and with what ability he labored for their rights and won the long contest in their behalf. Just before the close of his eventful life he visited the four communities brought into the family of States by his efforts and was welcomed with all the honor he had so grandly merited. Just at the hour of his passing away he was to have spoken at his home about the New West, which he termed "Wonderland." It was another wonderland that dawned upon his vision. The veil which hides the future was rent asunder and the radiant soul passed to immortality.

The man of genius who, by gentle and skillful adaptation of circumstances, often created so many pleasantries for his hearers; whose amusing sayings have brought joyousness in place of somberness, have lifted the mists of shadows and opened the flood of kindness, placing all beneath the rainbow arch of delight, has he gone to a land of no laughter? Is this the end of all? Has he gone down to the "tongueless silence of the dreamless dust?" No, no! He has entered into rest. Our religion teaches us the inspired and comforting assurance that

"though he were dead, yet shall he live." Now he sleeps in the calm serenity of death; the grave's impenetrable shadows will be lifted and dispelled, for it is written, "He shall never die."

Mr. Speaker, the proverb "Say naught of the dead unless good" is a priceless tribute to our humanity and civilization. I am glad of this opportunity to speak of the memory of one now dead whom I esteemed so well in life—he so endowed with justice and generous magnanimity. As I have said, he was a statesman, a scholar, a diplomate. In these fields he attained deserved renown. Greater than all to me, he was a safe counselor and my friend. I lay a stone upon the cairn his countrymen upbuild to his memory. His many acts of considerate kindness extended to me are treasured in grateful remembrance. Before coming here I had heard and read of this man of great gifts; when seen and known I could say of him, as Hasdrubel had said of Scipio, that he was even more admirable when seen face to face than he had seemed when one only heard of his achievements.

Such lives are beacons in the upward path of all who struggle. To my mind such a life enriches the age. As he stood upon the threshold of the world to come he—

> Calmly looked on either life, and here
> Saw nothing to regret, nor there to fear

Now, a last farewell. He has gone. We leave him with the words of Wordsworth:

> For the weight
> Of the whole world's good wishes with him go.

Address of Mr. Caruth, of Kentucky.

Mr. Speaker: Just before the death of the Forty-ninth Congress I visited Washington and first saw Samuel Sullivan Cox. To me his name had always been associated with the deliberations of the American Congress. I had in my school-boy days learned to declaim extracts from speeches he had here made. I had been captivated, charmed, and delighted by his eloquence, his pathos, and his wit. Therefore, when I gazed at the small, active form and looked in the smiling, youthful-appearing face of "Sunset Cox" and felt the hearty grasp of his friendly hand, I was glad that I had been afforded the pleasure of being personally presented to him and to know the man as he was. From that first acquaintance there dated a friendship which strengthened until severed by death, for he was of too cheerful a disposition, of too open a heart, to hold himself aloof from the companionship of younger men who were just entering on the way over which he had so long traveled. On the contrary, he was among the first to meet them on their arrival, to grasp their hands and lead them onward.

His voice was first to be raised in warning if danger beset them, and in encouragement if, heart-sick and foot-sore, they wearied on the way. No older member became so readily acquainted with those new to the floor, and surely none was on as confidential and friendly terms with them as Mr. Cox. To him the new member would freely go for advice, and all were kindly heard and usefully advised. None need be embarrassed by his manners, for they were so easy and friendly. One could ask him anything without fear of being misconstrued or ridi-

culed. The new members found that his was not the tongue of detraction to sneer at their efforts or belittle their importance, but rather that of praise to laud their endeavors and magnify their achievements. Such, in the two sessions of Congress I had the honor to serve with him, I ever found him. Is it wonderful that he was popular? What a master of oratory he was!

I have seen the House almost as tumultuous as the sea in storm stilled to silence by the rising of his form from the midst of the tumult, the lifting of his hand with his familiar gesture, and the utterance of his "Mr. Speaker." I have seen the busy men of the House drop their pens and leave their desks to gather about him that they might hear what he had to say. I have seen the lobbies deserted, the cloak-rooms emptied, even the seductive restaurant ignored, the seats of the Chamber filled, because "Sunset Cox" held the floor. I have seen faces which were almost distorted with partisan passion, in the fierce hours of political conflict, smoothed to pleasant humor by the potency of his speech.

Some men wear out or tire out as the months fly and the years pass. Some men stand still or drop behind in the race of life and let youth and vigor press to the fore; but he was ever already with the times. Some statesmen grow dull as they grow older, and prosy and tiresome of speech, but he—never!

> Age could not wither him, nor custom stale
> His infinite variety.

He was born for legislation and adorned this House by his presence. He had seen this body grow until it was forced from the old Hall—now the repository of the marble forms of departed greatness—into this larger and more commodious Chamber, and he was the first member to raise his voice in speech within these

portals. Is it a wonder that, when in foreign courts enjoying the distinction of being the representative there of this proud Government, he yearned to return hither and again resume his accustomed seat?

Nothing could divorce him from legislative life. His impress had been set upon the statutes of his country; his life was spread upon the pages of the Record; he was part of it; it was part of him; naught but death could part the twain. His last utterance upon this floor was to resent an insult, as he thought, to the dignity of the House of Representatives. He had been an actor during "three decades of American legislation." He loved the institutions of his country, was proud of the part he had taken in shaping its destiny. He had never met foe on battle-field or drawn the sword of war, but he had met in these halls and put to route the foes of constitutional government and wielded the sword of rights with steady arm and dauntless heart. He had won the stainless victories of peace, and the laurel wreath of honor should be twined in deathless glory about his brow. He was one of America's noblest sons. His life is part of her history and her greatness is reflected upon his name.

Not only was he a great orator and a great statesman, but he was a scholar besides. I asked him once how he found time in his busy life to give attention to literary matters and charm by printed page as he had by spoken word, and he told me that God had given him a helpmate in the person of his wife and that she had shared his labors as she had indeed doubled the pleasures of his life. And thus, loved at home, admired by his peers, honored by the people, the statesman, the wit, the scholar, passed his life away. The passing years left but little impress on his brow and made no mark upon his heart.

I was in a foreign land when the news reached me that illness had stretched him on a bed of pain, and with heavy heart I awaited further news day by day, until in sorrow I read of the end. Had not ocean's waves separated me from his remains I would have stood by his bier and paid the last tribute the living can pay the dead. This poor consolation of friendship was denied me, but I can not refrain from taking a humble part in this closing scene of all and placing upon record this tribute of affection to my departed friend, the scholar, statesman, and patriot, SAMUEL SULLIVAN COX.

ADDRESS OF MR. WASHINGTON, OF TENNESSEE.

Mr. SPEAKER: We are assembled on this solemn occasion to do a last honor to the memory of our distinguished and beloved colleague, the late SAMUEL SULLIVAN COX, of New York. It is a maxim as old as humanity to speak nothing save good of the dead; but who, speaking in justice and truth, could say aught but good of S. S. COX?

Born at Zanesville, Ohio, September 30, 1824, his youth was passed in that beautiful pastoral region, where the trials and tribulations of the early settlers of that new State fired his imagination and filled his young mind with noble aspirations.

A grandson, on his maternal side, of the Revolutionary hero, General Sullivan, he imbibed at a tender age a lofty ambition to serve his country and to preserve untarnished the heritage of constitutional liberty for which his ancestors so bravely fought. The broad bent of his mind, as well as the kindly love for his fellow-man which warmed his generous heart, aided

by the precept and example of his revered father, led him from the first to espouse the principles of Democracy. Often have I heard him tell, with pathos in his voice, how his father on one occasion lifted him in his arms to the door of a stage-coach to see and speak to that great Democratic apostle, Felix Grundy, then a Senator of the United States from Tennessee; how the kind words of that great man burned into his soul as, with his hand resting on his young head, he dedicated him, a boy, to the service of the Democratic party. Never in all his long and useful career did he falter in his true allegiance.

His early schooling was at home and at the University of Ohio, at Athens. His collegiate training was at Brown University, at Providence, R. I., where he gradnated in the class of 1846. There he imbibed his political economy; there he learned the true theory of taxation, which should be for governmental and not for private purposes.

There, from the lips of the great Baptist divine, Dr. Wayland, of whom he so often spoke in terms of affection, he learned that the government should be so administered as to bring the greatest good to the greatest number. There he acquired that keen, rapier-like logic with which he parried the argument and, breaking down the defense, would overwhelm with satire, wit, and sarcasm his opponent in debate.

Columbus, Ohio, was the home of his early manhood, the theater of his first activity. While editing the Columbus Statesman he wrote that sketch of a glorious "sunset" which gave him the sobriquet which clung to him as long as he lived. I would not follow him through all the details of his long and useful public career, or rather, I should say, official life, because his career was public in the highest and truest sense from his college days until his death. Twice he served in diplomacy

abroad, first as secretary of legation in Peru, in 1855, and afterwards as minister to Turkey, in 1885.

During the latter appointment he gathered the notes and enjoyed the experiences which led to that charming book of his, the Diversions of a Diplomate. He had the unusual distinction of representing in Congress at different times two of the greatest States in the Union. He was for eight years the member from the Columbus (Ohio) district, and, having changed his residence to New York City, after an absence of four years he came back to this Hall as one of the Representatives of the Empire State from the city of New York, which honored him by an election eleven successive times. He sat in fourteen Congresses, serving for twenty-eight during a period of thirty-two years, more than a generation. He died in the harness at the comparatively early age of sixty-five, having given half of his life to the service of his country.

No greater or more unexpected shock could have been given to his friends than the telegraphic announcement of his death in the full vigor of his manhood, in the prime of his mental power. He was a man possessed of vast information in literature, science, art, history, and politics. Quick in perception, he readily grasped an idea. In a long practical experience he had almost grown up with the legislation of this most active quarter of our century of national existence, and no false historical statement went unchallenged in his hearing. Possessed of a wonderfully retentive memory, he held in reserve and could call up at a moment's notice facts of history, politics, religion, and science which would charm his hearers and amaze, confound, and silence his opposers.

Whenever he rose to speak a respectful silence fell upon this usually noisy assembly and both political sides paused to listen.

Nor did he fail to amuse, entertain, and instruct. He had a thorough knowledge of men and motives, a keen perception of character. Travel had given him a fund of quaint incidents, which he had embellished by a close observation. A thorough parliamentarian, he was a terror to the opposition on the floor. While in the chair he was a correct, easy, impartial presiding officer. He became a prominent figure at a time when the foundations of vast fortunes were laid by the misuse of power and its opportunities, but the breath of scandal never came near his name.

Throughout the whole of his long career we can say—what, alas! it is a reflection on American statesmanship that we should be compelled to refer to at all—that he was scrupulously honest. During the whole struggle of reconstruction which followed the war between the States, his devotion to the Constitution was conspicuous. He showed that he regarded that instrument not as a mere form of words, a growth of time, but rather as the complete and written chart of our liberties, left by the fathers. He made a record then which endeared him beyond measure to the hearts of the people of the South, and they longed for a fitting opportunity to show it.

Of the rights and privileges of our adopted citizens of foreign birth, no matter of what nationality, he was always the champion and the defender.

One of the crowning glories of his life was his labor to establish, to build up, and to make thoroughly effective the present Life-Saving Service along our coasts.

Those who travel by water, who go down to the sea in ships, when they hear the hoarse waves' angry murmur should breathe a prayer for the peaceful rest of the soul of "Sunset Cox," for many thousands are the lives that have been and

that will be saved by the agencies which he labored to establish.

His sympathetic nature embraced all who labored, even the humblest man. It was he who, recognizing the long hours of toil and the poor recompense for the skill and intelligence required, took up the cause of the letter-carriers and never staid his hand or voice until they were put on an approximately equal footing with the other employés of the Government.

My acquaintance with him began in the Fiftieth Congress. I had the great good fortune to draw by lot a seat just in front of his. From the first he was my friend and my counselor. Always kind, ever ready with advice, aid, encouragement, our acquaintance soon ripened, on my part, into a warm and affectionate regard. After the adjournment of Congress *sine die* on the 4th of last March, I bade him a fond farewell. Later, in April, while he was on a lecturing tour, I had the great pleasure of meeting and entertaining him at Nashville. He was as full of the spirit of fun and laughter as ever. Seemingly in perfect health, he carried sunshine and happiness to the hearts of all who met him.

With a tender voice he spoke to me of his dear wife, and said, "I had nothing else to do; so I told Mrs. Cox I would take a trip with my lecture, and bring her home some shekels to furnish the house." We parted on the train which bore him away to the centennial celebration in New York. A furious rain was falling, the thunder rolled, the sullen storm-clouds produced an awful darkness. It was an April morning. Soon the rain ceased; the sun came out in all his glory; but our friend was gone!

Oh! may the darkness of the shadow of death, through which he has passed, have dawned for him in the cloudless day of a happy eternity!

Ready for action, full panoplied for war, at the sudden call he laid down his arms. The active brain was still; the generous heart ceased to beat. Full of life, full of vigor, it seemed to us poor, blind mortals that his days of usefulness had but just begun. Oh, how he has been missed! A gap in the ranks of his party that no one can fill! A break in the line of his country's defenders that no one can close!

The vacant chair in his household must ever remain empty. Yet who knows but that his task was finished? Who knows but that the all-seeing Providence called him hence in the fullness of time? The hour had struck.

For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.

So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?

Address of Mr. Maish, of Pennsylvania.

Mr. Speaker: The deeds of a great and good man are a legacy that a free people will not willingly let die. To perpetuate the memory of a faithful Representative is a fitting occupation for this House. The brother whose life and services we commemorate to-day illustrated by his public career, in an eminent degree, the qualities of an able, zealous, and patriotic statesman. His official life here, with only a few intermissions, extended over a period of more than thirty years, embracing within its compass the most critical period of our country's history.

Men of all shades of political opinion agree that his services

to the Republic were of the highest value, and, at times when many honored names were sullied, the breath of suspicion never reached the elevation of his virtues.

He was under all circumstances a thorough American. This country never produced a statesman who had a more sincere devotion for her institutions. He was a stanch Democrat and honestly believed that the teachings and principles of his party would best promote the welfare of his country, but when in his judgment the occasion demanded he rose above party and pursued fearlessly the path of duty. It can never be said of him that he gave to party what was meant for mankind.

I can recall no statesman in our country's history who bestowed such unremitting labor to the promotion of measures that he cherished. During his long career he discussed every prominent question that came before Congress. His speeches would fill volumes, and they display such a depth of learning, such a variety and abundance of illustration, and such rare eloquence as to place him in the very front rank of American orators. Others may have excelled him, and doubtless did, in the possession of one or more of the higher qualities of the orator, but I know none that combined a greater number of the elements that constitute an effective public speaker.

His memory was simply amazing. He seemed to have forgotten nothing that he ever read. It was the habit of members to go to him to solve their historical and literary difficulties, and I never heard of a single instance in which he failed them. This faculty gave him an immense advantage in debate and often secured him the victory over competitors that were not so highly gifted. His mind was decidedly of a literary cast, and hence he adorned his speeches with select thoughts from English literature and the classics.

Whether discussing a great political problem or merely some subject that unexpectedly arose in the House, literary gems may be found alike sparkling through his speeches. They fell unbidden from his lips. In many cases his productions were interspersed with a rare and delicious humor. It was a humor, too, all his own. It welled up from his generous heart and sparkled through his speeches like crystal fountains by the wayside. Satire was seldom the object of it. It was gentle, good-natured, and betokened the kindly heart that gave it birth.

It has been suggested that if he had not indulged this faculty so much he would have achieved greater results. I do not believe this. Mirth is pre-eminently human. Man alone is stirred by it, and he who can successfully produce it is sure to reach the human heart, and that is the easiest avenue to the mind. Would we willingly give up the wit and humor of the myriad-minded Shakespeare? How barren would seem even his unsurpassed productions with his flashes of mirth blotted out. No one will dispute that much of their efficacy would then be gone.

It was the rare good fortune of our brother to become identified with one of the noblest institutions of modern civilization. The Life-Saving Service owes its present organization mainly to his efforts. To place it upon a sure foundation and promote its efficiency he bestowed untiring industry and his ablest intellectual efforts. It was my rare privilege to hear him deliver in this House his greatest speech in support of that service. It occurred during the second session of the Forty-fifth Congress. He occupied the same seat that by permission of this House he last occupied here and which he uninterruptedly occupied for many years. A number of speeches had been made; his was the last.

No especial interest was manifested in the subject; nothing to distinguish it from the ordinary discussions that daily take place here. It was in the morning, after the routine business had been disposed of, when Mr. Cox arose. The attention of members was gradually arrested. The calling of pages by the clapping of hands grew less and less frequent as he proceeded. In a short while the members sat enchained by the eloquence of the address. Now and then there was applause, but when he stopped a profound silence pervaded the House.

In a moment or two it was broken by a member near by extending his congratulations to him. He was quickly followed by another; then two or three pressed forward to take him by the hand; then almost simultaneously a score or more approached him, and finally, in less time than I can describe it, every member was on his way up the aisle towards him to extend his congratulations. No attempt was made to continue business. The Speaker of the House acquiesced in the temporary interruption, and only called the members to order when they had resumed their seats. I sat immediately opposite to him during the delivery of the speech, and was the last member to grasp him by the hand. As I did so I saw that he had been moved to tears, and not a word passed between us.

I doubt very much, Mr. Speaker, whether in the whole history of this body any speech had such an instantaneous effect. It was a high tribute to the orator. Ay, it was more. It was an homage paid to his subject. As he so felicitously put it:

> Humanity, more beautiful than art and more profound than science, has bent over the tempestuous seas her grand ethereal bow, unfolding its hues of promise as an everlasting covenant with heaven.

He struck the key-note of humanity, and all within its sound responded to its spell.

You may search in vain for a more graphic and thrilling piece of word-painting than Mr. Cox's description of the wreck of the *Amerique* in this speech. It consists of a succession of the most startling scenes, drawn with such intense reality as to strike one with wonder and admiration.

The concluding paragraph of that address presents in words better than I can command the motives that actuated our brother in devoting his best efforts to the noble service whose object is the rescuing of human lives from the dangers of the deep. He says:

> Mr. Speaker, I have spent the best part of my life in this public service; most of it has been like writing in water. The reminiscences of party wrangling and political strife seem to me like nebulæ of the past, without form and almost void. Gladly I would, if I could, for many reasons growing out of personal inconvenience and party competency, reverse much that I have done here. Confessing so much inadequacy, recalling so many who have come and gone from this House—gone many of them to another sphere, and, I hope and trust, a better world—I would gladly lay down my commission and turn to other duties which the lapse of time admonishes me should have attention. But what little I have accomplished in connection with this Life-Saving Service is compensation "sweeter than the honey in the honey-comb." It is its own exceeding great reward. It speaks to me in the voices of the rescued; ay, in tears of speechless feeling; speaks of resurrection from death,
>
> "In spite of wreck and tempest's roar,
> In spite of false lights on the shore;"
>
> speaks of a faith triumphant over all fears in the better elements of our human nature. It sounds like the undulations of the Sabbath bell, ringing in peace and felicity. It comes to me in the words of Him who, regardless of His own life, gave it freely that other lives might be saved.
>
> Humanity and civilization should walk white-handed along with government. They strengthen and save society. In the perils which environ our country, from passion and prejudice, from old animosities and new irritations, let us do good deeds—pray hopefully that our vessel of state be free from leakage, collision, wreck, and loss.

Mr. Speaker, what our brother has wrought in establishing the Life-Saving Service of our country will constitute his enduring monument. So long as the sacredness of human life shall be properly appreciated and good men shall employ their lives in guarding against its perils, so long will the name of SAMUEL SULLIVAN COX be cherished as one of the benefactors of our race.

ADDRESS OF MR. WHEELER, OF ALABAMA.

Mr. SPEAKER: When the shadow of death passed over the form of SAMUEL SULLIVAN COX the world lost a profound thinker and a ripe scholar, our country a devoted patriot, Congress its brightest and most accomplished member, the people of the South a man ever ready to defend them against wrong and oppression, and the poor and lowly a champion who delighted to use all his great talents in their behalf. Genuine sorrow filled millions of hearts. A great, a good, a gifted man was no more. He whose life had been devoted to his country and to his fellow-men had left us forever. A volume of devotion and good deeds was finished, an effort in the cause of humanity had been accomplished.

He was an intellectual giant, an encyclopedia of information, and a monarch of words. In the forum and in debate he was imperial. In the thousand or more conflicts with the ablest men during the long period of his public life he was always victor. In the halls of Congress, like the most famous Roman gladiator, he was ever triumphant.

When in the history of our country have we seen so many virtues, such great and varied talents, such bountiful culture,

and such lovable qualities all blended together? When has a man lived so universally loved, so devoted to friends, and so entirely without enemies as Mr. Cox? For more than forty years he stood amidst the storm of political strife under the calcium light of the severest criticism, and even his most scrutinizing opponents could never find a single act upon which they could lay the slightest foundation for censure.

Mr. Cox's ancestry were people of distinction and very high standing. His father, the Hon. Ezekiel Taylor Cox (born May 25, 1795, died May 18, 1873), moved from New Jersey to Zanesville, Ohio, early in the century, was State senator, clerk of the supreme court of Ohio, United States marshal, etc.

His grandfather was General James Cox (born October 16, 1753, died September 12, 1810), officer in the Revolution, speaker of the New Jersey Assembly, member of Congress at the time of his death.

His great-grandfather was Judge Joseph Cox (born August 18, 1713, died April 17, 1801), known as a man of strong mind and unblemished character.

His great-great-grandfather was James Cox (born August 18, 1672, died April 17, 1750), a large landholder and a man highly respected in the community.

His great-great-great-grandfather was Thomas Cox, who settled in Upper Freehold Township, Monmouth County, New Jersey, in 1670. He was one of the twenty-four original proprietors of the province of East New Jersey.

Mr. Cox, the sixth in descent of the persons enumerated, was born at Zanesville, Ohio, September 30, 1824. His quick, bright mind enabled him to acquire information very rapidly, and before he was eighteen he had so far completed his classical course that he was enabled to commence the study of law. At

twenty-five he was the owner and editor of the Columbus Statesman, and from that early date he took a prominent stand among the men who shape and control the affairs of our Government. At twenty-nine he was the chairman of the executive committee of the Democratic party of Ohio, and won great distinction in the campaign of 1853, during which Mr. Medill, the Democratic candidate, was elected governor.

When scarcely more than thirty years of age the appointment as secretary of legation to Great Britain was tendered him, but he declined the honor. He afterwards accepted a similar position to represent the United States with the Peruvian Government.

At thirty-two he was elected to Congress, where he at once took a remarkable position for a new member and so young a man. He continued as a member of this body with but little interruption from that time to the day of his death, comprising a period of nearly a third of a century. He was a member of the national convention at Chicago in 1864 which nominated McClellan and Pendleton, the convention which nominated Horatio Seymour and Frank P. Blair in New York in 1868, and the convention which nominated Tilden and Hendricks at St. Louis in 1876. He was elected Speaker *pro tempore* of the House in 1876, and was minister to Turkey during the greater part of the first half of Mr. Cleveland's administration.

When minister at Constantinople a severe hemorrhage brought the longing wish to place his family in the shelter of home. Accordingly he left the East at the end of an eighteen months' sojourn, after having, through great urgency and perseverance, consummated the treaty stipulations initiated years before by our Government. But, owing to the fact that treaties with Germany and other countries were under consideration, and

complications might arise by a ratification at this time, this treaty was never acted upon by the United States Senate.

Shortly after Mr. Cox's resignation and return he received the decoration of the Order of the Mejidieh from his Imperial Majesty, Sultan Abdul Hamid, the decoration of the Order of the Shefakat having already been bestowed on the minister's wife in Turkey.

For nearly a third of a century Mr. Cox was a bright and shining figure in the affairs of the Government.

God places men in the various spheres of life to carry out His purposes; and the entire life of this statesman shows how essential his presence was to the great cause he served so well. His voice, his magic powers, his sympathy were always on the side of humanity. This was characteristic of the man. Whether Jew or Gentile, Moslem or Christian, foreign or to the manner born, black or white, slave or free, any man, if oppressed, found in Samuel Sullivan Cox a champion and defender. We remember his successful labors for the overworked of all occupations, for craftsmen of all trades and professions, and for the downtrodden of all climes and nations.

When the Irish were oppressed by the British Government, the heart and eloquence of Mr. Cox were enlisted in their defense. When passion and hatred pursued the people of the South, Mr. Cox, at the risk of political popularity, sometimes even of political existence, placed all his influence between them and threatening danger.

Who has not read and felt the pathos of these lines?

> Never, sister, never, was told by human breath,
> What they behold,
> O'er whom has rolled
> The one dark wave of death.

In the whirl and turmoil of busy life and the constant carnival of earthly ambition, these words rise up in our thoughts: "If a man die shall he live again?"

All hearts ask the same great question, some in fear and doubt, but all in hope; and there are few in which this hope does not crystallize into conviction. Not only will all men live again in another world, but great and gifted minds like Mr. Cox, who have impressed themselves upon the affairs of men, will live in their works, and the influences for good which they exerted during life will continue during years and centuries to come.

The effects of some of the labors of Mr. Cox will be felt during all time. Not while the sun shines above the mortals of this earth; not while flowers bloom and give forth their fragrance; not while the noisy torrents rush down the mountain side; not while the sluggish, sinuous stream winds its way from plain to sea will the efforts of Mr. Cox in behalf of the Life-Saving Service of the United States be unfelt or forgotten.

In a speech upon this subject, June 4, 1878, which has been regarded as one of the most effective ever delivered in Congress, he showed clearly his intense gratification at seeing the important work about to be established. Towards the close of his speech, Mr. Cox spoke of his long service and how in some respects it had not been satisfactory to him, stating how gladly he would at any time have laid down his commission and returned to other duties which so earnestly demanded his attention. He then closed his speech in these words, which I read from page 4094 of the Record, second session Forty-fifth Congress:

> But what little I have accomplished in connection with this Life-Saving Service is compensation "sweeter than the honey in the honey-comb."

It is its own exceeding great reward. It speaks to me in the voices of the rescued; ay, in tears of speechless feeling; speaks of resurrection from death—

> In spite of wreck and tempest's roar,
> In spite of false lights on the shore;

speaks of a faith triumphant over all fears in the better elements of our human nature. It sounds like the undulations of the Sabbath bell, ringing in peace and felicity. It comes to me in the words of Him who, regardless of His own life, gave it freely that others might be saved.

Humanity and civilization should walk white-handed along with government. They strengthen and save society. In the perils which environ our country, from passion and prejudice, from old animosities and new irritations, let us do good deeds—pray hopefully that our vessel of state be free from leakage, collision, wreck, and loss. Send out the life-boat; fire the line over the imperiled vessel; free the hawser for the life-car, and then with stout hearts and thankful souls lift up our prayer to Him who holds the sea in the hollow of His hand.

Immediately after the close of this speech the bill was passed without, as far as the Record shows, one dissenting vote.

I remember years ago reading a sermon from an eminent divine of Boston, Mr. Cook, discountenancing a religion of sorrow and moaning. He said, "Let it be a thing of sunshine, mirth, and happiness. Let religion and all connected with it be joyous. Let the walks which lead in the paths of God be the happiest which can be pursued." Mr. Cox's religious life reminded me of this sermon of years ago. He did not regard sadness and repining and making others sad as an acceptable demonstration of religious convictions. He was a Christian who believed that being happy and making others happy and doing good to mankind was the part of a true Christian, and during all his long life he was guided by these principles.

When quite young, Mr. Cox, in his open, frank manner, espoused the cause of Christ.

He was a devoted student of the Bible and knew much of it

by heart. In his early boyhood he accomplished the memorable task of learning and reciting, almost without a mistake, the entire epistle of St. Paul to the Romans. In 1848, through the influence of Rev. T. J. Stockton, who, although himself a Methodist, counseled this step, Mr. Cox united with the Presbyterian Church at Cincinnati, under the pastorate of Rev. Dr. Fisher. On his return to his home in Zanesville, in 1850, his connection was transferred to the Putnam Church in that place, under the Rev. Dr. Addison Kingsbury, the venerable pioneer pastor of that church.

I have not, indeed few men, if any, possess the power of description to do even meager justice to the great ability and scholarly eloquence so often displayed by Mr. Cox. His oratory was calm and generally dispassionate, but at the same time forcible and convincing, and his advocacy of the cause he espoused was always fearless and determined. His methods were open and chivalrous, his generosity broad and deep and strong, his friendship true and enduring.

In all his debates he sought to conduct his arguments and controversies with the utmost consideration for the feelings of others; and although he finally became victor and brought all opponents to the ground, it was not done roughly, for like a skillful wrestler he preferred to see his foe fall lightly and by his gentle manner seemed to prepare a bed of roses for the reception of his vanquished rival.

Those who ventured to assail him were, however, never allowed to escape. His repartee, though devoid of bitterness, was nevertheless crushing in the extreme; yet there was none of that harshness which leaves a lasting sting. It is true that sometimes the attack on him was of a character to require and call for a severe retort, and all who ventured upon such a line

of debate soon learned the temper and form of his trenchant blade. There were few who had the temerity to hazard such a conflict; but we all remember his discomfiture of the distinguished General Butler in the Forty-third Congress, and his crushing repartee to the humorous Mr. Horr, eight years later in the Forty-seventh.

A characteristic of Mr. Cox was his charming humor and brilliant wit, and many who expressed surprise that a man so able, cultured, pure, and gifted was not called to the highest office which it was possible for his admiring countrymen to bestow, believed that this remarkable wit was the only cause which retarded his advancement; but in this I think they were mistaken. His humor always did good and never harm. He seldom used this faculty merely for the purpose of amusing his audience, but put it into play when it was evident that by so doing a desired, and frequently a very important, object could be attained.

We all remember how often he quelled a storm in the House of Representatives by some pleasant witticism, almost instantly changing the scene from one of angry dispute to one of most pleasant hilarity.

It is a mistake to say that this detracted in any way from Mr. Cox's dignity or the great esteem which was universally felt for him.

I think the real reason why Mr. Cox did not receive the honors of office which would naturally have fallen to the lot of such a man was owing to his never seeking any such advancement.

That he would have honored the Presidency no one who knew him would for a moment doubt. No one of his time was better equipped than he with regard to all matters of gov-

ernment, and in general information and knowledge of politics and history the superiority of his attainments was remarkable.

I doubt if any member of either House of Congress ever equaled Mr. Cox as a worker. He delivered lectures, wrote and published most interesting books, including such valuable and popular works as Three Decades of Federal Legislation, Why We Laugh, The Pleasures of Prinkipo, and The Diversions of a Diplomate.

His whole public life showed that he was always guided by a conscientious conviction of duty. He was one of the few members who opposed the bill to increase and at the same time to give back salaries to Congressmen; but his crowning effort was the establishment of the Life-Saving Service, which has already rescued some twelve or fifteen thousand lives and some tens if not hundreds of millions of dollars.

He also attended most scrupulously to every detail which devolved upon him as a Congressman, and with all this he found time to join with and assist Mrs. Cox in the social duties which pertained to the family of so eminent and widely known a statesman, as well as to obey frequent demands to attend dinners and banquets to which his presence seemed almost essential. This involved much intellectual effort, as a good and new speech was expected of Mr. Cox on all occasions of this character.

His wonderful ability to accomplish so much was due to unusual brain power, vivid imagination, perfect command of language, and remarkable memory, all supported by an energy and force which seemed irresistible. His rapidity of thought is illustrated by the article which gave him the sobriquet of "Sunset." It was written in less than twenty minutes, when

he was still very young. I will give it as it appeared in the Ohio Statesman thirty-seven years ago:

A GREAT OLD SUNSET.

What a peculiar sunset was that of last night! How glorious the storm, and how splendid the setting of the sun! We do not remember ever to have seen the like on our round globe. The scene opened in the west, with a whole horizon full of a golden interpenetrating luster, which colored the foliage and brightened every object into its own rich dyes. The colors grew deeper and richer, until the golden luster was transfused into a storm-cloud, full of finest lightning, which leaped in dazzling zig-zags all round and over the city. The wind arose with fury, the slender shrubs and giant trees made obeisance to its majesty. Some even snapped before its force. The strawberry beds and grass plots "turned up their whites" to see Zephyrus march by. As the rain came, and the pools formed, and the gutters hurried away, thunders roared grandly, and the fire-bells caught the excitement and rung with hearty chorus. The south and east received copious showers, and the west all at once brightened up in a long, polished belt of azure, worthy of a Sicilian sky. Presently a cloud appeared in the azure belt, in the form of a castellated city. It became more vivid, revealing strange forms of peerless fanes and alabaster temples, and glories rare and grand in this mundane sphere. It reminds us of Wordsworth's splendid verse in his Excursion:

> The appearance instantaneously disclosed
> Was of a mighty city, boldly say
> A wilderness of buildings, sinking far
> And self-withdrawn into a boundless depth,
> Far sinking into splendor without end!

But the city vanished only to give place to another isle, where the most beautiful forms of foliage appeared, imaging a paradise in the distant and purified air. The sun, wearied of the elemental commotion, sank behind the green plains of the west. The "great eye in the heavens," however, went not down without a dark brow hanging over its departing light. The rich flush of the unearthly light had passed and the rain had ceased; when the solemn church bells pealed, the laughter of children rang out, and joyous after the storm is heard the carol of birds; while the forked and purple weapon of the skies still darted illumination around the Star-

ling College, trying to rival its angles and leap into its dark windows. Candles are lighted. The piano strikes up. We feel it is good to have a home—good to be on the earth where such revelations of beauty and power may be made. And as we can not refrain from reminding our readers of everything wonderful in our city, we have begun and ended our feeble etching of a sunset which comes so rarely that its glory should be committed to immortal type.

While Mr. Cox was himself a statesman, while his real life-work led and held him among other statesmen whose duty it was to guide the public counsels of our country, he was yet no stranger to the calm pursuits of science, and, had not his career been determined by early association with the life of both father and grandfather, he would have devoted himself to those scientific or those literary pursuits to which his early inclination led him.

Knowing this, we can better understand the pleasure he derived from his duties connected with the Smithsonian, and can appreciate his sincerity in alluding, as he frequently did, to his association with the regents and learned scientists of the institution as a source of keen enjoyment to him.

It was upon the motion of Mr. Cox that the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution elected as their chancellors Chief-Justice Chase in 1865 and Chief-Justice Fuller in 1889.

Mr. Cox was a firm supporter of the broad policy proposed by Professor Henry, which has been so long and successfully carried out by the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution.

Undoubtedly the influence of his friend, Stephen A. Douglas, one of the regents when Mr. Cox entered Congress, had much to do in forming his mind and in shaping his course in regard to the institution.

His conception of the policy best adapted to carry out the object of the founder is strikingly shown in his eulogy of Mr. Douglas, in which he speaks as follows:

In February, 1854, Stephen A. Douglas, of Illinois, while a Senator from the State, was appointed one of the regents of the Smithsonian Institution, and continued a member of the board until the time of his death, on the morning of the 3d of June, 1861. From the pursuits of his life and the peculiarities of his course it might be thought that he was not well qualified to discharge properly the duty of a trustee of a fund intended for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men. But this would be a mistake, for although he had given no special attention to any branch of science, yet his mind was of that comprehensive cast which enabled him duly to appreciate the nature of the bequest and the general principles of the different plans which had been proposed for carrying it into execution. It is true, as I am informed, that before he was elected a regent he had adopted the popular idea that the bequest was intended merely to diffuse useful knowledge among the people of the United States, yet when he came to study the precise words of the will of the founder and caught, as he immediately did, the peculiar idea of the object intended, namely, the extension of the bounds of science and not merely the teaching of what is already known, he fully adopted the views on which the present organization of the institution is based, and ever after continued a warm advocate and an able supporter of the measures now in successful operation for the realization of the liberal and enlightened intention of James Smithson.

* * * * * * *

It is but natural that the shock of Mr. Cox's death was severely felt by this scientific institution. Having served with him on the board, I can well testify to the high regard in which he was held by this body, which included men of the greatest distinction. Mr. William Walter Phelps, now our minister to Germany, was the colleague of Mr. Cox and myself during the preceding Congress.

At a meeting last January it became my painful duty to propose that a committee be appointed to prepare suitable resolu-

tions upon the death of our associate. The record of the Smithsonian, made pursuant thereto, is in these words:

At a meeting of the Board of Regents held January 8, 1890, Mr. Wheeler called the attention of the board to the death of their late colleague, Hon. S. S. Cox, and on his motion it was—

Resolved, That a committee be appointed, of which the secretary shall be chairman, which shall be authorized to prepare resolutions on the services and character of the late S. S. Cox, and to make the same of record.

The chairman announced as the committee the secretary, General Wheeler, Dr. Welling, Mr. Lodge; who reported as follows:

To the Board of Regents:

Your committee report that the Hon. S. S. Cox was first appointed a Regent of the Smithsonian Institution December 19, 1861, and that he filled that office, except for intervals caused by public duties, to the time of his death.

While he was a regular attendant at all the meetings of the board, he was ever ready to advance the interests of the Institution and of science, either as a regent or as a member of Congress, and although such men as Hamlin, Fessenden, Colfax, Chase, Garfield, Sherman, Gray, and Waite, in a list comprising Presidents, Vice-Presidents, Chief-Justices, and Senators of the United States, were his associates, there were none whose service was longer or more gratefully to be remembered, nor perhaps any to whom the Institution owes more than to Mr. Cox.

The regard in which his brother regents held Mr. Cox's accuracy of characterization, and his instinctive recognition of all that is worthiest of honor in other men, may be inferred from the eulogies which he was requested by them to deliver, among which may be particularly mentioned the one at the commemoration in honor of Professor Henry in the House of Representatives; but though these only illustrate a very small part of his services as a regent, your committee are led by their consideration to recall that his first act upon your board was the preparation and delivery of an address at the request of the regents on their late colleague, Stephen A. Douglas, and that on this occasion he used words which your committee permit themselves to adopt, as being in their view singularly characteristic of Mr. Cox himself.

"It was not merely as one of its regents that he showed himself the true and enlightened friend of objects kindred to those of this establishment. He ever advocated measures which served to advance knowledge

and promote the progress of humanity. The encouragement of the fine arts, the rewarding of discoverers and inventors, the organization of exploring expeditions, as well as the general diffusion of education, were all objects of his special regard."

In view of these facts it is—

Resolved, That in the death of Hon. SAMUEL SULLIVAN COX the Smithsonian Institution has suffered the irreparable loss of a long-tried friend, the Board of Regents of a most valued associate and active member during fifteen years of service, and the country of one of its most distinguished citizens.

Resolved, That the Board of Regents desire to express their deep sympathy with the bereaved family of the deceased, and that a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the widow of their late associate.

It is hard to realize that the three strong men, COX, Randall, and Kelley, who consecrated their lives to duty in this Hall, and who at the close of the last session were firm and healthy and determined, should have gone from us forever. We look at the seats they occupied so long, and they are no longer there. A few weeks ago we met here to pronounce our eulogies upon Mr. Kelley; in a few weeks we shall quietly enter the Hall to do honor to Mr. Randall; and to-day the House holds a special session that its members may utter their heartfelt expressions commemorative of the virtues of Mr. COX. He has crossed the river, the dark, placid, unfathomable River of Death. He has entered the Elysian Fields; he is resting under the shade of the trees. Peaceful may be that rest! In life he was invincible; in death he is immortal.

Mr. Speaker, the obsequies of Mr. COX have been touchingly described by other gentlemen during these services, but only passing allusion has been made to the beautiful addresses of Dr. Milburn, Dr. Talmage, and Dr. Deems. These exercises would not be complete without these tributes. I will therefore incorporate them as a part of my remarks.

At the church the procession was headed by the clergy, led by Charles E. Deems, D. D., LL. D., pastor of the Church of the Strangers, a church Mr. Cox frequently attended. He was followed by Rev. Dr. Milburn, Chaplain of the House of Representatives, accompanied by Rev. Dr. Talmage, of Brooklyn. Then followed the pall-bearers with the remains, and then the family and friends.

Dr. Deems read the sentences out of the Church Service:

I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die.

I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth. And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God, whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another.

We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.

After the congregation were seated, Rev. Dr. Milburn read in a most impressive manner the fifteenth chapter of the First Epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians, and after an anthem proceeded to deliver the following eulogium.

Rev. Dr. Milburn said:

SAMUEL SULLIVAN COX, the humorist, the writer, the speaker, a servant of the people, an officer of the State, a most human-hearted man, has left us, and we, the city, the nation, are the poorer for his going. There was in him a vein of admirable wit united to an excellent understanding and a rare power of sympathetic speech, and these, with an indefatigable industry and dauntless energy and courage, early in life brought him to the front, and throughout his days kept him there, in a position of influence and power to which he was fully entitled. The country can ill afford to spare, in what should have been the maturity of his manhood, one so richly endowed by nature, labor, large and varied experience, whose soul was wedded to its honor, and to the happiness, interest, and welfare of his fellow-men. As his friends, we mourn our irreparable loss, while the

whole land sorrows for the departure of one of its most faithful, valiant, and devoted sons.

Sprung from a brave old Revolutionary stock, born in Ohio, one of a family of fourteen children, taught from his earliest days to work with persistence and energy, he gained a university education as the fruit of his own toil, and then enlarged his mind and quickened his sympathies by wide travel, making acquaintance with many climates, cities, of men, and governments, and thus prepared himself for the work he was to do. He first tried his hand as a writer for the newspaper press and also as the author of a book of travels, but soon entered the Capitol of the nation as a member of the House of Representatives, where his brilliant parts at once gained him distinction.

Throughout his Congressional career of nearly thirty years, he secured and maintained to the last the kindly regard, the warm admiration, and personal friendship not only of his political associates, but of the members on the other side of the floor, and in the bead-roll of his friends and admirers there will be found as many opponents as members of his own party. Trenchant and powerful in debate, he used the weapons of research, clear statement, argument, keen wit, and an ever-present humor, and wherever he inflicted wounds they were always salved by kindness and mirth, and all canker was removed.

Earnest in his political convictions and ardent in their advocacy, he was yet more earnest and ardent in matters outside of politics that concerned the happiness of his fellow-men. Notable illustrations of this are found in our Life-Saving Service, of which he may be said to be the father, and in his championship of the cause of the hard-worked and underpaid clerks and carriers of the postal service. His best and highest public utterances, which had the whole force of his character in them, were in behalf of a larger toleration, a sweeter and more practical humanity.

When one reviews his work in Congress, and knows the immense labors he performed there, in the profound study of all questions vital to the nation's welfare, in committees, on the floor, and at the Departments, it would seem enough to tax any man's utmost strength and fill his whole time; yet such was his unwearied industry and elastic energy, that he managed to write book after book which have instructed and delighted great bodies of readers by their intelligence, vivacity, their wisdom, humor, and wit.

I must leave it to others, to his colleagues in Congress, to speak of his

political services and the debt of gratitude the country owes his memory. This place is sacred to the consideration of character. How did he use those extraordinary talents which he possessed? Were they for himself supremely? A less selfish man than SAMUEL SULLIVAN COX has never appeared in the political life of his country. He had a large heart, tender sympathies, a kind appreciation, and a power to interpret the character of all with whom he came in contact. Noble as was his head his heart was still nobler; and throughout his career he strove to help, to cheer, to befriend those who were in need of friendship. There was a light in his eye, a music in his voice, a grasp in the hand, a cheerfulness of speech, a heartiness of manner, which lifted burdens from the shoulders of those who came near him. His honor was unstained. Although he was connected with the politics of this city and of the country in their darkest hours, when corruption ran riot and the infamous scramble for place and pelf was common, the pitch never defiled him, his good name was never assailed even by the tongue of scandal. He bore himself with a lofty rectitude; his integrity was incorruptible.

Amid the dance of society, the roar of business, the greed for office and money, we pause beside this coffin in the stillness of this sacred place to recall the form and features of one whose nature was large enough to offer the generous hospitality of recognition and sympathy to all sorts and conditions of men, whether they were Roman Catholic or Protestant, Jew or Mohammedan; and who in the battle of life ever struck with all his might for the cause of the true, the right, the good. One who knew him best has assured me that his piety towards God was as genuine, deep, and reverent as his charity towards his fellow-men was large, unaffected, and fervent. He drew the inspiration of his conduct and character from the truths and faith of our holy religion.

We speak of our friend as dead. This casket contains his outer covering; the man himself lives. He looked with those eyes, spoke with that tongue, those lips, used those hands, for there was that within the body which employed these organs as instruments. The man himself has passed through the door, invisible to us, into a world not of ghosts, but a world of substance—of human forms. He has gone forth clothed with immortality, and stands to-day in the presence of his Father and his God, of his Saviour and ours. He has carried with him all the fruits of his true and kindly words, brave and generous deeds, noble conduct and endurance; for in that sphere character alone survives, and every man shall find the place for which he has fitted himself on earth. We can not tell

what things may be given him to do, but we are sure that his higher life in that glorious world unseen by us will be one of activity, of ministry to others, perhaps to us, in ways we can not understand. Shall not the blessed revelation of this truth, of the life and immortality brought to light in the Gospel, bring comfort to our hearts, consolation to our sense of bereavement?

"Brief life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there.
Oh, happy retribution,
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest."

Shall not these truths irradiate our own lives, inspire our characters, helping us as they do to take the measure of life's values, to place in right proportion the world on this side the grave and on the other.

Will not the beautiful example of this man who the other day walked at our side, talked, worked, laughed, and wept with us, but is now beyond the stars, bring to our toil-worn brains and hearts peace this day? There will be little profit to us in gathering about this coffined form to pay this last office of love to the memory of our friend unless we go hence more reverent towards God and more kindly to our neighbor, reading the minds and conduct of others with a more charitable eye, and carrying ourselves with a more tolerant and affectionate bearing towards them.

This man bore himself to the age of three-score years and five, not only untainted by the world, but unworried with it. No frown of discontent, no scowl of misanthropy, was ever seen upon his brow; no complaint of the emptiness of the world or of its vanity was prompted by that cheery heart. He wrought for the welfare of others, and in so doing found his own, for love is its own exceeding great reward. Let us take this spirit with us from this hallowed place, and we shall depart truer and braver citizens, purer men, worthy to live, and not afraid to die.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., then delivered the following address:

The nation weeps. What a wide, deep, awful vacuum the departure of such a man as SAMUEL S. COX leaves in the world! We shall not see his like again. It will be useless to try to describe to another generation

who or what he was like. He was the first and the last of that kind of man. He was without predecessor and will be without successor. What a genial, gracious, magnificent soul he was! And every year he lived made to the world a new revelation of his admirable qualities. Within the past few weeks I traveled in his wake across the American continent, and I heard everywhere of the ovations he had received and the superb impressions he had made, cities and Territories and States casting their crowns at his feet.

And while these tempests are raging on land and on sea and the life-saving stations have rescued, within a few hours, the crews of thirty ships, we are called upon to perform the last office over the body of him who was the chief champion of that national benevolence for which every sailor on the seas feels thankful.

And was there ever a truer friend? Tell me, ye who live in the high places of the earth, and the poor who last night, while his body lay in state, wept over this casket! There is hardly any one here to whom he has not done a kindness.

Did he not speak for you a good word or write a generous commendation or give you the smile of encouragement in some exigency? How many people he helped; how many perplexities he disentangled; how many bright utterances he strewed in the pathway of others, no one can remember save the God who remembers all.

Firm as a rock, brilliant as a star, artless as a child, pure as a woman. God endowed him for a good purpose with a resiliency of wit, a faculty of impersonation, and an irresistible mimicry and a dramatic power that were inexhaustible. How much the world owes to such a nature we can not tell. It is often a greater good to cause a laugh than to start a tear. We all cry enough, God knows, and have enough to cry about, and we need no impulse in that direction. But he who can scatter our gloom by innocent merriment has been to us an emancipator. Solomon was right when he said, "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine." Wit is of two kinds, that which stings and galls and angers and makes the eye flash and the heart burn; the other is that which illumines, sets free, strengthens for another contest, puts us in good humor with the world and makes us renounce our follies. The one kind of wit is the lightning that rives, but the other is the dew that refreshes. Of that last kind was the wit of our departed friend.

He never laughed at anything except that which ought to be laughed at. There were in it no innuendoes that tipped both ways; nothing viper-

ine; nothing that would have been discordant to recall if he had died the next hour. Prince of innocent pleasantry, sanctified reparteeist, our friend shall live in our memories like a sweet song too soon closed, like a banquet too soon ended, like a picture over which too soon the veil has dropped.

Good-by, old friend of years! Together we rejoiced in this world. Together we shall rejoice in a brighter world. You have gone because your work was ended. We toil on because there is yet something for us here to do. Come down to the gate and meet us when it is our turn to enter. Then on the emerald banks of the crystal sea we will walk arm in arm and talk over the scenes of earth by which we were disciplined for the raptures that never die. Spirit blest! I hail thee from this dark autumnal hour on earth, thou of the June morning celestial!

My sister, bereft! God will help you in this sad hour. Lean hard on the everlasting Arm. Thank God that this genial soul was permitted to walk by your side so long, your pride and your joy, and be comforted that you did just as well by him as he did by you. Witness the long watchings of his two great sicknesses. Witness your life-time devotion. Where he went you went all these years, and none of the enchanting places of foreign travel which he described by his graceful and potent pen were as bright or beautiful as the place where you shall meet him soon. He will not forget you any more than you will forget him.

In this dark world of sin and pain
We only meet to part again;
But when we reach the heavenly shore
We there shall meet to part no more.
The hope that we shall see that day
Should chase our present griefs away.

Dr. Deems read the committment service from the Book of Common Prayer, and closed the service with an extemporaneous prayer nearly as follows:

Almighty and most merciful God, our heavenly Father, who in Thy wise providence hast taken from our midst the spirit of our departed brother, we do most humbly bow to the holy will which has brought this great bereavement. We do most humbly and heartily thank Thee for the existence and career of our brother. We thank Thee for every good thing that came into his life. For his radiant childhood, his bright boy-

hood, and his energetic manhood, receive our humble thanks, good Lord. For all his intellectual and moral endowments; for his industry, patience, perseverance, and genial temper; for his success in striving to turn aside from evil ways; for his unselfishness, his genuine devotion to humanity, his love of his fellow-men, his patriotic devotion to his country, his ability to serve his fellow-citizens in so many and so important directions; for his example in leading a clean life in an environment in which so many have been corrupted; for the thousands of tears he has wiped from the eyes of widows and orphans and strangers and the oppressed and perplexed and poor, and for the thousands of smiles he has kindled on so many sad faces, we render Thee most humble and hearty thanksgiving, good Lord. For his home of unsullied purity and sunny love, for his position of conspicuous honor and usefulness, for the great hosts of friends by which he was able to surround himself from his boyhood to his death, for his reverence for the Christian faith and the pleasure he had in its strengthening, comforting, and uplifting influence, we render most humble and hearty thanksgiving, good Lord.

And now, most holy Father, we beseech Thee to sanctify the sorrow which hath come with his death. Into the arms of immortal love take our dear sister, his bereaved wife. In the lonely hours when she listens and waits in vain for the familiar foot-fall and the sunny smile of his presence, and he does not come, and her heart grows lonely, speak to her in the accents of divine affection and say to her, "Thy Maker is thy husband." Let his departure be by Thy grace turned into a blessing to all his kindred, so that his memory may not be only a precious and fragrant treasure, but also a high and sustaining incentive to lives of goodness and purity. May all his friends and associates, in private and public life, feel that, this fountain of beneficence being sealed, they must open their own lives for ampler usefulness.

And now, Lord, amid these surroundings, we pray that the silent beneficent influence of Thy Holy Spirit may be exerted upon the people in the Congressional district which Thy departed servant represented. Incline them to choose for his successor a man whose hands and whose heart are clean of falsehood, bribery, and corruption. Pour Thy Spirit upon our whole land and nation. Grant Thy grace to all our public men. Let there come from the grave of Thy servant a call to them all to turn from every evil way to perfect holiness in the fear of the Lord. May all who make and expound and execute the laws of this land be inwardly devout servants of the living God, and outwardly examples of

justice, mercy, and truth. O Thou, who hast permitted this people to govern themselves, grant unto them the spirit of wisdom and of a sound mind. May they all learn that no man who is bad in private can be trusted to be good in public. May they never elevate to places of power and trust men who are false, cowardly, licentious, or profane. May the people have grace to select for their public servants men who fear God and fear nothing else in heaven or earth or hell; and so may we come to be that people of whom the nations of the earth shall say, "Blessed is the people whose God is the Lord." And so may the land which our brother loved, and for which he lived and in whose service he died, grow in all true greatness and be an example to the nations of all the earth. Hear us, Holy Father, we do most humbly beseech Thee, and answer the prayers of us, Thy servants, as may be best for us, granting us in this present world a knowledge of Thy truth and in the world to come life everlasting.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be.

Our Father which art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil. Amen.

And now may the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God, and of his Son, Jesus Christ, our Lord. And the blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, be amongst you, and remain with you always. Amen.

Address of Mr. Yoder, of Ohio.

Mr. Speaker: We are again called upon to pause for a time in the midst of the toil and cares of legislative duties, and in kind and loving remembrance to pay tribute to the memory of one of our most distinguished colleagues, and for many years a noted figure on the floor of this House, Samuel Sullivan Cox. He has gone from among us to return no more. It is due that we should give to him, our late friend and co-worker, that

which we, too, must soon claim from those who live after us—a just and grateful recognition. I desire to express not only my own, but Ohio's sincere grief at the loss of this noted and brilliant man. Her cherished son, he will ever hold a marked place by the side of Corwin, Chase, Allen, and her other great statesmen who have gone from earthly honors and preferment to the richer and higher glories of the Master.

Standing near him in party sympathy, as I did, I am free to say that but one thing inspired his actions, but one principle controlled his thoughts, and but one burden rested upon his great soul, and that was the purest of patriotism and the greatest good to all people. Born of distinguished parents—his grandfather a soldier of the war of the Revolution, a friend of Jefferson, and a member of Congress during his administration; his father a member of the Ohio State senate, and his mother the daughter of the State treasurer—he was justly proud of his lineage, and in dying left no shadow upon an honorable and noted ancestry.

Lawyer, diplomate, traveler, poet, essayist, author, and statesman; alike keen, large, trite, and brilliant, his name will ever live in beautiful recollection by all who knew him, and in the hearts of admiring and grateful countrymen will it be cherished and enshrined; and on those tablets, more lasting than flinty stone, hammered brass, or polished marble, will be inscribed the perfect record of his true greatness. Small in stature and physically delicate, yet he was a man of distinct individuality, strength of will, firmness of purpose, and soundness of judgment. Possessed of genuine human sympathies and sensibilities the most tender, he warmed and gladdened all by his affability and the sweetness of his manners.

There was no sham, no disguise in him. The true qualities

of his soul, the open nature of his heart, though apparent to the multitude, were best known and therefore most highly appreciated by those immediately around him. In temperament, style, and bearing he was eminently himself. Ardent, pungent, glowing, sincere, and winning, whether in conversation or in speech, his society was eagerly sought and his utterances listened to with the greatest interest. Endowed by nature with a quick perception and an intense love of the sublime, his sweeping logic was seldom other than clothed with the flowers of rhetoric, and his thoughts, pointed and brilliant, poured forth like an avalanche, in grand and inspiring words.

Prominent in his forensic efforts were the admirable qualities of thoughtfulness, patient research, energy, and power. His addresses exhibited a freshness and variety of thought, a vigor and impressiveness of argument, a force and aptness of illustration, that impressed the dullest as well as commended him to the most intelligent and thoughtful hearer. Yea, often entranced by the magic of his eloquence when some strange power possessed him, his hearers were led beyond comprehension of the real into Elysian fields of a mystic paradise. Aside from gilding and the embellishments of style or elocution, he was master of the solid elements of mind and heart. A student of ancient and modern literature, science, and art, often the quiet midnight found him in contemplative joy over the productions of the world's master minds.

In manner unassuming, in bearing dignified, in statement vigorous, he had a wonderful command of language and peculiar charm of speech, that pleased, convinced, and won. But though he could sway the throng that waited in rapturous eagerness for every word that fell from his eloquent lips, yet his home and the sweet companionship of his devoted wife had far

greater charms for him than the praise of men or the fascinations of the forum. Here, at his own fireside, away from the restraint of public life and the cold and distant formalities of modern society, he found his happiest moments and his greatest joy. Here his genial and generous nature and his trusting and confiding heart gave sunshine and cheer to the idol of his life.

He was a philanthropist in the highest sense of the word, a lover of his fellow-men. He was one of the grandest ornaments that modern times have contributed to American public life. Few there are to-day among great men possessed of his varied abilities and his brilliant intellect, and few will ever equal his grand and unique character. A scholar and historian, he has left us the result of his labors in books that enlighten and instruct his countrymen. His death came like a dark cloud upon us and upon the nation. That great heart is now stilled which could but love, for it contained no malice, and no words of bitterness fell from his lips. The absolute purity of his private life and the unquestioned honesty of his public career are examples to us and to the nation to praise, emulate, and follow.

To the members of this House he was warmly attached. Even on his dying bed often he inquired after and earnestly expressed a desire to be with us again. Constant and true, his devotion to friends was proverbial and unwavering. His good nature, humor, wit, intelligence, and sociability made him a favorite not only here but everywhere.

Ohio in sadness lays on his grave the flowers of her love and pride.

O good, great heart that all men knew,
O iron nerve, to true occasion true;
Fallen at length, that tower of strength
Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew!

Address of Mr. Quinn, of New York.

Mr. Speaker: After the eloquent tributes which have been paid to the memory of Samuel Sullivan Cox by the gentlemen who have preceded me, men whose genius and whose eloquence have thrilled the civilized world, it becomes a difficult task for me to say aught that has not been already much better said.

Yet I feel that I owe a duty to my own feelings as well as to him whose memory we have assembled here this day to honor. I knew him well, and I loved him even better than I knew him. I loved him, and I honor his memory now for his patriotic and magnificent Americanism, for the kindly gentleness of his great heart, for the brilliancy of his genius, and for the unselfish purity and grandeur of his whole life.

Though he himself was born in the great State of Ohio, he was descended from the bravest and best of New Jersey's gallant sons. His grandfather, General James Cox, of New Jersey, was one of those whose heroism and bravery, on many a hard-fought field, side by side with Washington and Lafayette, drove the tyrant and the despot forever from our shores and firmly laid the foundation of that freedom which is the glory and admiration of the world, and for which his grandson sacrificed so much of his life that he might hand it down pure and unsullied to the generations yet unborn, to his country for all time.

Few who ever lived were more patriotic or more sincere than his father; few there were whose voices were heard as often in the councils of his State and also in the halls of the National Legislature as his; and, like his patriotic father, he left a record

and a name behind him which is the pride and common heritage of his country.

Graduating, as he himself did, from one of the foremost universities of this country with the highest honors, he soon became one of the most active members of the bar. But another and a wider field awaited him, that of journalism, one that by reason of his brilliant wit, his keen satire, and his great learning, he was destined to adorn.

In 1856 he was elected to the Congress of the United States from his native Ohio. For four consecutive terms did he faithfully, fearlessly, and well represent the Columbus district. In 1868 we find him transferred to the metropolis of the Empire State, where a still wider and more extensive field awaited the outpouring of his genius and his patriotism. In that year he became one of its Representatives in these Halls, and well does New York to-day—yes, and the whole land he loved so well—bear testimony to the manner in which he served their every interest. Well do the toilers of the sea remember his ceaseless efforts in their behalf and the victory achieved by him in the establishment of the Life-Saving Service around our shores.

Dear is his memory to the hearts of those faithful servants of the Government employed in the postal service, for whose emancipation he labored so faithfully and so well. Dear is he to all the toilers of our land, whose champion he was at all times. No man of our time has so faithfully performed the duties of the patriot, the statesman, and the friend as he! To use the words of Hon. J. Proctor Knott, when speaking recently of his departed friend:

> No other subject of a mere temporal character so completely filled the soul of Mr. Cox as the sublime perfection he saw in our Federal Union. It inspired him with the same wrapt enthusiasm with which the devout

astronomer regards the wondrous mechanism of the star-bedecked heavens. To him it was a splendid galaxy of sovereign and co-equal Commonwealths bound to a common center by an indissoluble tie upon which the preservation of each depended, and the moving in their appointed paths with the precision and harmony which marked the music of the spheres in the glorious dawn when the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy.

But, Mr. Speaker, it is not for his great and untiring love of duty to his country and his people alone that we must admire and honor him. To see him in the midst of his domestic circle was a pleasure never to be forgotten. Generous in his hospitality to a fault, he delighted all around by his lovable disposition and the gentleness of his manner, for he was indeed the most gentle of men, whose heart was full of sympathy and whose tongue, as well as his pen, was ever the first in the fight to strike the shackles from the limbs of the oppressed and downtrodden of every clime.

Supremely blessed was he in the companionship of one of the most charming of helpmates, his wife, formerly Miss Julia A. Buckingham, whom he married at Zanesville, Ohio, October, 1849. To him she was a priceless jewel, in spirit and disposition pure as the sweetest buds of spring. His constant companion, who cheered him and rejoiced in his every triumph, her love brightened the whole pathway of his life and cast a sweet halo of religious consolation and hope around its close. Well may our tears mingle with hers over his tomb, for a grateful country shares her loss, her suffering, and her woe.

> Not yon bright stars that heaven's high arch adorn,
> Nor rising sun that gilds the vernal morn,
> Shine with such luster as the tear that breaks
> For others' woes down Virtue's manly cheeks.

Yes, we mourn with you, dear partner of his life; you, the faithful, loving, affectionate wife, who in the bloom of your

beauty gathered all his heart-strings together and wound them around your own!

Farewell, SAMUEL SULLIVAN COX, for your sun will rise on earth no more; yet the bright rays of your genius will continue to enlighten and cheer the people of every land! Your name, now a household word, shall live forever with our other immortals. Your career as a patriot and a statesman shall continue to illumine the brightest pages of our history. Empires and thrones will pass away, but your name shall live forever, and forever be dear to the heart of your loving and grateful country.

ADDRESS OF MR. MCCLAMMY, OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Mr. SPEAKER: Horace has declared that "Pale Death advancing with equal and impartial step knocks at the hovel of the poor and the palace of the great." To die is the universal lot. To pass to our kindred dust and be forgotten, or else to live in cold and pulseless marble chiseled by glorious art to vital grace, is all that earth can offer us. Not even the Lord of Life, at whose bidding countless worlds flashed upon the brow of night, at whose command the vanished spirit returned to its abandoned tenement, in whose hands was all power and in whose heart was all purity, not even he escaped that dread and awful penalty in whose shadow we stand to-day, our hearts united with sorrow and our lips dumb with loss.

Mr. Speaker, the custom which we now observe is as immemorial as death itself. Abraham bought the cave of Macpelah and fashioned and beautified it in loving sorrow for nameless loss. Barbaric nations piled uncouth stones on high as rude but touching memorials to commemorate the virtues of

their gifted dead. Advancing civilization builds to heroic worth the graceful shaft that splinters in radiant space the golden beams of light; and we pause beneath our country's drooping banner to eulogize our fallen comrade, whose loved features shall be seen no more and whose eloquent voice is hushed forever.

The author, the scholar, the diplomate, the orator, to whose proud and swelling tones your hearts have thrilled, the patriot whose great soul loved every rood of that mighty empire over which our country's glorious banner floats, has crossed the river. He, whose great intellect for thirty years burned upon the peaks of fame like a beacon of glorious light; he, whose genial humor flashed upon dull debate as the rays of the sun that pierce and scatter the murky folds of clouds; he, whose divining sense, whose scholarly polish, whose kindly heart, whose swelling soul and honor's lofty sense have made his name and life immortal, has passed to his great reward.

SAMUEL SULLIVAN COX is dead!

Ohio mourns not alone her honored dead. New York, with bowed head and faltering step, approaches not alone the grave of buried worth. North Carolina, with whom liberty is an inspiration and duty a watchword, offers upon this shrine, with a grief that is voiceless, her profoundest tribute to the illustrious dead. Everywhere upon this continent of republics true hearts have chanted his mournful requiem and lowered above his honored dust the proud standards of national sovereignty.

It is unnecessary to speak of his public services. Their length and character are the best attestation of their worth and sincerity. They glow upon his country's history; they burn in shimmering glory upon his country's banner. They are written upon the hearts of my people with a stylus of fire.

When war had torn and wasted them; when their land was white with the tombs of her flower and dark with the ruins of a century's toil and hope; when Niobe, uncrowned and voiceless, sat amid the ashes of desolation, his voice pleaded with an angel's eloquence for the preservation of the American Union and the perpetuation of American liberty; and my people will love and honor him until Mecklenburgh and Moore's Creek and King's Mountain and Guilford Court-House can no longer thrill the hearts of a degenerate posterity.

Sir, it has been recently said by a distinguished orator that the South builded monuments to men who perished for slavery and anarchy. I wish to say, sir, in the presence of that vacant chair, while in my heart is a chamber that will be dreary and empty forever, that if power equaled desire I would build a monument to this great leader of the North that should fall amid the wreck of matter and crash of worlds, about whose lofty summit the ethereal graces of the morning mists alone should hover, and upon whose granite heart should burn in fadeless fire the name of the patriot Cox. Not to him alone, but to every American, regardless of section and regardless of all save that he consecrated his abilities to his country and to his God in the cause of liberty, justice, and truth.

My friends, a great captain has fallen, flushed with victory, nearing the zenith of his glory, crowned with bays, wreathed with immortelles.

> How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
> By all their country's wishes blessed!

The voice that rang so proudly in these Halls as he soared upon his bold and mounting wing is now, alas, but the memory's echo; the face that shone transfigured with intellectual emotion is but a copy of the pale death.

Our friend is Sunset Cox no longer; he has passed the quivering bars of the sunset; his plumed spirit has floated through the translucent seas of ruby and opal and amethyst; passed the glittering splendors and burnished systems that flash from the jeweled arch of the midnight; passed from death unto life, from great tribulation unto perfect rest; joined beyond the golden bars his loved and lost; chanting upon golden harp the sweet refrains of triumph and wearing by the crystal river the victor's crown of life. For him there is no death. Immortal he lives forever.

There is no death. But angel forms
  Walk o'er the earth with silent tread;
They bear our best loved things away,
  And then we call them dead.
But ever near us, though unseen,
  The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
  Is life—there are no dead.

Address of Mr. Turner, of New York.

Mr. Speaker: We sit to-day in the presence of the voiceless mystery, death. Samuel Sullivan Cox, but a few short months ago vigorous in life, radiant in hope, strong in courage, has joined the silent army of the shadow-land. Life, that is itself a mystery, has given way and yielded to the greater and the stronger mystery, death. From out this circle the strong man has gone; in the midst of the battle the chieftain has fallen; the wisdom of the statesman has vanished and the voice of the orator is hushed. The strained gaze of the watcher sees nor light, nor form, nor substance on the farther shore of the nameless river; the listening ear of affection catches no murmur from the echoless portals of the tomb.

All the wisdom of all the ages stretches no farther than the little span of human life, bounded by the cradle and the coffin. The revelation of Deity alone can teach to man aught of the eternity that lies back of the cradle or that stretches forever beyond the grave. It is meet and fitting, then, for those who live to pause beside the bier of the giant gone, and learn again the lesson of the weakness and the futility of human hope, the short limitation of human life, and the evanescence of human fame. It was not my fortune, Mr. Speaker, to be associated with Mr. COX in his Congressional career; it began before my life began.

I can not speak to you, as others to-night have spoken, from the intimacy of long association in these Halls; I can not, as others so well have done, recall the incidents of his life, nor so justly as others can I estimate his abilities nor tell of the deeds of kindness that endeared him to so many of his fellow-men; but, sir, I can speak of the love and reverence in which he was held by the common people in the great city that honored him so long. Perhaps no man in the last quarter of a century has dwelt so near the hearts of the common people as SAMUEL SULLIVAN COX. In him they felt they had a champion and a representative to whom they could always turn and in whose care their rights and their interests were guarded and were safe.

As few men ever have, he possessed the confidence of the toiling millions of this great land, and none probably deserved that confidence more. To the poorest and the meanest, as well as to the richest and the greatest, he was always accessible; no one was turned away from his door and none denied a hearing who came with remonstrance or petition. In these qualities of Mr. COX I see a more enduring fame than in even his brilliant course as a member of this body. Great indeed is that man

who not alone exerts an influence in the legislative body of this nation, but who throughout a long public life dwells near to the hearts of the people.

The common people of this land, Mr. Speaker, are its government, their wishes and desires its safest and its wisest policy, and he who understands them best and represents them most faithfully is its greatest and its grandest statesman. Their full confidence Mr. Cox possessed, and in this confidence lay his strength. It was this that made him for many years a great and living force, while other men as brilliant vanished from the public gaze and became but shadowy memories of the past. His life was one of singular devotion to their interests, and those of us who gather here to-night, almost about his grave, may from that life draw the most valuable lessons.

We are not all possessed of his keen, incisive intellect, but we can at least imitate his unflagging zeal and tireless industry; we do not all have his brilliant and far-reaching mind, but we can at least emulate his lofty sense of duty and of honor; not all of us shall attain his mighty and lasting fame, but we can at least walk in the way he led and be, as he was, a faithful representative of the people.

Sleep, then, O mighty leader of the public thought; rest forever in peace, tried and faithful servant of the sovereign people; upon thy bier lie not alone the laurel wreaths of victories won, but the fadeless immortelles of the people who loved and followed thee. Long as thy fame shall last in this body which thy genius adorned, still longer will the people of the great city that delighted to honor thee hold in loving memory thy name as one who gave to them the best service of his life.

Address of Mr. Hansbrough, of North Dakota.

Mr. Speaker: As a representative of one of the new States admitted into the Union largely through the assistance of the statesman whose life and services are now under review, I hope that I may be able to contribute, in a few brief sentences, something which will stand as an expression of the feeling of those who are now enjoying the rights and liberties so long denied them.

It was not my good fortune to occupy a seat in this House with the lamented Samuel Sullivan Cox, nor indeed did I know him beyond a casual acquaintance. Yet, sir, I should have felt greatly honored to be his colleague, and I know that we must have been the warmest of friends by the bonds of sympathy which unite the greatest of strangers in the cause of justice. Few men rise superior to party when great party questions are involved. In the contest over the admission of the new States Mr. Cox achieved fresh distinction as a statesman. He left the beaten path of partisanship and became the new Douglas of the Democracy.

Thus to the garlands he had won in literature, in statecraft, in diplomacy, and in debate were added the laurels that alone belong to the patriot. He had read the lives of the fathers of this Republic not in vain. The history of their devotion to liberty and their abhorrence of oppression must have been deeply graven upon his youthful mind, for in man's estate we find him, as a political leader, disregarding his party's mandate and struggling to liberate a million of his countrymen from Territorial bondage.

Who can fathom the depths of pride with which he witnessed

the fruition of what must have been to him the dearest hope of his declining years? It was a fitting and just recognition of his patriotism when he was called, only a few months before his death, to visit, upon the mountains and upon the plains, the grateful people in whose interest he had so successfully labored. It was the statesman's compensation to stand with uncovered head and receive the plaudits of a delighted populace.

So, Mr. Speaker, I believe that I express the sentiment of the people of the two Dakotas, Montana, and Washington when I say that the services of Mr. Cox in our behalf have, as they are entitled to have, the fullest measure of appreciation. We, too, in our humble way, can rise above party; and we come to-day to lay the offerings of our gratitude upon the altar of his renown.

To him, after a ripe age, a long life of usefulness, death must have come like a gentle sleep—without pain, full of peace, laden with assurance of immortality. May the memory of his worth never perish.

Address of Mr. McCarthy, of New York.

Mr. Speaker: I rise to participate in these sad services, realizing the great responsibility and aware of the lack of ability on my part to do justice to the memory, virtues, and statesmanship of our deceased friend, Samuel Sullivan Cox.

However, I ask you to bear with me and make allowance for my imperfections, and to accept the assurance that but for the love I have for his memory I would not venture upon such a task.

He is dead, and all that is left of him is the small particle of clay which lies cold and silent in the tomb. He is not dead.

His spirit lives. It is abroad. A man dies, but his memory lives. His life, character, and virtues will always be cherished by and live in the hearts of the American people. Men of his character and his fame never die.

The lives of such great men always encourage us to greater efforts, and to attempt at least to make our lives sublime, and, in the words of Longfellow,

> Departing, leave behind us,
> Footprints on the sands of time

How few there are who loved him in life that do not mourn him in death, realizing all that was great in his marvelous character! A citizen of the purest manhood, his every undertaking was a triumph sublime. His deeds were beneficent and his every contest through life was a victory of peace. By his great ability he has raised on a solid foundation a fame which kings might envy and which will last to the end of time in the history of his country.

No statesman has been more widely known among his countrymen than he. At home and abroad, wherever our language is spoken, his name is familiar. There is scarcely a home in our land where civilized man has his abode, even in the solitude and fastnesses of the western wilderness, where his name is not a household word.

He was born at Zanesville, Ohio, on the 30th of September, 1824. He was a scion of Revolutionary fame. He was the son of Ezekiel Taylor Cox, who was one of the pioneer journalists of Ohio and who started the Muskingum Messenger, at Zanesville, in the early part of the present century. His father held many offices of trust and confidence. From 1821 to 1828 he held the office of clerk of the supreme court, and was also officially connected with the court of common pleas of his

county. In 1831 he was a State senator, subsequently held the office of recorder, and was later again appointed a United States marshal by the President then in office.

The grandfather of S. S. Cox was General James Cox, a distinguished officer of the Revolution, who was born at Monmouth, N. J., and who fought at Brandywine, Germantown, and Monmouth. His mother was the daughter of Samuel Sullivan, who was treasurer of the State of Ohio in 1818.

Samuel Sullivan Cox attended the university at Athens, Ohio, for a brief period, finally becoming a student at Brown's University, Rhode Island, where he paid his expenses by his literary ability as a teacher, afterwards graduating with the highest honors in 1846 and receiving three years later the degree of A. M. As late as 1885 this great seat of learning honored him further by conferring the degree of LL. D.

To illustrate his ambition for literary fame and the great solicitude he felt about his education personally, I could not perhaps do better than read to you one of his letters to his father, from Athens, Ohio, in 1843:

Dear Father: Although I wrote you yesterday, circumstances have occurred which would require I should write again. Do not think I am troubling you too much about my future course. It is not a very trifling matter where I am to pass the remainder of my collegiate course, and it should receive a degree of consideration, you will admit, correspondent to its importance.

I wrote you I determined on leaving Athens (owing to changes). I can spend my time (vacation) profitably by reading, studying for debates, etc., and can easily enter junior at Cannonsburgh. If I trouble you too much, I have a tolerably good reason, you will admit, and I hope you will give me credit for wishing at least to do the best with the least inconvenience and expense. But I am perfectly at your will in regard to my future course.

Your son,

Samuel.

Although exceedingly anxious about his future college course, this most ambitious youth seriously considered his father's pecuniary circumstances and unmistakably disclosed undoubted reluctance to trespass on his affectionate parent.

However, for some reason unknown to me, Cannonsburgh was not chosen. Brown's University, at Providence, R. I., was selected; and a generous relative, Mr. James C. Cox, furnished the requisite funds. It may also be stated here that as soon as the good student became self-sustaining this indebtedness was gratefully remembered and canceled.

A letter written by him at Cincinnati, in 1849, to a younger brother, in a most remarkable manner forecasts the power and genius of this great statesman and the key to his after life. I read from it:

> It pleases me immeasurably to see that you try yourself a little. I like to look to motives rather than to motions, to promptness rather than to flourishes, to principles rather than to semblances; and when I see in a good performance a good motive, a creditable prompture, and a noble principle, I can open some part of my nature which no one can ever see, not even my father, without these golden keys. You may learn some day of aspirations and the close, unremitting industry with which I have followed up certain ends—of the irrepressible love I have of triumphing over difficulties I have had. But enough. I only mention it to show you that the least effort on your part to rally under the "Excelsior" ensign touches a genial cord.
>
> I would ever advise you, as your elder brother and as one who in the better moments hopes to be (if he be not) a Christian, to rise above every obstruction, come from where it may. By willing it you can do it. Will alone becomes confirmed and strengthened by the first act under its guidance.
>
> I am used to writing freely and would rather be looked upon as unkind and forbidding, in writing something that may stir, rather than to indulge in fancy, etc.

Returning to his *alma mater*, as well as defraying his collegiate expenses with his literary labors, he secured prizes

in classics, history, literary criticism, and political economy.

He had the reputation of being a good student, and never ceased to treasure a warm affection for his professors. Later on in life he had the honorary membership of the Cobden Club, of England, bestowed on him.

Adopting the profession of the law, he returned to his native State and entered, as a student, the office of the firm of Goodard & Convers. Afterwards he removed to Cincinnati, and completed his legal studies with Hon. Vachel Worthington. Here he practiced for a few years. He was also a close student of theology, and was familiar with the different doctrines of the various religions, knowing the Bible almost by heart.

In his Orient Sunbeams, speaking of the holy sepulcher, he says:

> In this far-off country one is very near his highest and best thought, and at the very tomb, or at least in the very precincts of the spot where He suffered, agonized, and died, utter helplessness of one's condition, without divine aid, subdues all pride and humbles all worldliness.

In 1851 he attended the first World's Exposition in London and traveled extensively through Europe, touching on Asia.

On his return to his native country in 1853 he settled in Columbus, where he assumed the duties of an editor. The Ohio Statesman, of which he took charge, was a very prominent political organ of the Democratic party. It was while editing this paper that he wrote a strikingly literary and exceedingly picturesque article, entitled "Sunset," from which thereafter he carried with him, even to his honored grave, his widely known sobriquet.

In 1855 he was offered the secretaryship of legation to London, but declined to accept that high honor. Still, shortly

afterwards, in a similar capacity we find him at Lima, Peru, in the service of his country. But on account of the fever so prevalent in this southern clime he soon resigned that office and returned to his home in Columbus. Here his district sent him to Congress four terms in succession, where he distinguished himself from December, 1857, to March, 1865. It was about the beginning of this time that this able and honored statesman delivered his first speech. It was noticeable that it was the first speech ever delivered in this Hall in which we are now assembled. It was on the Lecompton constitution, admitting Kansas into the Union as a State. At the end of his term, in 1865, he was admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court of the United States, before which he succeeded to a most extensive practice. Here his zest and activity established the fact that he was a shrewd, careful, and able lawyer and a master of that honored profession.

That he was an adherent and stanch supporter of the great party he cast his fortune with, his honored career gives ample proof. We find him next serving as a delegate to the Charleston, Chicago, New York, and St. Louis conventions of 1856, 1864, 1868, and 1876.

It was during the civil war that his patriotism spoke the virtues of his brilliant and noble character, when his country needed his services most, when he sustained the Government by voting men and money, notwithstanding that he took a prominent part in opposing several policies of the Administration. In short, he was a stanch adherent and faithful advocate of the preservation of the Union.

In was in 1865 that he came to reside in the great metropolis of the country, which, three years later, sent him to Congress again. New York, always remarkable for honoring the worthy,

pleased with the sterling qualities of the great statesman and to bear testimony of her high appreciation of Mr. Cox's patriotic services, re-elected him eight times thereafter in succession to the position he so honorably filled. Our deceased friend was a representative man in every sense of that term. He served on numerous committees, among others on Foreign Affairs, Banking, Naval, Library, Centennial, Rules, and Census, of all of which, excepting perhaps the Committee on Rules, he was chairman.

In the Forty-fourth Congress he was appointed Speaker *pro tempore* June, 1876.

At the opening of the first session of that Congress, 1877, he was one of the candidates for the Speakership, and, although not elected, he served frequently thereafter in that office with the most marked ability and distinction. In the very session of the House I now speak of, he organized the new census, and his individual efforts in relation thereto reflected creditably on his energy and capacity. He distinguished himself as an author of a system of apportionment which met the highest approval of his colleagues and evoked the entire satisfaction of his constituents, and is the author of the present apportionment law under which the representation of the States in Congress is made.

In the tariff he was always at home. It was his pet theme. His orthodox views were as broad as he was whole-souled and liberal-minded. He was the friend of the Hebrews of every country, and their interests under every condition were safely and solicitously guarded by him. A true and sterling patriot, born in the most liberal, liberty-loving country on the face of the globe, he loved to see liberty prevail the world over. The persecution of the Hebrews abroad evoked his deepest sympa-

thy, sense of justice, and his most earnest services in behalf of suffering humanity.

As an evidence of the great gratitude of the Jewish people and their high appreciation of and friendship for SAMUEL SULLIVAN COX, I will briefly quote you a passage from the language used by Simon Wolf, chairman of the executive committee, at the general convention of the supreme lodge of the order of Kesher Shel Barzel, delivered very recently, and already quoted by the gentleman, Mr. Dunnell. This Mr. Wolf continues:

> He was a statesman, a patriot, a legislator, a diplomate, an author, a wit, a lecturer. He was, notwithstanding all these attributes which caused him to be devoted day and night to the many duties of his calling, a devoted friend, a strong and wise defender of the oppressed of all climes and of all faiths, a counselor humane, gentle as a woman, effulgent with the well-springs of a humanity that had its fount in the heart and its elevation in the loftiest attributes of a refined and cultured brain. While his name and his praises had been sung by all people there is no class that should remember him more gratefully than the Jews. In sunshine and in storm, in and out of Congress, he was their constant friend, their champion most devoted and true.

He was the friend of the oppressed in all countries alike, irrespective of creed or class.

He believed in home rule and a government of the people, by the people, and for the people, and therefore always advocated home rule for Ireland.

He it was who secured and had extended the use of the Hall of the House of Representatives and the attendance of Senators and other influential and public men of note to hear that great champion of Irish liberty, Charles Stewart Parnell, place before the American people in their true light the great grievances of Ireland. This was the greatest honor ever extended to any stranger by our people.

His efforts in the cause of humanity stand to-day as living monuments of his worth, earnestness, and sincerity. His legislative acts were always of the substantial, serviceable, and few fell short of being institutions of universal benefit to humanity.

For many years he was the introducer and champion of the bill organizing the Life-Saving Service; in fact, he was the father of this service, the passage of which he had the pleasure of witnessing.

Writing on this subject, the Chicago Times says:

> To the late lamented S. S. Cox, more than to any individual Representative in the country, falls the honor of making our Life-Saving Service effective. It is now a grand monument to his wisdom and humanity.
>
> Over 3,950 persons were rescued, and ships and cargoes valued at $7,966,660 saved this year. Ages hence, S. S. Cox will be remembered by those who go down to the sea in ships and are rescued from the treacherous waves by the crews of life-boats.

To account for Mr. Cox's deep interest in this great and successful undertaking of his, I will read an extract from a speech delivered by him in the House of Representatives, June, 1878:

> It is impossible, Mr. Speaker, personally not to felicitate myself upon having given much earnest study to this life-saving legislation. It would not perhaps be in good taste to boast of having been instrumental in its organization and improvement.
>
> The inspiration for what I have done, however, came out of a storm upon the Scilly Isles, in the winter of 1868, when a great steamer barely escaped shipwreck. It was the worst tempest in thirty years upon that coast. When we arrived in port the day after the peril, the English journals were full of the glorious exploits, by rocket and signal and coast-guard and mortar and life-boat. I wondered if so much could be done in England, with her forty-five hundred miles of coast line, why should not our country, with double that number of miles, have a similarly efficient service. It was this that led me to propose what the superintendent of the service called the efficient beginning of the patrol of the Jersey coast. Since that time how much has been done for the well-being and

rescue of imperiled human life! How much of comfort and joy has been vouchsafed to families and friends of the beneficiaries of that mercy which droppeth as the gentle rains from heaven in this warm-hearted legislation, blessing and blessed.

Again, in 1888, when speaking on the same subject, he declared that the saving of life at that time exceeded 36,000 persons.

Speaking of the same subject then he says:

May I not, then, take pardonable pride in the establishment and progress of this system, which has no peer in the world for its effective work and no paragon in the history of nations for its inspiration? I sometimes think, Mr. Speaker, that I have, through the mercy of God, more than my compensation for the little I have done in the promotion of this service. When struggling for life one year ago, in this city, when the little will power which was remaining was ready to succumb before the ravages of disease and the agony of pain, and when friends had almost given up my surviving, I cast my eyes upon two pictures at either side of my sick-bed.

One was that of the life-boat going out through the storm to the rescue of a ship wrecked upon a rock-bound coast, while there on the shore the relatives of the surfmen stand speechless with anxiety as to the fate of the brave men who hazard all for the rescue. The other picture is that of the same life-boat coming in. It is laden with its precious freight. The howling storm, the chime of the breakers, and the dark clouds around the beetling cliffs; the cry goes up from thankful hearts, "All safe; all well."

In my poor sick fancy I grasped the tiller of the life-boat. I clung to it with the tenacity that overcame the sinking heart of an emaciated body. The good doctor, when I related to him the incident and the source, and how it had inspired me with a fresh hope and a new life, gave me smiling assurance that I might still survive as a rescued man to plead for the Life-Saving Service in many Congresses.

Not alone to the man who travels on the sea was Mr. Cox a benefactor. He was a friend to every man. Enemies he had but few. He was a friend to the letter-carrier. He supported the legislation which raised their salaries and granted them a

vacation every year without loss of pay for such time, which lessened their hours of labor to eight hours a day. This last-mentioned measure necessitated an additional appropriation, but faithful service and gratitude from the beneficiaries proved the outlay in many respects a saving.

The gratitude of these hitherto overworked servants of the people was sincerely and truly illustrated by their feelings of sorrow for the deceased and sympathy with the wife in her great bereavement, and numerous testimonials which came from them show a grateful recognition of the great statesman's kindness of heart.

His life was one of unceasing activity. He served on the committees to investigate the doings of Black Friday, the Federal elections in cities, the New York post-office, and the ku-klux troubles.

He was one of the regents of the Smithsonian Institution and always took a deep interest in the affairs of that institution.

One of the most important services rendered by Mr. Cox, and for which New York gratefully remembers him, was his instrumentality in the passage of a law to effectually preserve New York Harbor and its tributaries from destruction.

In 1885 he was appointed minister to Turkey under the Cleveland administration. Here the resources were infinite for his studious pen, and so deeply interested was he in the country and its people—much to the unfeigned discontent of his numerous friends and the public at large—that he was loath to return to America very soon. But a severe hemorrhage necessitated his coming home immediately. He accordingly was constrained to abandon his mission, and after eighteen months' sojourn abroad he was with his own people again.

As his health soon was restored, the people again felt a great

interest in their faithful representative, and two months later he was again in the campaign, a political contest which comprised two elections. One was to the Forty-ninth Congress to fill the place of Hon. Joseph Pulitzer, who had resigned, and then an election to the Fiftieth Congress. I need not say that in both elections Mr. Cox was a successful candidate.

In the fall of 1888 he was strongly advised to resign his seat in Congress and accept a nomination for the mayoralty of the city of New York, but many reasons have been given for his refusal to allow his name to be used on this occasion.

As an able, effective speaker and a *littérateur* he had a wide reputation. He was a great wit as well as a humorist. He was considerable of a writer and was the author of a volume on his experiences while in Congress from Ohio, entitled Eight Years in Congress, published in 1865; Search for Winter Sunbeams in Corsica, Algiers, and Spain, in 1869; Why We Laugh, in 1877; and in 1882, After a Summer Tour, Northern and Eastern Europe, Arctic Sunbeams, and Orient Sunbeams.

His latest political work was the Three Decades of Federal Legislation, published in 1885. In this latter work his writing alludes to the most critical and exciting era in the history of the American Republic, his first decade beginning with the birth of the Republican party, the last ending with the return of the Democratic party to power, in 1885.

During twenty-four years of this eventful and momentous period Mr. Cox was an active member of the House of Representatives.

In 1887, after his return from Turkey, he published Prinkipoo, and a much larger volume, entitled Diversions of a Diplomate, both of which have been widely read and are popularly sought after.

But the last and crowning act in the legislative career in the great statesman's busy life was in connection with the admission to the Union of four new States: Washington, Montana, and North and South Dakota. So, even to the close of his busy life, his energy and patriotism were directed toward the honor and advancement of his country.

It was at Zanesville, too, where he was born, that Mr. Cox, on the 11th of October, 1849, found the best and truest companion of his life, Miss Julia A. Buckingham. Liberally educated, gifted, and ever devoted to her husband's greatest interests and welfare, in her wifely love she realized his truest ideal of the standard of noble womanhood. She in all things was his most trusted adviser, and to-day, more than all of us, mourns his loss and reveres his memory.

His illness was so brief that news of his death was at first discredited. The sad event occurred at 8.30 p. m., at his home, No. 13 East Twelfth street, New York City, in the presence of his ever-devoted wife and most trusted friends.

News of his death was received by men of all parties with profound and unfeigned regret and sorrow. Ever since the Thirty-fifth Congress he was prominent as a man of mark in national affairs. I might say truly, not in the history of the United States has there been a more prominent Representative on the floor of this House. Everybody knew him and everybody liked him.

There were few more industrious students or riper and versatile scholars in the field of literature or politics. In the most important branches of the public service he was an invaluable worker. He was one of the ablest debaters on the floor; he was an accurate speaker, eloquent, sometimes humorous, and ever quick and keen at repartee. He was a thorough parliamen-

tarian; in a word, he was in every sense a national man. In years to come he will be universally missed, whilst to-day he is mourned by political friends and foes alike.

Mr. Speaker, the spirits of the great Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Clay, Webster, Lincoln, and Grant hover about us and bid us give our fullest expression to the virtues and the memory of this great statesman. Here assembled we obey their bidding. We can not speak too much of him. Often within these Halls has his familiar voice been heard pleading in behalf of liberty, justice, and charity.

In the words of Dr. Talmage, at the funeral service in New York:

> A nation mourns. What a wide, deep vacuum is left when such a man as this dies. We shall not see his like again. He was the first and last of his kind. Without a predecessor, he will be without a successor.

Mr. Speaker, as I said in the beginning, our honored friend lives and his good works will go down to posterity in the history of his country.

As a mark of our love, respect, and esteem, I respectfully suggest to this House, for consideration at some more favorable time, that a suitable bust of the Hon. SAMUEL SULLIVAN COX, statesman, philosopher, and patriot, be erected within the precincts of this Hall. In the words of Antony over Brutus—

> His life was gentle, and the elements
> So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
> And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

In my very humble way I have labored to place before you a few of the many great qualities possessed by this remarkable man. Thanking you most sincerely for the kind manner in which I have been listened to, I leave the subject with the reflection and wish that the memory of SAMUEL SULLIVAN COX may ever live in the hearts of his countrymen.

Address of Mr. Sherman, of New York.

Mr. Speaker: To sketch even briefly the events which made up the life of Samuel Sullivan Cox, to pause upon and touch each step of his remarkable career, to review his public acts, to analyze his public character and works, to summarize all that gave him place among America's Christian statesmen, I do not intend. A perfect word-painting by the most eloquent among us, intensified by the memory of some special kindly act, could hardly do justice to his memory.

Those better fitted by nature and by longer and more intimate acquaintance with him have outlined the more important doings of his life. Of a life full of activity, so full of service to his country and mankind, too much can not be said. It is in my heart to do justice to his memory; but to pronounce his fitting eulogy in all things I shall not attempt.

I would speak a few unvarnished words, descriptive of his goodness, as a recorded proof that memory still holds dear the face, the form, the heart of a departed friend; speak them feelingly, tenderly, reverently, as I would scatter a handful of flowers upon his grave.

The name of Mr. Cox has been familiar to me as that of an esteemed and trusted friend of my father, though I had never met him until the meeting of the Fiftieth Congress. As my father's son, I made myself known to him. My reception was most cordial. From the first I found in him a friend, ever ready to give ear and counsel, no matter how trivial the subject upon which I approached him. His great kind heart seemed open to me. It opened so quickly, so freely, that I seemed to have found a friend of years. I learned by observation, neither

long nor keen, that I was not an exceptional recipient of his kindness.

Of him could it have been literally said, "He salutes the world and extends the hand of friendship to the human race." His most striking characteristic to one who came to know him well was his kind and tender heart. Day by day it grew upon his associates. At times it seemed as if it must break the confines of the frail body. Quick, alert, sharp as he was in debate, earnest as was his advocacy of a cause he espoused, ready as he always was to parry the thrusts of his opponent, and by his rhetoric, his wit, or his satire blunt the point of the argument, his words were framed, were spoken with such a manner of personal, kindly feeling for his adversary as to leave no wound behind. The subject and not its champion was the object of his attack.

His heart had room to share the sorrows of others. His hand was ready to lighten others' ills. His very busy life was never too busy to prevent his turning aside to alleviate suffering or soften grief. Above his statesmanship, his versatility, his humor, above his intense Americanism, shines out the goodness and greatness of his heart. He will be forever remembered for—

> That best portion of a good man's life:
> His little nameless, unnumbered acts
> Of kindness and of love.

Address of Mr. Morrow, of California.

Mr. Speaker: Reference has been made to the legislative services of Mr. Cox for the benefit of the letter-carriers of the United States. The legislation he proposed was always in the direction of a liberal and enlightened government policy in all branches of the public service. He was a man of broad sympathy and generous impulses, and appreciated the fact that the Government while not always exacting was yet sometimes a hard task-master.

The letter-carrier system has always imposed long hours and hard work on its employés. Mr. Cox advocated and secured for this most deserving class much-needed relief and endeared himself to them by his able and active services in their behalf.

The letter-carriers of San Francisco, Cal., as an organization have prepared and adopted a series of resolutions expressing the tribute they would pay to the memory of our departed friend. These resolutions have been handsomely engrossed and framed, and are now in front of the Speaker's desk. I ask that they may be read and incorporated into the proceedings as giving voice to one thought coming to-day from the far Pacific.

The resolutions were read, as follows:

THE LETTER-CARRIERS' AID ASSOCIATION OF SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

At a meeting of the United States letter-carriers of the city of San Francisco, held on Tuesday evening, October 15, 1889, a subjoined preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas we contemplate with feelings of mingled sorrow the announcement of the death of the Hon. Samuel S. Cox, member of Congress from the Ninth Congressional district of New York: Be it therefore

Resolved, That in the death of Mr. Cox the nation has lost an able

and experienced legislator, whose most conspicuous features were a long and useful career of eminent scholarship, tireless industry, and unsullied reputation for honesty and integrity, and a never-failing devotion to the ties of friendship and the rights and welfare of the people.

Resolved, That as employés of the free-delivery system of the United States postal service, we shall ever hold in grateful remembrance the painstaking research, laborious compilations, and eloquent pleading for which on so many occasions during his long and honorable career in the halls of Congress Mr. Cox so ably assisted in securing for ourselves and our fellow-employés of the service mentioned the just provisions which from time to time have been accorded to us by Congressional enactments.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions, suitably engrossed, be transmitted to the honorable Clerk of the national House of Representatives, with a respectful request that he may please to cause the same to be read in the presence of the honorable body of whom the deceased was long esteemed a distinguished associate, and thereby confer a lasting favor upon the letter-carriers of the city at the Golden Gate.

JOHN F. GLOVER, *Chairman*,
EUGENE FLANDERS,
ROLLA FAIRBANKS,
EDWARD L. BOLAN
JOHN RULES,
Committee on Resolutions.

SAN FRANCISCO, *October* 15, 1889.

ADDRESS OF MR. GEISSENHAINER, OF NEW JERSEY.

Mr. SPEAKER: It is a custom somewhere in our land for relatives and friends to drop, in succession, upon the casket when deposited in its final resting-place a white rosebud. This House is at this hour decking the tomb of a revered and distinguished brother. It is casting the rosebuds culled along the pathway of affectionate companionship and memory upon the bier of him who, beginning the journey anew, was plucked away even before the road was reached.

The ancestry of SAMUEL SULLIVAN COX is of noble and patriotic history. His grandfather, General James Cox, a Revolutionary hero, was a native of old Monmouth. Leaving New Jersey early in the century, his family was drawn further and further toward the land of that setting sun so vividly described by him, and which description gained for him the title by which he was known until his end.

Mr. COX was born at Zanesville, Ohio, in 1824. Reared among the great fields and beneath the majestic, overshadowing trees, he early learned to love the soil and to honor those whose mission it was to labor. Ever amid the pursuits of his life, whether as lawyer, journalist, author, diplomate, or statesman, he never forgot the sons of toil, and ever strove to assist and direct them. Frank and free, he drew them around him, and rejoiced in their approval and support. With them he was earnest, and when addressing audiences of laboring men struggled to forge some mighty truth in such fashion that all might grasp and comprehend.

His genial nature was carried in the front and turned alike to all. Never shall be forgotten the kindly clasp of his hand nor the pleasant word of welcome with which he greeted the member coming from the home of his sires, the home where a few years before he had participated in the laying of the corner-stone of the Monmouth battle monument.

He was careful of his good name and well guarded it, believing that desire for reputation when founded on integrity was as much a duty to one's self as approbation beyond one's own convictions was falsehood and vanity.

His friendship was a worthy, honest one, built upon a sympathetic and reciprocal foundation, a friendship ready to share alike a pleasure or a grief.

Although the hand of death has fallen heavily upon this House and even this very week has beckoned away, as the ninth, one of the foremost of this body, it can not take from us the recollection of what the departed have been, nor can it check their influence upon the present and the future.

The Seneca Indians had a beautiful superstition. When a loved one of the tribe was called to the "happy hunting-grounds" a young bird was imprisoned until it began to chirp its little song. It then was loaded with caresses and set free, with a firm conviction that it would neither fold wing nor close eye until it had borne its burden to the shadow in the spirit land. The bird is freed to-day, and were the superstition true there would be carried to our deceased brother the loving burden breathed upon it by his eloquent successor.

We know, however, that our brother is in that eternal world where no superstition, however beautiful, can ever enter. He has been guided by death to an everlasting life. He has left us in the land of the dying and gone before into the land of the living.

The last act has been performed, the earthly record is closed, and having mingled the laurel with the myrtle, we leave the brother trustingly to the tender care of the Infinite and Eternal.

Mr. CUMMINGS. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that those members who have not spoken and who desire to pay tribute to the memory of Hon. SAMUEL SULLIVAN COX be allowed to print their remarks in the Record.

There was no objection, and it was so ordered.

Mr. MCADOO. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent to insert in the Record, in connection with these exercises, the address of Hon. Proctor Knott, of Kentucky, an ex-member of

this House, the remarks of ex-President Cleveland, and the proceedings at the great memorial meeting held at the Cooper Union, New York, October 10, 1889.

There was no objection, and it was so ordered.

MEMORIAL MEETING IN NEW YORK.

COOPER UNION, *October* 10, 1889.

Mr. Julius Harburger, president of the Steckler Association, called the meeting to order, and introduced Rev. Dr. P. F. McSweeney, who delivered the prayer:

In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

O Almighty and Eternal God, source of all power, wisdom, and goodness, we praise and bless Thy holy name, and we offer Thee our humble thanks for all Thy graces and gifts to us, Thy creatures. On Thee do we depend for all that we are and possess, and for all that we hope for in this life and in the next. But, while we hail Thee as the great Master and just Judge, we also know, through Jesus Christ, Thy Son, our Lord, that Thou art, above all, our loving and merciful Father. We thank Thee for giving us this beautiful and spacious land in which to dwell, and for the noble and Christian principles of freedom under law by which it is governed. Especially do we return Thee thanks this night for raising up great and good leaders of Thy people, like him whose loss we mourn so deeply, while bowing with pious resignation to Thy holy decree. In him we miss the servant whom Thou didst choose as the minister of Thy mercy when Thou didst hearken to the distressful cry of the shipwrecked mariner and of the laborer oppressed, and when Thou didst dry the tears of the widow and of the orphan.

Do Thou, we beseech Thee, comfort the sorrowful heart of his beloved relict during the remainder of her lonesome journey through this mortal life, and bring her one day to Thy holy face in the kingdom of Thy glory. May those who will be called to occupy his place be endowed by Thee with intellectual power and civic virtue like those which characterized him. May they, like him, have a kind heart and an appreciative sympathy for Thy holy church and for the poor of Christ. And may this glorious Republic continue under Thy fostering care to be the refuge of the afflicted of every country and an exemplar to those who rule the na-

tions in Thy name. To Thee, O Lord, be benediction, and honor, and glory, and power forever and ever. Amen.

After which Mr. Harburger came forward and said: Ladies and gentlemen, members of the Steckler Association, and invited citizens, under the auspices of the Steckler Association: This memorial meeting is held in honor of our lamented member, friend, and valued Representative in Congress, SAMUEL SULLIVAN COX. The high honor and privilege has been conferred on me, as president of the association, of presenting to you the presiding officer of this memorial meeting, ex-President of the United States, Grover Cleveland.

Hon. Grover Cleveland said: It is peculiarly fit and proper that among the tributes paid to the worth and usefulness of SAMUEL S. COX the most hearty and sincere should flow from the hearts of his Congressional constituents. These he served faithfully and well, and they were honored by the honor of his life. It was as their chosen public servant that he gathered fame and exhibited to the entire country the strength and the brightness of true American statesmanship. It was while he still served them that he died. All his fellow-citizens mourn his death and speak in praise of his character and his achievements in public life; but his constituents may well feel that the affliction of his death is nearer to them than to others, by so much as they are entitled to a greater share of pride in all that he wrought.

I should not suit the part allotted to me on this occasion if I should speak at length of the many traits of character within my personal knowledge that made your friend and mine the wise and efficient legislator, the useful and patriotic citizen, and the kind and generous man. These things constitute a theme upon which his fellow-countrymen love to dwell, and they will be presented to you to-night in more eloquent terms than I can command.

I shall not, however, forbear mentioning the fact that your Representative in all his public career and in his relations to legislation was never actuated by a corrupt or selfish interest. His zeal was born of public spirit and the motive of his labor was the public good. He was never found among those who cloak their efforts for personal gain and advantage beneath the disguise of disinterested activity for the welfare of the people. These are pleasant things for his friends to remember to-night; and they are without doubt the things upon which rest the greatest share of the honor and respect which his memory exacts from his fellow-citizens.

But while we thus contemplate the value of unselfish public usefulness, we can not restrain a reflection which has a somber coloring. What is the condition of the times when we may justly and fairly exalt the memory of a deceased public servant because he was true and honest and faithful to his trust? Are we maintaining a safe standard of public duty when the existence of these virtues, instead of being general, are exceptional enough to cause congratulation?

All public servants should be as true and honest and faithful as the man whom we mourn to-night.

I beg you to take home with you among the reflections which this occasion shall awaken an appreciation of the truth that if we are to secure for ourselves all the blessings of our free institutions we must better apprehend the interest we have at stake in their scrupulous maintenance, and must exact of those whom we trust in public office a more rigid adherence to the demands of public duty.

I congratulate you and myself upon the fact that we are to be addressed to-night by one whose eloquence and ability, as well as his warm friendship for Mr. Cox, eminently fit him to be the orator of the occasion.

It is with much satisfaction that I now introduce Hon. J. Proctor Knott, of Kentucky.

MEMORIAL ADDRESS OF HON. J. PROCTOR KNOTT, OF KENTUCKY.

Mr. President, there has always been a disposition among men to honor their dead, to linger with a mournful pleasure upon the recollection of their virtues, and to speak of their merits in gentle terms of commendation. The sentiment is coeval with our race and will continue with it to the end of time. It is peculiar to no clime; it is confined to no class; it is limited by no condition in life. It is common to humanity everywhere. It is innate with every member of our species who is capable of the slightest feeling of respect for his fellow-man. It wreaks itself upon expression in the simple ceremonies that attend the unobtrusive sepulture of the peasant and the solemn pomp that waits on the imposing obsequies of the king. Its memorials are seen alike in the fading wreath that exhales its dying fragrance upon the obscure grave of humble poverty and the sculptured column that lifts its lofty head above the moldering dust of departed grandeur. It has brought us here to-night to offer with one accord the tribute of affectionate admiration to the memory of one who was endeared to many of us by the tenderest ties of friendship, and to all

by the magnanimity of his nature and the luster reflected by his genius upon the history of our country and our race.

No bloody laurel entwined his brow, no braying trumpet heralded his going forth, no nodding plumes were veiled at his approach, no embattled armies waited on his word, no serried hosts rushed to the carnival of slaughter at his bidding. The "pomp and circumstance of glorious war" were not for him. His weapon was mightier than the sword, his arena grander than the stricken field, with its mangled dead and dying thousands. His triumphs were sublimer than crested leader ever won. They were the beneficent but bloodless victories of peace. In them he laid the broad foundations of a fame more durable than storied marble or monumental brass. The name of no man was ever more widely known or more lovingly revered among his countrymen than his. It has been heard wherever the language of civilized men is spoken. There is scarcely a home in all this wide and wondrous land, whether amid the busy haunts of the crowded city or in the solitudes of the far-off mountains, in which it is not a familiar household word. Thousands who had never looked upon his kindly face nor listened to his friendly voice read through the blinding mists of bitter tears the mournful tidings that his generous pulse had been stilled by the icy touch of death. Millions of loving hearts ached with silent anguish at the thought that all the sweet melodies of nature were hushed to his dull, cold ear forever; that the cheerful sun would rise and set on busy, joyous generations through all the cycles of coming time, but bring no light to his fixed and rayless eye. Yet how few there are among all the mighty multitudes who loved him in life and who mourn for him in death who fully realize all that was admirable in his marvelous, many-sided character!

SAMUEL SULLIVAN COX

was born in Zanesville, Ohio, September 30, 1824. His ancestors, from whom he inherited the germs of those sterling qualities which were always so conspicuous in his singularly brilliant career, were, in all the elements of genuine respectability, eminently worthy of their illustrious descendant.

His grandfather, General James Cox, of New Jersey, was an ardent advocate of American independence and a gallant soldier in the Revolutionary war, in which, by the force of his own distinguished merits, he rose from the rank of captain to the command of a brigade, and after the close of that heroic struggle was repeatedly elected to the general as-

sembly of his native Commonwealth, and later on to a seat in the Federal Congress, dignifying every position to which he was chosen as well by his disinterested devotion to every duty as by the singular vigor of his enlightened understanding.

His father, Hon. Ezekiel Cox, having emigrated to Ohio, soon became a prominent citizen of his adopted State, and among other flattering evidences of popular consideration was chosen to represent his district in the higher branch of the legislature, where his intelligence and his integrity amply vindicated the confidence reposed in him by his constituency, while his private life was a constant illustration of highest virtues that pertain to an honorable and useful manhood.

How far the subsequent success of their gifted son may be attributed to the pure example, prudent counsels, and pious solicitude of his excellent parents it would be impossible now to estimate. It may be sufficient for the present occasion to say, therefore, that they furnished him every educational advantage their modest means would afford; and that no more encouraging example could possibly be presented for the emulation of his aspiring young countrymen than the manner in which he improved his opportunities. Every fiber and tissue of his soul was inspired by the golden truth that

> In the lexicon of youth, which fate reserves
> For a bright manhood, there is no such word
> As Fail.

He realized that labor was the only talisman of success. He ate no idle bread; he flung away no priceless moment. In his boyhood, as in his mature age, he was a prodigy of intellectual activity, a miracle of mental energy.

On entering Brown University, whence he was graduated in the twenty-second year of his age, he absolved his honored father from all further claims upon his paternal aid, and while maintaining himself throughout his entire collegiate course by his own literary labors—performed at hours when his fellow-students were asleep or treading the seductive paths of idle pleasure—he carried off the highest prizes for proficiency in the classics, in history, in literary criticism, and in political economy. And when he left the threshhold of his *alma mater*, wearing the badges of her coveted honors on his breast, he was distinguished by the same insatiate thirst for knowledge, the same indomitable energy, the same untiring industry, the same inflexible fidelity to duty, the same earnest devotion

to truth, the same incorruptible sense of justice, the same purity of conduct, the same buoyancy of disposition, and the same fearless self-reliance that characterized him in the rich, ripe years of his usefulness and renown.

From the curriculum of the university, strewn with the rarest flowers of classic literature, festooned with the curiously woven garlands of speculative thought, and adorned by the rich spoils of experimental science, he stepped upon the narrower and less attractive arena of the law. Nor did he enter its lists unarmed or ill-equipped to be battered, bruised, and mangled in an unequal contest with the grim old veterans of the bar. With his natural avidity for knowledge, he had mastered the quaint learning of Coke, the charming analyses of Blackstone, the dry formalities of Chitty, the abstruse principles of Fearne, the philosophic logic of Starkie, the learned lectures of Kent, the voluminous compilations of Story, and the long catalogue of other authorities that went to make up the ordinary armament of the legal practitioner of the period.

With his brilliant wit, his trenchant satire, his accurate learning, his incisive logic, and his adroitness in debate, he might have become one of the most formidable and famous forensic gladiators of the age; but neither the lawyer's office nor the court-room afforded a world wide enough for his restless, active, aspiring spirit to bustle in. He consequently abandoned the bar, and after a brief tour in Europe sought the more congenial field of journalism, for which his tastes, his genius, and his rare attainments pre-eminently qualified him, and it is not surprising to those who are acquainted with his varied abilities that, as editor of the Columbus Statesman, he speedily took rank among the foremost political writers of our country at a period when the ablest journalists it has ever produced were at the zenith of their powers.

He was soon diverted, however, from the arduous and exacting labors of journalism—which he had assumed in 1853—by an appointment as secretary of the legation to Peru, tendered him by President Pierce, in 1855, but returned to his native State in the following year, when he was elected as a member of Congress from the Columbus district, which he continued to represent for four consecutive terms. In 1865 he located in this magnificent metropolis, and in 1868 made his first appearance in the House as a member of Congress from New York, of which he remained one of the most distinguished and useful Representatives to the day of his death, with the exception of a brief interval in 1873 and another extending a little beyond a year, during which he was employed in the diplomatic service of his country as minister near the Turkish court.

In Congress Mr. Cox found his appropriate sphere. No other forum could have suited his tastes so well or been more precisely adapted to his talents, and in that his peer in all particulars will probably never be seen again. Almost immediately on entering the House of Representatives he took a conspicuous position among the most prominent members of that distinguished body, which he maintained with a constantly increasing reputation for a period almost equal to the average life of a generation. There, amid the most memorable and exciting scenes in the parliamentary history of our Government, he found frequent occasion for the exercise of the varied faculties of his extraordinary intellect and the exhibition of his illimitable stores of information. There his remarkable character appeared like a diamond of purest water, fashioned with a thousand facets, each emitting a blaze of iridescent splendor. There its manifold features were presented in the clearest light, and there alone can they be considered in the rich glow of their associated beauty.

The one trait, however, which distinguished him pre-eminently in the estimation of a large majority of his fellow-men was the gentle, joyous, lovable disposition which constantly displayed itself in the playful wit, the genial humor, the kindly sentiments, and tender sympathies which welled up from the serene depths of his generous nature like a perennial fountain of bright and sparkling waters.

It was this that made him a favorite everywhere with all classes and conditions of men, not only among the masses of his own countrymen, who can not recur to his honored name without a loving thought, but alike with the polished circle of distinguished diplomates around the Sultan's court and the stolid peasantry of Scandinavia, with the titled dignitaries of the proudest empires of Europe and the ignorant but liberty-loving Kabyles of Algeria, in the historic halls of British nobility and the rude tent of the wondering Bedouin, and with the diverse peoples of other lands as well.

He was, indeed, the gentlest of men, and had he been asked to designate among all the diversified transactions of his long and brilliant career in Congress those which afforded him the supremest pleasure, he would probably have mentioned his repeated and earnest appeals for universal amnesty; his eloquent defense of the homes and firesides of the South against a merciless and unconstitutional act of confiscation; his generous and disinterested services to a large class of ill-paid employés in the humbler grades of the public service; his repeated manifestations of an earnest and active sympathy in the sufferings of the oppressed and down-

trodden kindred of thousands of his fellow-citizens of foreign birth, and his ultimate triumph, after laborious and long-continued effort, in the establishment and successful organization of an efficient Life-Saving Service, which has been the means of saving multitudes of valuable lives and of protecting myriads of happy hearthstones from the grim specters of desolation and despair. It may be safely said, at least, that by these and similar exhibitions of an enlightened philanthropy he reared for himself in the grateful hearts of his countrymen a monument of affection which will survive in the memory of their posterity long after the majestic dome beneath whose shadow his beneficent labors were performed shall have crumbled into dust.

It would be a grave mistake to suppose, however, that because he reveled in joyous mirth and delighted, above all things, in deeds of loving kindness, he lacked in the least degree the sensitive, courageous spirit always inseparable from genuine manhood, or that he would under any circumstances suffer himself to be imposed upon with impunity. No man ever had a more delicate appreciation of the respect due to his own dignity of character or was readier to enforce it when the occasion required it. None knew this better than those who were unfortunate or fatuous enough to willfully provoke his indignation; and of the very few whose indiscretion brought upon themselves his scathing invective, his burning satire, and defiant scorn, none ever ventured to repeat the discouraging experiment.

It is a mistake, moreover, to suppose that the brilliancy of his wit and the playfulness of his humor were the qualities in the character of Mr. Cox which were most admired by those who knew him best. Nothing, in fact, could be farther from the case; and no one could possibly regret more than he would have done that his merits should be measured by that standard alone While they recognized wit and humor, not only as belonging to the legitimate armory of the parliamentary champion, but as being often among his most potential weapons, and while they knew that no one ever employed them more dexterously or effectively than himself, they were infinitely more impressed by the substantial equipments of his athletic intellect, which were more or less obscured, perhaps, in popular estimation by the glamour of those other more fascinating but perilous endowments.

It is true that his tendency, as well as ability, to employ the glittering cimeter of satire and the no less dreaded archery of humorous ridicule was most extraordinary; but he was equally as capable and far more fond of wielding the trenchant broadsword of logic and the ponderous

battle-ax of truth. He was, in fact, one of the most serious, earnest, devoted, and practical of mankind. Beneath the rippling, sparkling surface of his never-failing, effervescent humor there lay the serenest depths of thought, an energy of will that knew no impediment, and powers of intellectual labor that defied fatigue.

His hunger for information was as ravenous as the genius of famine. It devoured everything that could amuse the fancy, improve the mind, or elevate the soul. The extent and variety of his knowledge were amazing. There was scarcely a branch of elegant or useful learning in which he was not more or less proficient. He had explored all the fields of ancient and modern literature and culled their choicest fruits. He had threaded the mazes of every school of philosophy and watched with interest the wondrous developments of physical science. He was familiar with the technology of the useful arts and hymned in sweetest notes "the poetry of mechanism." He had examined the origin of every creed and was acquainted with the dogmas of all religions. He had traveled through many lands and enriched his mind with the results of their varied civilizations. He had analyzed every theory of politics and understood the principles of every system of jurisprudence. He had made his own Government the subject of special and conscientious study, and had every provision in its Constitution and every fact in its history at his fingers' ends.

No one who was close enough to Mr. Cox in life to understand the prodigious extent and infinite variety of his attainments will mistake what I have said for the fulsome language of inflated panegyric, which, if living, he would himself despise; nor will any one, in view of those vast and varied stores of learning, systematically arranged in the capacious chambers of his well-ordered and tenacious memory, be surprised at the marvelous felicity of expression and readiness in debate in which he has rarely had an equal and never a superior among men.

It was this abounding plenitude of accurate information which distinguished his speeches from those of all the popular or parliamentary orators with whom he was associated or came in contact during his long and admirable public career. Did the subject in hand require an illustration from the wide range of history, a flower from the bright parterres of poetry, a jewel from some musty repository of antiquated lore, a golden grain from the sacred garners of Holy Writ, or a crystal from the crowded cabinet of science, did he need a principle of international law, a rule of enlightened jurisprudence, a precedent of parliamentary practice, or an

incident in the public record of his antagonist, the ministering genii of his memory brought it instantly from his exhaustless treasure-house of knowledge. With the deft skill of an accomplished artist and such abundant and varied materials constantly at hand, his public utterances—whether extemporaneous or prepared—were like rich mosaics of rarest gems finished with a master's skill. Every apple of gold had its picture of silver.

But Mr. Cox was not one of those who manufacture their wares simply for show. He was not only in the fore-front of every important parliamentary battle that occurred during his long period of service, but he was one of the most careful, painstaking, indomitable workers that ever occupied a seat in Congress. Often at the head of the most important committees in the House, he not only kept up with the multifarious business on his own docket, but seemed to have an intelligent insight into almost every question that came up for consideration, whether it involved matters of important public moment or a mere claim for a few dollars on the Private Calendar. He was far oftener found delving in the hard-pan of practical labor than disporting himself in the rose-tinted clouds of fancy. He was more at home in the rugged paths of parliamentary business or amid the intricate details of statistical science than in the airy realms of poesy or the inviting fields of elegant literature. As an illustration of this it is not necessary to recite the long catalogue of measures involving the most important commercial and financial interests of the country which he from time to time introduced or discussed. I have only to refer to his valuable services to our postal system or to the complete reports of the Census of 1880, which are the offspring of his wisdom and his labor.

His industry, indeed, was simply enormous. He not only discharged all his manifold public duties faithfully, punctually, and ably, but in the intervals of his official labors wrote several of the most entertaining books of foreign travel that ever emanated from the pen of an American writer; the most complete if not the only philosophic review of American humor ever written; a volume devoted to the discussion of important problems in economic science which would have done credit to the ablest statesman among his contemporaries either in this country or in Europe, besides a work of several hundred pages containing the clearest and most comprehensive statement of the more important features of Federal legislation for three decades that has yet been published; yet, with all this, he never neglected even the most trivial duty to his humblest constituent.

Notwithstanding his long-continued occupancy of public position, Mr. Cox was far from being a politician in the lower and more common acceptation of that term. He was firmly fixed in his convictions upon all questions of popular importance and as bold in their expression. He never "crooked the pregnant hinges of the knee where thrift might follow fawning." He bowed to no behest but the imperious dictates of his own honest and enlightened judgment. He was no manipulator of the dirty machinery by which small men have so often been elevated to exalted position during the later years of our history. Every election with which he was ever honored was a spontaneous tribute of affectionate confidence on the part of a generous and enlightened constituency, a just recognition of his ability, integrity, and fidelity to the grand principles of constitutional liberty.

With what boundless gratitude he regarded those marked manifestations of popular esteem and with what deep devotion he requited them none knew like those he loved so well and served so faithfully. Yet his solicitude was not confined to the welfare of his own constituents. He was a patriot in the grandest, broadest sense of that word. His love of country amounted to a passion. It knew no section, it recognized no class. It embraced the impoverished people of the South as tenderly as the proud and prosperous population of his native State or the generous inhabitants of the great city in which he had made his home. His fealty to the Union was paramount to all other obligations; his pride in its grandeur and power touched the extremest limit of exultant enthusiasm; his veneration for its Constitution was the supreme sentiment of his soul; his faith in its destiny transcended the wildest dream of optimism.

In faith, in feeling, in practice, in all the ardent aspirations of his soul, Mr. Cox was a Democrat of the purest Jeffersonian type. It was impossible, indeed, from the very nature of his moral and intellectual organization, that he should be otherwise. Sprung from the body of the people; with the most delicate appreciation of their inherent rights, with the liveliest solicitude for their individual happiness and social prosperity, with an abounding confidence in their capacity to control their own affairs, and detesting from the innermost depths of his being everything savoring of unfairness, inequality, or oppression, his brightest ideal of political organism was "a government of the people, by the people, and for the people," a government instituted for the benefit of the governed, and not for the aggrandizement of the governing class, a government so administered as to secure "equal and exact justice to all, with exclusive privileges to none."

Trusts, monopolies, and all other contrivances resulting from the abuse or non-user of legislative authority for the emolument of the few at the expense of the many were the objects of his supreme abhorrence. He believed in the absolute inviolability of private property, except when required for public uses with just compensation, and that any taxation, in whatever form or for whatever purpose, beyond what was necessary to defray the legitimate expenses of the Government, economically administered, was not only in violation of its organic law but of the fundamental principles of civil liberty. He held with Mr. Justice Miller, one of the most distinguished members of our Supreme Bench, that "to lay with one hand the power of the Government on the property of the citizen and with the other to bestow it upon favored individuals, to aid in private enterprises and build up private fortunes, is none the less a robbery because it is done under the forms of law and is called taxation." He felt that to despoil one citizen of his property and transfer it to another under the pretext of promoting the general welfare was the very essence of despotism. It was impossible for him to discriminate between the morals of communism, which would ravage the coffers of the rich and distribute their hoarded millions among the poor as a means for the promotion of popular prosperity, and those of an insidious system of spoliation under the guise of a bounty taxation which robs the rich and poor alike for the benefit of a favored few. For the one he might have had some of the respect he would probably have entertained for the brute courage of the highwayman, who meets his victim in the open face of day and boldly demands his money or his life; for the other he felt something like the loathing with which he would have regarded the stealthy burglar who would creep into his chamber at midnight and rifle his pockets after having lulled him into delightful dreams of security and happiness by the administration of some poisonous drug.

It was not surprising, therefore, that, with his exquisite sense of justice, his extreme love of fairness, his clear apprehension of what was right, his detestation of all that was wrong, and his ever-abiding interest in the welfare of the masses, as well as his reverent respect for the limitations of the Constitution, Mr. Cox should have been found among the earliest and most persistent advocates of a "tariff for revenue only."

His numerous speeches upon that interesting and important question of public policy are among the most remarkable ever delivered before a deliberative assembly. They disclose an enormous mine of intellectual treasures. Radiant with wit, rich in learning, replete with facts, and vig-

orous in logic, they are like strings of rarest pearls strung on threads of gold. In all the recent discussions of that vital subject, tremendous in power, exhaustive in research, and fervid in eloquence as they have been, there can scarcely be found a single argument or a solitary fact illustrating the views of his party in relation to it which he had not presented in some form or other long before. He had fathomed it in all its depths and shoals, and dragged to light every valuable thought, every tenable principle, and every just conclusion that the most active and inquisitive intellect could find beneath them. A compilation of his brilliant and instructive utterances concerning it would form one of the most entertaining and useful text-books that could be placed in the hands of the student of economic science.

Nor was his interest less intense, his vigilance less alert, or his labors less untiring when any other proposition affecting the property-rights or the private prosperity of the masses was presented for consideration. He maintained with the illustrious apostle of his political creed that there should be the most rigid economy in the expenditure of public moneys, in order that labor, the ultimate source from which the "general coffers of the state" are invariably replenished, should be lightly burdened. I would not be understood as intimating, however, that he was one of those who frequently, from a want of any other merit to commend them, seek a cheap reputation by posing conspicuously as guardian angels of the public Treasury, nor that he was ever on any occasion influenced by a niggardly spirit of parsimony, that would begrudge to the public service sufficient means to secure the highest degree of efficiency in any of its departments. On the contrary, when any such laudable purpose was involved, he was uniformly actuated by the most enlightened liberality. But, honest to the last degree, punctiliously faithful to every trust, and despising from the uttermost depths of his soul the foul spirits of fraud and corruption, too frequently found brooding like unclean birds in various branches of the Government service, no man ever set his face more firmly against all appropriations to be wasted in criminal extravagance, lavished in gratuities upon unworthy objects, or squandered in dirty jobs and nefarious schemes. In that regard, in the actual preservation of the Treasury from the "felonious fingers" of peculation and pillage, he was without doubt among the most useful and efficient members of the House of Representatives throughout his three decades of service in the Federal Congress. During those thirty years, as has been said of him by one of his most impartial friends, it is safe to assert that he was

never approached by the low manipulator of any fraudulent scheme with a dishonorable proposal; such a thing, indeed, was an impossibility. His pure integrity was a perpetual rebuke to everything bearing the semblance of dishonesty. The filthy ministers of corruption and plunder slunk away abashed and cowering from his presence. No man dared to ask him to support a measure unless he was satisfied that it was free from the slightest taint of dishonesty and demanded by the necessities of the Government.

Regarding the people as the original source and ultimate repository of all political authority, and government as a mere agency contrived by themselves for the protection of their own rights, the preservation of their own liberties, and the promotion of their own happiness, with its duties clearly defined and its powers carefully limited by the Constitution, Mr. Cox realized in its fullest force the conclusion logically resulting from those undisputed premises and so aptly expressed in the golden maxim that "a public office is a public trust," and with that conscientious sense of the sanctity of every obligation which influenced him in the discharge of every duty in life, he not only made it the guiding star of his own official conduct on all occasions, but felt that the integrity of our institutions demanded that every one who occupied a position of public responsibility should be required to do so likewise.

He was not only in favor of a "rigid arraignment of all abuses of public trust before the established tribunals of public justice, as well as the great bar of popular opinion," but was earnestly opposed to the appointment of any one to official position unless he could sustain the fullest test of the Jeffersonian touchstone of honesty, qualification, and fidelity to the Constitution. Entertaining such views, it was but natural that he should be an ardent and active advocate of civil-service reform and a zealous supporter of the statute which was passed by Congress with the view of accomplishing that purpose, notwithstanding its provisions fell far short of his own conceptions of what such a measure should embrace and his settled conviction that in many respects it would fail to meet the standard of popular expectation. He nevertheless regarded it as the initial step in the right direction; the inauguration of a policy which, if faithfully carried out, would ultimately relieve the Government to a great extent of evils of incompetency and purify many of its branches from the hideous corruption with which he had so often seen them polluted. He therefore sustained its administration as vigorously as he had supported its enactment.

But no other subject of a mere temporal character so completely filled the soul of Mr. Cox as the sublime perfection he saw in our Federal Union. It inspired him with the same rapt enthusiasm with which the devout astronomer regards the wondrous mechanism of the star-decked heavens. To him it was a splendid galaxy of sovereign and co-equal Commonwealths, bound to a common center by an indissoluble tie, upon which the preservation of each depended, and all moving in their appointed paths with the precision and harmony which marked the music of the spheres in the glorious dawn when "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." He knew of no other means among men for preserving the priceless heritage of liberty it was designed to secure, and made every other consideration subsidiary to its perpetuity.

To that all-absorbing end he felt that the complete autonomy of the States was as essential as the most sedulous maintenance of Federal authority within its legitimate sphere. He knew that the Union could no more exist without the power in its integral parts to perform their proper functions than the life of the human body could survive the complete paralysis of its various members. He knew that consolidation and disintegration were equally certain to result in its absolute destruction, just as the relaxation of one of the mysterious forces which anchor the solar system to its center would hurl the planets into the vortex of chaotic ruin, while a suspension of the other would send them "darkling through eternal space."

Therefore, in the true spirit of the great founder of his chosen school of political philosophy, he was ever found foremost among the most zealous champions of "home rule," defending the State governments in all their rights, dignity, and equality "as the most competent administrators of our domestic concerns and the surest bulwarks against anti-republican tendencies," while as ardently supporting "the General Government in its whole constitutional vigor, as the sheet-anchor of our peace at home and our safety abroad." In these simple but sublime principles he discerned the true foundation, and in their beautiful co-relation the keystone of the grand political arch which spans our continent from ocean to ocean. Take either away, and in his judgment the stupendous structure would topple into ruins. With their necessary corollaries so tersely formulated by Mr. Jefferson in his first inaugural they were to him the crowning truths of a political gospel whose precepts he followed with the faith of a devotee, and whose doctrines he would have maintained with

the constancy of a martyr. They were his pillar of cloud by day and his pillar of fire by night, and it was his intrepid fidelity to their guidance, at all times and under all circumstances, which gave that well-rounded symmetry and consistency to his public life which have always challenged the admiration of his political friends and foes alike.

It was not the effulgence of his genius, however, by which this great man was most endeared to those who knew and loved him best. It was the milder glow of those gentle virtues which lit up his private character with "the lambent purity of the stars." The incarnation of personal honor and the very soul of sincerity, perpetually overflowing with the milk of human kindness; free "from envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness," his social relations were of the purest, gentlest, loveliest character, constantly illustrated by the most generous self-abnegation and unremitting thoughtfulness for the happiness of others. No tender plea for the sake of sweet charity ever met his ear, whether from the humble beggar on the street or the promoters of some laudable work of public benefaction, but his purse was instantly open and his most active sympathy immediately enlisted.

All evil-speaking and unkind allusion in disparagement of others were as foreign to his habit as they were repulsive to his nature. He made a close and constant study of the Holy Scriptures, and adopted their divine precepts as the criterion of his conduct in all things. To him the golden rule was not merely the highest result of the most enlightened social philosophy, but a direct emanation from Divinity itself, and the most fervent petition in his humble prayer—whether on committing his soul to the fatherly care of his great Creator on lying down at night or in his morning offering of reverent gratitude for the light of a new day—was that he might be taught to extend to all men the generous forgiveness, the tender sympathy, and the loving kindness he would be glad to receive from them.

Of his religious views he rarely ever spoke, and then only with his most intimate friends. He preferred to exhibit the principles of his creed in his practice, instead of proclaiming his sentiments from the house-top. They were to him too sacred for the coarse ribaldry of the vulgar scoffer, the cold cynicism of the skeptic, or the uncharitable censorship of the narrow sectarian. But those who lived nearest to his heart and were permitted to look in upon the secret chambers of his inner life found there not only the "pleasing longing after immortality" which filled the soul of the ancient philosopher, but the most serene and childlike faith in the full real-

ization of that Heaven-sent hope through the priceless promises of the gospel.

Fortunate as he was in many respects, infinitely beyond the average of his race, Mr. Cox found the crowning blessing of his beautiful life in the affectionate devotion and genial companionship of his gifted and loving wife. She was Miss Julia A. Buckingham, whom he married at Zanesville, Ohio, October 11, 1849. Pure in spirit as thrice-sifted snow; sweet in disposition as the breath of new-blown roses; gentle in manner as the evening zephyr kissing the violet's eye; faithful to every obligation and cheerful in the discharge of every duty that affection, humanity, or religion could impose, she realized her husband's brightest ideal of the highest, holiest type of noble womanhood. To him she was indeed the pearl beyond all price. His constant companion, his truest friend, his trusted adviser in all things, she was to him a crown of glory and a song of rejoicing throughout all the days of their married life. She shared all his high ambitions and gloried in his grand successes. Her tender sympathies supported him in the dark hours of sorrow and her cheering smile gave a lovelier glow to the bright rays of returning joy. Hand in hand they trod life's journey together, strewing its pathway with the rich jewels of gentleness and charity, until, in the full flush of his fame, with his blushing honors thick upon him, he was beckoned to a brighter clime—to the real "Wonderland"—whither his pure spirit is wooing her in the soft, sweet music of an angel's whisper.

I have done. I need not detain you longer with this pleasing but mournful theme. It is one upon which I shall delight to linger with the fondness of a brother's love when I, too, shall have crossed the cold, dark waters of death. I turn from it now with a sad sense that the beautiful story of a life so lovely can never be told in any poor words of mine. The purest offering I can lay upon the tomb of my dead friend is the silent homage of my soul.

BENEDICTION OF REV. RABBI G. GOTTHEIL, D. D., OF TEMPLE EMANUEL.

May that all-merciful Power, whom to invoke is our highest privilege, grant that in the good man whose loss we mourn may be fulfilled the promise given by the mouth of the prophet: "And the wise shall shine like the brightness of the firmament and those that lead many to righteousness like the stars of the heaven forever;" and also this: "that the

memory of the just shall be for blessing." May that blessing appear whatever time we are called upon to perform our duty as citizens in that we follow closely the steps which he trod whilst among us. May peace reign within our borders and good-will be shown by one towards the other throughout our land. Amen.

Mr. CUMMINGS. Mr. Speaker, as a further mark of respect to the memory of Hon. SAMUEL SULLIVAN COX, late a member of the House of Representatives from the State of New York, I move that the House do now adjourn.

The motion was agreed to.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE, JULY 8, 1890.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore*. The resolutions of the House of Representatives will be read.

The Chief Clerk read as follows:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, *April* 19, 1890.

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended, that opportunity may be given for tributes to the memory of Hon. SAMUEL SULLIVAN COX, late a Representative from the State of New York.

Resolved, That as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, and in recognition of his eminent abilities as a distinguished public servant, the House at the conclusion of these memorial proceedings shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate this resolution to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk be instructed to communicate a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

Mr. HISCOCK. Mr. President, I offer the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore*. The resolutions will be read.

The Chief Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has received with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of the honorable SAMUEL SULLIVAN COX, late a member of the House of Representatives from the State of New York, and tenders to the family of the deceased the assurance of sympathy in their sad bereavement.

Resolved, That the business of the Senate be now suspended that opportunity may be given for fitting tributes to the memory of the deceased and to his eminent public and private virtues, and that as a further mark of respect the Senate at the conclusion of such remarks shall adjourn.

Resolved, That the Secretary be directed to transmit to the family of the deceased a copy of these resolutions.

ADDRESS OF MR. HISCOCK, OF NEW YORK.

Mr. PRESIDENT: I first met Mr. COX after he and I were elected to the Forty-fifth Congress in part to represent the State of New York in the House of Representatives. He then had an established national reputation as a brilliant, able, and versatile orator and conscientious and patriotic legislator. Mr. COX, sir, was an uncompromising partisan upon those questions that divided the two great political parties during the memorable period that he was in public life, and fully possessed of the courage of his convictions. He never hesitated to champion them or assail with the eloquence, logic, wit, ridicule, and satire at his command—and few men were endowed with his resources—the policy of the opposing party. But in my service with him in the House he received—and it was due him—a large degree of credit for sincerity, worthy motives, and honorable methods, however earnest his attacks were or troublesome to his adversaries.

If I pay this tribute to his memory it will hardly be said that I am too friendly a critic, for in our political faiths we had nothing in common, and never that I now recall approached so near each other and to the party line as to create the suggestion of a sympathy between us. I speak, sir, of party questions alone; upon many others we rarely seriously differed. Representing the same State, both devoted to her service, jealous of her honor, and proud of her history, we were drawn together by the common cause, if it were possible, of adding new luster to her renown, rather than by any natural law of selection, and became personal friends, and thoroughly in harmony in whatever in our public careers was personal to each other. What I

mean is that in those struggles that are consummated by the survival of the stronger, if not always the fittest, there was the utmost cordiality, often co-operation and confidences.

It is often said of those occupying the most exalted public positions while living that their vacant places would be so quickly and well filled that the notice of death and the funeral ceremonies would alone advertise the change. There have been marked exceptions to this, and the death of Mr. Cox is one of them.

He was a ready, cogent debater, who always enlisted the interest of his hearers, and he easily maintained the most advanced line of recognized parliamentary leadership in the controversy. His party friends yielded him his position without murmur or jealousy. His opponents recognized it, for to leave him unanswered was an abandonment by them of the contest. He was often so eloquent in the use of language that while he was cogent he strongly appealed to the sympathies, the hearts, and all the noblest and most exalted human sentiments.

Confessedly he was witty and had the most difficult task of maintaining the reputation, and I believe no one has ever in a service of the same length as his coined more witticisms than our friend. His public utterances abounded in illustrations entertaining and instructive. He must have been a great reader of books, and of books generally, for he was always well equipped from those resources. His eloquence, wit, appeals, illustrations, and logic were characterized by a genuine, earnest love for the good, admiration for the great, and the desire to be kind to, considerate of, and improve the moral and material conditions of those in any degree dependent upon legislation or the bounty and guardianship of the nation, and he favored laws which he believed promoted the interest of his countrymen and their

moral and intellectual advancement. He was an ever-living spring of love, generous sentiments, and kindly deeds. The sentiment of hate—I mean that hate which is cruel or prompts revenge—was foreign to his nature.

Mr. COX, though an eloquent orator and able debater, was not a political leader in the sense that a general is a great general. I mean that he was not one of those to whom it seems to be allotted to lead parties, who have followers bearing their names, and who seem to lose a distinctive political existence apart from it. He possessed too kind a heart and his nature was too emotional; his taste for literature and its laurels, for travel and its pleasures, his enjoyment of art and all that is loving and lovely and good were too absorbing. He would have starved and died if limited for his enjoyments and pleasures to the victories of a great political organizer. I do not mean by this that he was not strong in leadership when the occasion and time were to his liking, but that all occasions and times did not call him from all other, and to him often more charming, pursuits and more delightful employments.

In the memorial volume will be presented the record of his social, domestic, literary, and political life, spoken by loving and admiring friends. I have not preferred to dwell upon them, but rather upon his, to me, most charming character and accomplishments. I said earlier, his absence will be missed and marked. Memorial exercises, funeral orations, and eulogiums are unnecessary to remind us that he has left his accustomed place in our social life, parliamentary leadership, and the service of his country, and that it is still vacant.

Mr. President, we will strew flowers upon his grave; each one must be rich and perfect in tints and shades, and with its own peculiar perfume, each symbolizing purity, love, grace,

lofty aspiration or holy inspiration, and voicing an appropriate sentiment. Appropriate flowers have always been messengers of affection and regard; as such we lay these upon his grave.

Address of Mr. Voorhees, of Indiana.

Mr. President: More than the third of a century has passed away since Samuel Sullivan Cox sprang full-armed and equipped into the arena of public life and achieved a national reputation. He was first elected to Congress in the portentous, ill-boding year of 1856, and at once took his place as a leader in the debates which sectionalism then for the first time conjured into a bloody and fatal meaning over the organization and condition of the Territories of Kansas and Nebraska, and the dangerous and far-reaching questions incident thereto. From that time until the 10th day of September last, when he fell asleep on earth to wake in eternity, his career was continuously before the public eye as if under a calcium light, and it was at all times brilliant, fascinating, able, instructive, and under all circumstances as free from stain, speck, or blemish as the official life of Cato, the Roman censor.

Sir, in many respects the career of Mr. Cox was remarkable and without a parallel in the history of American affairs. Born in the Valley of the Mississippi, he attained high eminence there, and then, instead of following the westward-moving star of empire, which usually guides the way for American ambition in quest of new fields of action and of triumph, he turned his face to the East, and sought the oldest, the strongest, and most competitive center of American civilization. The great Commonwealth of Ohio has furnished forth many of her native

sons to other States for the public service, and is now furnishing the President of the United States and two of the most important members of his Cabinet, together with six members of the United States Senate; but Mr. COX was the first and only one to go to an older and abler empire State than his own, and there to win a lofty civic distinction and be crowned with the evergreen laurel of imperishable honor and fame.

Ohio and New York may exult together over the successful and beneficent labors of his active and useful life, and together they may bend in sorrow over his untimely grave. The official record shows that he was elected four times to Congress from Ohio and twelve times from New York. No other such record as this can be found in the history of our Government, and we instinctively turn to the theater where he so long appeared in order to study some of the leading elements of a character which commanded such success and such unwonted popular approval. If it is true that a man is known by the company he keeps, then indeed Mr. COX must take very high rank from the beginning to the end of his service in the House. He kept company in debate on the greatest questions with the ablest intellects of their day and generation. He was in every race, from start to finish, with those who were swiftest and of best endurance.

Passing over the Thirty-fifth and Thirty-sixth Congresses, in which he distinguished himself in debate on the Douglas side of the Lecompton question, with many of the strongest men from the South, he rises to my mind and memory here to-day as he appeared when we first met as members of the Thirty-seventh Congress at its called session, on the 4th of July, 1861. Sir, how distant and awful that period appears to us looking back upon it now, as we sit here in the soft, sweet sunlight of

peace and union. It towers up seemingly as a far-off volcanic height, once fraught with destruction, but now extinct and only enveloped in the haze and mist and vapor of sad and bygone memories.

There was a turbulent spirit abroad when the Thirty-seventh Congress was chosen, and every intelligent mind discovered danger in 1860 as certainly as the experienced mariner discovers the deadly storm when it is swiftly coming up. It is the philosophy of political communities, as shown by the history of the human race, that agitations arising from deep-seated causes never fail to put strong men in the front lines of action—sometimes their strength already known, but more frequently developed, or, rather, manifested, after being assigned to their positions. This was eminently true of the period from 1860 to 1865 in this country, and to a certain extent it was true of the Thirty-seventh Congress. Into that body came men apparently fashioned and adapted by nature to such a crisis; and others of the same mold and stamp, but more fully developed by the startling events of the times, came afterward, and more numerously, into the Thirty-eighth Congress.

Into the Thirty-seventh Congress came Thaddeus Stevens, then in his old age called for the first time to enact a mighty part in human affairs for which the hand of nature had especially equipped him. Never in all history, I think, has there been such a leader on the floor of a parliamentary body. Not in the history of the Grecian or Roman democracies, when most ruled and guided by popular favorites, nor amidst the civil wars of England, can there be found a character so dominant over others without any reliance whatever upon the sword. Stevens had no need to resort to a vulgar violation or abuse of the rules of the House in order to establish his supremacy.

He ruled his party majority, and thus ruled the House by the force of a giant intellect, combined with an iron will, and sometimes set on fire by those tremendous passions of the human heart which rage when the tempest rages, direct the whirlwind, and outride the utmost fury of the storm. Often while watching his wonderful displays of power over the House I have busied myself in taking up in review the various leaders of the French Revolution, and wondering which one he would most nearly have resembled had he lived and acted through those convulsive scenes. My mind always inclined to Danton for a comparison, and yet with only a partial assent. They were alike in their power, by brief impassioned speech, to stir the blood of men and to impel them to action like a bugle-call to battle. They were alike in their mental superiority, their stormy tempers, and the gloomy vein of misanthropy which beset them, but there the comparison seems to end.

The American was more sincere and filled with more definite and nobler purposes than the Frenchman. Though Danton died of the guillotine, yet with his dying words he sneered at the cause for which his noble head, a moment later, fell in the dust. Stevens had great aims in view from the first, and he pursued them unsparingly. The destruction of slavery and the downfall of the political power which it upheld were the supreme objects of his life and inspired him, not so much with love for the slave as with hatred toward the people of his own race who inherited the negro in bondage and had the care of him. He lived to witness the fulfillment of his dearest wishes, and was then laid down to rest, according to his own directions, in the colored church-yard at his old home.

Owen Lovejoy was also a member of the Thirty-seventh Congress, a man of powerful and inflammatory eloquence, hot and

bitter in his political convictions, and animated in his hostility to the South by a personal grievance in the death of a brother at Alton, Ill. The names of Roscoe Conkling, Schuyler Colfax, Henry J. Raymond, Francis Thomas, of Maryland, John F. Farnsworth, and others of high ability and national standing might be cited and dwelt upon to show the strength and resources of the overwhelming majority in the House at that time.

At a later day and into the Thirty-eighth Congress came Garfield, with his industrious, scholarly methods and almost boyish enthusiasm; Blaine, with whose brilliant, Prince Rupert style of parliamentary warfare we are all familiar; and Schenck, who, in my opinion, was the best real debater of the actual matter in hand of them all, the hardest and most direct hitter in short, turn-about speeches, and the fairest and readiest in recognizing the force of his adversary's blows. Sir, it was in company and in combat with these men and others more or less like them that Mr. Cox was to be found for nearly thirty years of his life. How well he bore himself through it all, *sans peur*, *sans reproche*, the voluminous records amply disclose, and even his opponents have always testified.

If called upon to point out to the emulating young men of the country the traits of character which most conduced to Mr. Cox's great success, I would say that, aside from his high order of natural ability, he was most indebted to an undaunted courage and a never-wearying industry. These two qualities brought him into every conflict always ready and never afraid. He read everything with a marvelous faculty for the rejection of the chaff, the husks, and the shells, and for the assimilation of all else to his own use. He kept scrap-books on all subjects, and his drawers, not only at his home, but in his desk at the House,

were well stored magazines of fixed ammunition for any and all sorts of political conflict.

He always approached an important and hotly contested discussion in the House with a joyous and confident air, and his friends never dreaded the result when they saw him rise and turn to his opponents with the light of battle in his face. He shrank from no odds and never halted to count the number or the quality of his adversaries. He relied on the justice of his own cause and the strength of his own preparations, and then, with the steady and splendid courage of a knight in the days of the tournament of old, he met the chosen and the ablest champions that were sent against him. His was in every respect an intrepid nature. He was a brave man, mentally, morally, and physically. He laughed at danger in its face.

In the history of Henry of Navarre it is written that within the first hour of his birth his jubilant Gascon grandfather perfumed his infant lips with the clove and wet them with wine, in order, as he said, that the royal-blooded child might, when he grew to manhood, have within his breast a bold and at the same time a gay and mirthful heart. And so in other instances, without the clove and the wine, hearts have been filled with courage and with the sunshine of mirth and humor, and have borne themselves in every manly conflict of life with as much gallantry and true chivalry as he who wore the white plume and bade his soldiers follow it as their oriflamme.

Mr. Cox was often criticised during his life-time, and by those who thought thus to injure him, because he was a partisan in his political faith and action. His critics were mistaken, not in the fact that he was a partisan in the fullest and best sense of that term, but in assuming that such a fact was injurious to his career for usefulness, to his character as a lover of his

kind, or to his reputation and standing with all honorable men of whatever party, persuasion, or creed of belief and practice. He did indeed believe in the party to which he belonged, and defended its principles in the open arena against all comers. May I not ask, however, whether much respect is due to any one in public life who does less than this?

Political parties are absolute necessities in free governments. They are the only methods known to the wisdom and experience of enlightened history whereby concentration of thought, agreement of opinion, unity of purpose, and concert of action can be secured for the accomplishment of great results. Errors may creep into party organizations, but their cure lies in that general spirit and purpose of reform which inspires the honest membership of all parties, rather than in an outcry against the existence of the parties themselves.

In every struggle for liberty among the Greeks and the Romans, in every contest for the enlargement and security of popular rights in England or anywhere else in modern Europe, and in all the mighty movements and convulsions which have taken place for freedom in this western hemisphere, the leaders of the people have simply been the leaders of great political parties and have accomplished all their vast and glorious results through compact, unified, and aggressive political organizations. Washington himself was a leader in civil life of the Whig party against the party of the Tories, and but for this fact would not have been chosen to command the armies of the Revolution. Jefferson and Jackson were party men, and so, likewise, were Lincoln and Grant. It is the small man, not the great, who deems himself wiser than the associated wisdom of his times, and who in official station distends himself out of all proportion with the idea that he is stronger,

greater, and knows more than the party which created and elevated him.

But as we recall and dwell for a moment on Mr. COX'S grand loyalty and adherence to his party and its policies, how broad and comprehensive appear the whole tenor and spirit of his life and conduct; how like universal sunshine on growing fields and blooming flowers, his warm philanthropy, his active benevolence, his generous, helpful deeds shine forth in every line of his public service! Liberality was the law of his being; his soul was lit up with love for the brotherhood of man, and no narrow or selfish thought or purpose ever darkened its chambers. He never had any doubt who was his neighbor or of the meaning of the golden rule.

Had he been on the road between Jerusalem and Jericho when the stranger was found stripped, wounded, and half dead, he would have relieved the Samaritan of the task of furnishing oil and wine, of binding up wounds, and of paying the stranger's bill in advance for proper care at the inn. Henry Clay filled the civilized world with the music of his eloquence in sympathy with the oppressed Greeks in 1824. It is not too much to say that SAMUEL S. COX, in recent years, with wider information on his subject, greater knowledge of the different races of the earth, and with a braver and loftier benevolence than was required of the great Kentuckian, challenged the attention of his own countrymen and of all nations to the brutal and barbaric treatment of the downtrodden Hebrews of Poland and throughout all the vast, dark, and hopeless regions of Russian despotism.

His powerful and eloquent protest aroused public opinion, quickened consciences, and put ancient blind prejudice to shame in every enlightened land beneath the sun, so that now

the sons and daughters of Israel in the dominions of the Czar and elsewhere are safer and happier because of the words he spoke and the expression he secured in the American Congress. His heart went out to helpless and suffering people, and he visited those who were sick and in prison. His bold, determined, and efficient efforts in behalf of an exchange of prisoners during the most resentful and deadliest period of the war between the North and the South will not only be enshrined forever in the archives of his Government, but they have also been written to his credit by the recording angel in that high realm where the blue and the gray are alike liberated from prisons and from pain and where they have already welcomed the coming of their common benefactor.

While Mr. Cox discussed amply and upon full preparation every question within the entire range of government, State and national, yet it will be found by the student of history that his most conspicuous labors and his most eloquent and impassioned speech were in behalf of those who were helpless to labor for themselves. When the war of the sections was over and the South was a wreck; when her States were torn from their foundations and demolished as cities are by cyclones; when her people were bankrupt, disfranchised, and standing amidst their ruined homes with nothing left save the inextinguishable honor, courage, and recuperative energies which belong to a heroic and glorious race, then it was that Mr. Cox seemed to gather a new inspiration, and he flung himself into the tremendous debates which followed on reconstruction and kindred questions with the learning and versatility of Burke, the polished wit of Sheridan, and the fiery, impassioned logic of Douglas.

He who now or hereafter most carefully and impartially ex-

amines the debates in the House during the first ten years after the war will most fully concur in the estimate I make of Mr. COX'S power and resources in parliamentary warfare. He had supported the Government in its efforts to suppress the rebellion; he had voted men and money without stint or limit; but when the vanquished were at the mercy of power and the legions of Lee and Stonewall Jackson were scattered to fight no more forever, he took the side of those who were voiceless here in their own behalf; he espoused the cause of the weak, and held over their heads, to protect them from further blows, a shield stronger, more impenetrable, and more glorious than was forged and wrought by Vulcan for Achilles—the shield of the Constitution.

The restoration of the States, and not their reconstruction and re-admission into the Union from which they had no power to secede, was his policy of statesmanship for that anomalous period. He believed the honor of the Southern people could be trusted in their relations with the Federal Government, and he was therefore in favor of rehabilitating them at once in all their former rights as American citizens, subject simply to the elimination of slavery. There are those who believe that Mr. Lincoln, had he lived, would have pursued substantially such a policy, and they also believe that the most disastrous results of his horrible and untimely death were the reconstruction and military occupation of the Southern States growing out of the supreme distrust and hostility at that time between the legislative and executive departments of the Government.

Turning to other subjects which engaged the thought and action of Mr. COX in his public service, the same broad and liberal principles of benevolent statesmanship are to be found in his works on every hand. To his constant and unwearied

efforts, persisted in for years and enriched with vast information and thrilling eloquence, the present splendid life-saving system of our Government owes its existence and its humane and heroic career. When the hardy mariner mans the life-boat and goes to the rescue of the shipwrecked and tempest-tossed on the angry ocean, the spirit of this brilliant, comprehensive, and benevolent American statesman will be with him as a pilot on the waters; and when drowning men and women are carried from the raging surf and resuscitated on the beach their first conscious thought may well be one of thankfulness and gratitude that he lived and labored so usefully and so well.

It is hardly necessary to say that Mr. Cox had quick, keen, and tender sympathies with such as are known as the plain, common people. He sincerely loved them, enjoyed their ways, believed in their virtues, and often talked with them in their neighborhood dialects. Daniel O'Connell, in his palmiest days, when Irish multitudes shouted with mirth or burst into tears at his will, never got nearer in heart, love, and sympathy to his audiences than did the gifted orator whose death we mourn to-day. The people on their part when brought in personal contact with him, especially as their Representative, made him their political idol. I once witnessed a scene in illustration of this fact which will never fade from my memory.

More than twenty years ago I was taking part in a memorable political campaign in Ohio, in which Thurman, Vallandigham, Pendleton, and other gentlemen of great note were likewise engaged. Judge Thurman was a candidate for governor, and, although defeated by a few votes for that position, he secured a legislature which gave him a seat in this body and thus enriched American history by his great and imperishable services as a Senator. Mr. Cox had removed from Ohio and was then living

in New York, but was called to Zanesville by a death in his family circle, which, of course, prevented his participation in the canvass then at a high stage of excitement and activity.

During his melancholy sojourn of a few days at Zanesville he concluded to run down to Columbus, and it so happened that Mr. Pendleton, Mr. Vallandigham, and myself were on the train with him. It was not generally known that Mr. Cox was then in the State, and least of all was he expected at Columbus that day. When the train arrived a concourse of people, with music and banners, was at the depot to welcome those of the party who were expected, when, as we emerged from the cars, all at once an intent look came into every eye in that multitude, and then a jubilant, prolonged shout rent the air. The brilliant Buckeye was discovered by his old neighbors and constituents, and in an instant everbody was forgotten but him. It was his first return after going out from their midst and taking up a new home. He managed to get from the cars to a carriage, but loving hands lifted him out of it.

I have witnessed many an ovation to popular party leaders, but never anything like the intense personal devotion, affection, and love displayed on this occasion. The last I saw of him many hours afterward was as he stood bare-headed in the street surrounded by a surging multitude of men, women, and children, who were shouting, laughing, crying, and clinging to him. His own eyes were suffused, his face was pale, and his lips trembled, though wreathed with smiles of rapture at his unexpected and wonderful welcome. Often in after years he and I talked over this scene together, and the memory of it remained a joy to his heart to the latest day of his life.

If we leave Mr. Cox's official public life and at this point turn to other fields and forums, we find him there displaying

the same rare ability, the same amazing rapidity of thought and action, which made him the commanding figure he was as a tribune of the people in the halls of legislation. The range of his information on all subjects was more extensive and more accurate than that of any other man I have ever known who was engaged in political life and in affairs of state. Nothing once appropriated to his mental store-house ever escaped him or failed to be used at the proper time.

Whether in company with professors, scientists, authors, travelers, playwrights, eminent actors, humorists, or with statesmen, jurists, and law-givers, he was equally at home, and equally ready to contribute something useful, brilliant, and instructive. He paid tribute to the memory of savants such as Morse, Agassiz, and Henry with the learning and in the language of one of their own class. On the lecture platform, when he chose to ascend it, he had no superior in the richness and strength of his matter or in the eloquence with which it was delivered.

I once heard him address the literary societies of one of the leading universities of the country on the practical details of chemistry as applied to the physical sciences, and it was interesting to observe two professors of chemistry watching with note-book and pencil in hand to detect him in a technical blunder, a false quantity, an erroneous combination, or a faulty result, and watching in vain, as they afterward admitted, with great surprise and admiration. He was a writer of wonderful beauty and grace. He wrote and published books which sparkle like gems in the literary world, and which will continue to delight and instruct generations yet to come. He loved art, and befriended artists by liberal legislation and by his magnetic personal sympathy and encouragement.

In statuary and painting his taste was simply the unerring

instinct of his own lofty genius, and he frequented with enthusiasm the galleries and museums where the works of the masters displayed their greatest beauties and glories to his eye. He was at the front in every movement looking to the cultivation, refinement, and progress of the people. He believed in the educating and elevating influences of libraries, and hence gave the sanction of his name and of his abilities to that great structure now rising in its strength and beauty in front of this Capitol, there to stand as a home for the books of the world, as a depository for the mental product of the human race, and as a monument to the enlightened spirit, the grace, and the culture of the American Republic at the close of the nineteenth century.

In the midst of all his home labors, pursuits, and duties Mr. Cox also found time to take rank as one of the most extensive and intelligent travelers of modern times. With her at his side who had joined her name and fortune to his in the Valley of the Muskingum in the bright morning of youth he repeatedly journeyed over Europe, Asia, and Africa, and always returned with the spoils of useful knowledge and an increased love for his own land.

With the eye of a philosopher and with a soul filled with the poetry and sublimity of high historic associations, he saw almighty Rome, climbed the Pyramids, and stood upon Mount Calvary. He traversed deserts on the camel's back and camped at night-fall with the Bedouin at long-sought wells of fresh water. He floated on the waters of the Nile, and plucked the lotus, the Egyptians' symbol of the creation. He marked the course of the Euphrates; looked upon the Red Sea where Pharaoh attempted to cross in pursuit of fugitive slaves; drank from the river Jordan, and slept by the cooling fountains of Damascus. He studied every variety of the human race in the

broad spirit of a human brotherhood, and no prejudice of caste or of color darkened his vision or perverted his judgment as he wandered amongst the motley and scattered tribes of the earth's most distant parts.

But wherever he traveled and in whatever clime he sojourned what a stanch and genuine American he was! The sunbeams of the Orient, the soft skies of Italy, the grandest scenery of the Alps, were not so attractive or sublime to him as the face of nature in his own Western home. After gliding on the waters of the Blue Danube and along the castellated heights of the Rhine, he was wont to say that the Hudson between Albany and New York and the Ohio from Steubenville to Cincinnati presented more beauty to the eye of the traveler than any other rivers of the world. John Milton is quoted as saying, "Our country is wherever we are well off."

This was peculiarly untrue with Mr. Cox. Cosmopolite as he was in his philosophy and in his broad love of humanity, yet he was not a citizen of the world in the sense that weakened the ties that bound him to American institutions, to the American people, and to the American flag.

Sir, such a character as I have here but imperfectly delineated must take and hold a front place in the history of his country. His works were durable contributions to the cause of human progress, and they can not perish. Their influences will bide the test of time and will go on forever. Who are entitled to be called great by the pen of the historian? Who merit most the grateful remembrance of posterity? Let statues and monuments continue to arise in honor of warriors who gathered fame on battle-fields, but let it not be accepted by the public mind that they alone are to occupy the Walhalla of the brave, the palace of immortality.

There are other fields besides those of war where high courage and capacity are displayed, where heroes achieve victories full of blessings and full of glory, and where immortal fame attends the efforts of those who live and labor for justice, liberty, and equality in behalf of their fellow-men. In such fields as these, fields of laborious thought, philanthropic purposes, and lofty mental conflict, Mr. COX won for himself a place on an easy level with those whom the world has crowned with civic greatness, and to him also belongs, and will be conceded, the same recognition.

But while yet in full career, in the midst of plans, hopes, and comprehensive purposes for the future, borne forward by all his ceaseless activity, and in the unabated prime and vigor of all his splendid faculties, he was called by a voice for which we are all listening and which none can disobey. He responded with the manly courage of his nature, and in starting on his last journey, this time to cross, not the ocean channels which merely divide continents and hemispheres, but the realms which lay between time and eternity, his only regret was the separation from his devoted and gifted wife, who from youth to age had been his fellow-traveler, his companion, his comfort, his beloved. He felt that he had not been a slothful servant nor a loiterer in the vineyard, and that all the ends he had aimed at had been his country's, his God's, and truth's.

Not a line he ever wrote, not a word he ever uttered called for change or apology in the interest of morals, patriotism, or religion. He had always believed with Solomon that a good name was rather to be chosen than great riches, and though he was a conspicuous and influential figure during periods reeking with venality and corruption his record at every step and at the close was as white and clean as the falling snow. May we not

hope and believe that his good life goes on and his great talents continue to expand in knowledge and in power in a world where life is eternal? Within less than a year before his final summons came he talked with me of the midnight sun he once witnessed in the polar regions of the North.

With eyes glowing and face lit up, he described the great luminary of day swinging low at midnight's still, weird hour, and touching apparently with its burning rim the dark waters of the Arctic, but never disappearing beneath them. He painted with all the poet's fervor and beauty its emergence from the shadowy and awe-inspiring aspect of its lowest point, and the rich and joyous effulgence with which it blazed forth again as it ascended the sky. In another sphere, more radiant and more restful than this, he has beheld another sun which never sets and in whose light his soul has realized the full fruition of Christian faith and Christian works.

Associate and delight of my earlier and later years, joy and charm of every hour we ever spent together, faithful and beloved friend of a lifetime, farewell! Hail, and farewell until we meet again!

Address of Mr. Sherman, of Ohio.

Mr. President: The death-roll of public men is lengthening with unusual rapidity, so that now but few remain of those who shared in the exciting and dangerous scenes in Congress preceding the civil war. The death of Mr. Cox strikes from the list of the living one conspicuous actor in those scenes, and now it becomes my duty, as one of the few survivors, to pay a brief but just tribute to the qualities of head and heart that made him and kept him a leader among the public men of our country for

a period of more than thirty-three years, longer than the average life of a generation. This duty is the more imperative upon me as he was a native of Ohio, for forty years a resident, and for eight years a Representative in Congress from that State, honored and respected by all of whatever party or creed, and beloved by his associates as but few in political life can hope to be.

I can also speak of him from a longer personal acquaintance than any one in either House, for I have known him or his kindred from almost the days of my boyhood. We were born in neighboring counties, he one year later than I. My father and his were associated as judge and clerk of the supreme court of Ohio. I knew of him as early as 1853, as the editor of the Ohio Statesman, a Democratic paper published at Columbus, the organ of that party in Ohio, but my personal acquaintance and association with him commenced with his election in 1856 as a member of the House of Representatives. His distinguished career in public life since that time has been eloquently stated by Senators who have preceded me. I prefer to speak of him as I think of him, as he appeared in social life, as a companion, a traveler, a writer of history, and of almost every form of literary composition.

While Mr. Cox was a successful leader in political life and rendered his party due fealty on purely political questions, he was not always in harmony with the majority of his party. In his first speech in Congress, and the first speech made in the new Hall of the House of Representatives, an opportunity carefully chosen by him with the skill of an actor, he took ground against the Lecompton constitution, strongly recommended by Mr. Buchanan's Administration. He supported several measures during the war not approved by his political associates. He spoke in favor of the amendment abolishing slavery, though

he did not vote for it. By instinct, education, and association, especially by family ties, he was against slavery. On all other questions of a political character he was by inheritance, and no doubt by conviction, a Democrat, and faithfully followed the tenets of his party. I do not consider this a fault, but a virtue.

While honesty of purpose and motive should be conceded to all parties and sects, it is no discredit to even the wisest of men to yield his individual opinions to the deliberate conviction of the great body of the people with whom in the main he agreed in order to secure a common purpose or desire. The right to protest and discuss and even to secede from a party or sect is open to every individual and should be exercised when clear and honest conviction demands it, but such conviction is more frequently caused by chagrin, disappointment, or egotism than by sober reason. It is enough to say of Mr. Cox that he was an honest partisan, but neither a bitter nor revengeful one. He was a Democrat, but he knew that the great party to which he was opposed was as strong and faithful in their support of the rights of the people as the party to which he belonged, but they differed as to the best means to secure these rights.

We constantly forget in our political contests that the great body of the questions we have to decide are non-political. Upon these we divide without feeling and without question of motives. On all such questions Mr. Cox was always on the humanitarian side. He has linked his name in honorable association with many humane, kindly, and reformatory laws. If not the founder or father of our Life-Saving Service, he was at least its guardian and guide. He took an active part in promoting measures of conciliation after the war. He supported the policy of the homestead law against the veto of Mr. Buchanan. He was the advocate of liberal compensation to letter-carriers, of reducing

the hours of labor, and of liberal pensions to Union soldiers. I doubt if there is a single measure on the statute books, during his time, which appeals to sympathy, charity, justice, and kindness for the poor, the distressed, or the unfortunate which did not receive his hearty support. If kindness bestowed is never lost, then Mr. Cox has left an inheritance to thousands who will revere his memory while life lasts.

Perhaps his most pleasing trait was his genial, social manner. Always gay, cheerful, and humorous, he scattered flowers on the pathway of all his friends and acquaintances. His wit was free from sting. If in the excitement of debate he inflicted pain, he was ready and prompt to heal the wound, and died, as far as I know, without an enemy or an unhealed feud. I had with him more than one political debate and controversy, but they left no coolness or irritation. In my last conversation with him, in the spring of 1889, we talked of old times and early scenes more than thirty years past and gone, and he recalled them only to praise those who differed with him. He had malice for none, but charity for all. In that endearing tie of husband and wife, which more than any other tests the qualities of a man, both he and his wife were models of unbroken affection and constant help for each other.

The most enduring fame of Mr. Cox will not rest upon what he said in Congress or did in Congress. His speeches are buried in the vast mausoleum of Congressional Records. But few will take the pains to select the wheat from the chaff, and what he did will be forgotten with the generation of which he was a part. His fame will rest mainly upon his numerous writings in many fields of literature. This was the occupation in which he took most delight. He was bred a lawyer, but he early abandoned his profession and became an editor of a political

paper. Nor did he devote his time to political questions, but soon became distinguished as a brilliant writer on purely literary topics. One of his pen pictures—a model of its class—gave him the name of "Sunset Cox," of which he was never ashamed.

He was fond of travel and wrote several books descriptive of scenes and incidents of travel. He also wrote historical works. He entered as an author, a lecturer, and a speaker many fields of research, and in all sustained his reputation as a brilliant writer and speaker, always interesting and often eloquent, a close student who always mastered his subject, and withal a man of generous impulses, kind and cheerful nature, a true friend, and a faithful public servant. This all can be said truly and without exaggeration of Mr. Cox. All that is left for me is to express my sincere sorrow for his untimely death. He did not contemplate death when I saw him last. His death was the first news I received on my arrival in New York, in September last, from a journey abroad. I am told that he met the common fate of all with patient confidence and an assured hope and belief in the doctrines of the Christian faith and the promise of future life.

It is fortunate that man can not know the future, and especially that future beyond human life. Socrates, when condemned to death, consoled himself with the inconceivable happiness, in a future state, when he would converse and associate with and question the mighty array of heroes, patriots, and sages that preceded him. He said to his judges, "It is now time to depart—for me to die, for you to live. But which of us is going to a better state is unknown to every one but God." We can not lift the veil, but may we not share the hope of the wisest of men that our farewell to associates who go before us is but a brief parting for a better life?

ADDRESS OF MR. VEST, OF MISSOURI.

Mr. PRESIDENT: It is not my purpose to speak at length of the public life of SAMUEL S. COX. To do so would simply be to present a résumé of the political history of this country for the last thirty years. When I came to the Senate twelve years ago my first public duty of any importance was service upon a joint committee of the Senate and House of Representatives to inquire into the causes of the decay of the American merchant marine. During my service upon that committee, of which Mr. COX was a member from the House of Representatives, I came to know him well, and personal and political sympathy caused our acquaintance to rapidly ripen into earnest friendship.

He was in some respects the most remarkable man I have known in public affairs. Whilst there was nothing majestic or rugged in his nature, he was beyond question better adapted to public life as known to the American people than any other man in all my acquaintance. He was capable of indefatigable labor, with varied accomplishments, versatile talents, wonderful eloquence, and a tenacity of purpose which knew nothing like failure. He was a partisan, but a partisan in the highest and best meaning of the term. He fought for his party because the principles of that party were, in his judgment, necessary to the welfare of his country. He never shrank from any political hazard, from any political contest. There was not a rivet in his armor that had not been tried by thrust of sword and point of spear. All that he was, all that he could give, was unreservedly and without hesitation devoted to the principles and policy of the great organization of which he was so illustrious a member.

He was a man of mercurial temperament, with whom the lights and shadows came and went as on a summer landscape, and like all public men of intellect and labor he tired at times and almost despaired. In 1884, when I heard that he contemplated accepting the mission to Turkey, I called upon him as a personal friend and remonstrated against it. I urged upon him the necessity, with a Democratic Administration coming into power after a quarter of a century, for our best talent and most experienced leaders in both branches of Congress, and I placed before him the great crisis that in the history of our party demanded his presence in the House of Representatives.

His answer was pathetic. He said, "I am tired; tired almost unto death. I am tired of rolling this eternal stone up the hill to see it roll back again to the bottom. I am tired of this eternal toil without return. I am tired of the excitement, of, it seems to me, the fruitless public labor that has been my lot for so many years. I want rest, and I can find it amidst the mosques and minarets of the finished civilization of the East. I can find it in the land of sunshine and flowers, completed centuries ago, where I can dream away the balance of this life, so much of which has been spent in toil and excitement." The year afterwards I received from him a letter stating that he had been disappointed in the East and would return soon to the United States, and I welcomed him back to public life as a soldier welcomes a comrade whose blade he knows is never absent in the hour of trial and danger.

I was the cause, to some extent, of the first address he delivered in the House of Representatives after his return, and it was in connection with legislation affecting the Yellowstone National Park. We agreed to meet there the summer afterwards. I was prevented by circumstances beyond my control

from keeping the engagement, but I met him after he came out of that splendid reservation at Helena, Mont., and there we talked, under the shadow of the great mountains, of the past and the coming future. We then anticipated our meeting again at the assembling of the present Congress. But, Mr. President, he has gone to a higher congress, whose sessions are eternal.

The history of Mr. COX will always be connected not only with the politics of this country, but with objects of the highest and noblest philanthropy. My friend from Indiana [Mr. Voorhees] has spoken of his splendid oratory in behalf of the Jews of Poland. He also devoted many years to those who "go down to the sea in ships," and to the humble postman, who brings tidings of joy or sorrow to each household in the land.

After his return from the Pacific coast I received from him the last of his literary productions, The Isles of the Princes; or, the Pleasures of Prinkipo, and in the closing words of this charming book, which seems in every page to breathe the genius, the philanthropy, and the vivacity of this wonderful man, a fitting epitaph is found for his tomb. This is an account of his last summer abroad, on the island of Prinkipo, where with the companion of his life's journey he attempted to realize that dream of complete rest for which he had left his country:

> The story of our summer is told. The wreaths begin to wither on the tomb. A thousand thoughts and studies hang over them. But these are not dead garlands. The angels of memory will resume their places at the gate of this paradise. The flaming sword drives us into the old and busy world, under the glaring sun and the uncloistered heat and dust of our earnest and active American life; but amidst all the turmoil and worry of that life, we shall turn to the "Pleasures of Prinkipo."
>
> In the shadow of thy pines, by the shores of thy sea,
> On the hills of thy beauty, our heart is with thee.

Address of Mr. Dixon, of Rhode Island.

Mr. President: A strong personal attachment, at first inspired by many kind attentions long ago, impels me to offer the tribute of affectionate regard to the distinguished dead. Many years his junior, I was attracted to Mr. Cox by such thoughtful consideration as men of experience and years can show to those much younger than themselves. In the kindness and friendliness of his life he exerted such a winning influence on those with whom he came in contact that he made friends of young and old.

From the time Samuel Sullivan Cox entered Brown University until just previous to his death, when he wrote, "I am beginning to yearn after early memories of Brown and Providence," he had a great fondness for that venerable institution and the city where it stands. There it was he early displayed those brilliant qualities of mind that in after years made him renowned; there it was his youthful powers were cultivated, bent, and trained, and there it was, as I have often heard him say, he acquired that analytic habit that became a part of his intellectual power. Then and there it was he formed associations in Rhode Island that ended only with his life.

Very naturally after leaving college his tastes led him to devote himself to a professional career, and he practiced law in Zanesville, Ohio, his native town, until 1853, when he moved to Columbus and became editor of the Columbus Statesman; then turning his attention to politics he soon entered public life.

Always a strong partisan, he bore a conspicuous part in the councils of the Democratic party; yet when necessary to do what he considered right he could step across the party line. I

leave all commendation for party fealty to his party associates. It was by no means on account of his political affiliation that his closest personal friends were bound to him.

In his public career, extending through so many years, where he won an enviable national reputation (his first election to the House of Representatives from Ohio was in 1856, and after removing to New York he was elected from a New York City district to the House almost successively until his death), there is much to allure attention and attract remark.

Sensitive to the blows and thrusts of factional animosity, he shrank from the keen rancor that has become too common a part of public debate and difference. He would naturally "beware of entrance to a quarrel, but being in" his abilities, his mental resources, and his ready wit made him a bold and fearless adversary. Mr. Cox never entered into any contest bearing malice, and if surprised into a loss of temper or suddenly excited to hot words he was prompt to express regret and ask for that forgiveness he was ever ready to bestow.

When a man has been standing for many years in the fierce light of political controversy it is generally forgotten that he has any individuality, private life, or character except such character as has been imposed upon him by political allies or opponents.

But, sir, personal characteristics drew friends to Mr. Cox; his individuality kept that friendship. While others laud his statesmanship and commend his public acts, I would pay my humble tribute to the man himself and to those qualities and characteristics that won him friends.

In all his relations with men Mr. Cox was benevolent and kind; always accessible to the unfortunate. Interested in works of charity, he was so ready with his kindly aid that when oppor-

tunity presented an occasion to do good, with earnest zeal he would devote himself to the kind purpose, whether that purpose was directed toward the establishment of a national system for life-saving on the sea and coast or was only secretly called forth by the pitiful recital of some individual distress. It was not alone on account of his generous readiness to aid the unfortunate that friends were drawn to him, for in his intercourse with those whose ample fortunes and full stores of this world's goods left no material want he could supply, this cheerful, genial man daily added to the number of his friends, and all through this broad land of ours his name was known and in almost every little town he had at least one friend.

In the city where he lived, so greatly was he honored and esteemed that when he died a vast assemblage of his fellow-townsmen met to pay to him the homage of their respect and love. That gathering was a grander tribute to the worth and goodness of the man than all the adulation and heartless solemnity of stately ceremonials in high places.

Mr. Cox had cultivated by studious application the strong and vigorous mind he had inherited, had expanded his powers by extensive travel, and stored in a retentive memory what he had read and seen. Gifted with an ease and felicity of expression, he became a frequent and most interesting contributor to periodical publications, and was the author of many entertaining books, infusing into each the cheerfulness of his bright mind.

To all appearance he had just reached the summit of his mental strength; he seemed adequately equipped to undertake still more laborious tasks. Never had he been so well fitted to serve his constituency and his country. In the full possession of his ripened powers he did not perceive that age was coming

on. To his full hope the end seemed still far distant, but the days of his appointed time were numbered, and on the 10th day of September last SAMUEL SULLIVAN COX entered into rest.

An active, earnest, noble life has ended. Another pilgrim has made the journey to that—

> Country bordering on this land
> Sealed in eternal silence here, where all
> Are journeying—a region which we call
> The empire of the dead. No mortal's hand
> Hath ever mapped its coast. Upon its strand
> Discovery's anchor ne'er hath been let fall.

ADDRESS OF MR. EVARTS, OF NEW YORK.

Mr. PRESIDENT: I might well ask to occupy some closing moments of the declining hours of this day in speaking of my dead friend if I had no other relation to him and to his character and his career than that which attends him as an eminent public servant of the State which he so long represented so ably in Congress, or for those varied excellences of character and of life which made him a notable figure in our history for so many years. But it so happens, Mr. President, that for more than twenty years I had the pleasure of enjoying his friendship, at all times agreeable to me, never broken and always accompanied with esteem for his life and his manners and his career.

It is difficult to conceive a career more versatile and at the same time more ample and attractive than that which marks the course of this young native of Ohio from the time when he started—and at a great pace, which he kept up to the end of his life—until the time of his death, when he had become the most eminent of the public men of his party in the great State of New York. He was a scholar; he was an editor; he was a

lawyer; he was a politician; he was an orator; he was a philosopher; he was a traveler; he was an author; he was a diplomatist; he was a wit, and yet the whole warp and woof of his life was that of a member of Congress and in the active pursuit of politics.

In all these regards, if it can not be said of him that he ever did any one thing that no other man could do, yet no one but must say and feel that, within the field of our observation and our contemporary history, no man has done so many things so well as our deceased colleague, Mr. Cox.

But we must add to our estimate of this career the circumstance that he lived in an age and in a sphere in public life when the nation was awakened and aroused, was rent and torn, and then restored and re-established, and that the thirty years of what makes up his public notice and his public service was always upon such a theater and occupied with great actors and great actions. We must, then, all agree that in our calm civilization and in our established institutions, ever accepted and ever expected to endure—we must agree that there have been great opportunities of the highest dignity and the highest responsibility, and that these opportunities were well used by this Ohio statesman, this New York statesman, whose death we lament.

Mr. President, in all the intercourse that I had with Mr. Cox, though we were always opposed to one another in politics, always representing on every scene of action in our own State opposite views, with opposite alliances, I do not know that in any instance I can recall any action of his that seems to me unsuitable to that career which he had espoused, that duty which he had undertaken to fulfill.

It is idle to talk under free institutions, under representa-

tive government, in derogation of parties and of partisans. All the public life of a free country is carried on by parties and all are led by partisans. You might as well criticise the career and the methods of the soldier and of the great captains of armies for being devoted to the warfare and the battle and the storm through which their paths of duty lie. These are our paths, these are our duties, and the proper criticism of us all is with what fidelity and with what advantage to the interests that we espouse we have maintained our place in them.

I do not think, in looking back through thirty years among the eminent men of the Democratic party in the State of New York, that there is any one that can be fairly considered as having been more engaged, and more usefully engaged, and more constantly engaged, in public affairs than Mr. Cox.

This is a singular honor to one who comes from a native, a great State, with a career there established, that Mr. Cox was received with open arms by the great party and the great population of our city and all that make up the interests of our State. But this is nevertheless true. He became the idol of the earnest and warm-hearted and sometimes too tumultuous Democracy of our great city; but he also had a warm place in the affection and regard of his political opponents in that wide community. There is no trace or token throughout his life of bitterness or resentment towards him in all this busy scene of his activities. And thus, throughout and in all regards, Mr. Cox stands out a notable figure, from the boy editor on to the final death scene of the statesman. All may study it; all may reflect upon it.

Mr. President, these mortuary meditations and reflections which arise upon the contemplation of death, whether they be in the secret chambers of our own hearts or whether among

faithful friends, or on this larger scene of public observation of men whose lives have served the community—these are not without their greatest and most beneficial effects upon the personal life and upon the public conduct of all who submit to these reflections. The Patriarch who had known all of the vicissitudes of joy and sorrow, of pride and contumely, and had learned patience by this experience, was yet forced to cry out, "Man that is born of a woman is of few days and full of trouble." But the royal poet of Israel, who knew every step of life himself also, from the sheep-cot to the throne, he, with exultant and triumphant view of human life and of the endowments of man by his Maker, said: "Thou has made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor."

This wide sweep in human affairs between that view which deplores man's life as lamentable and that which exalts him as in nature and faculty almost divine—in this life of ours of cultivated, educated, Christianized communities—takes in all the pessimists, and all the optimists; all the egoists and all the altruists; all those who build up and those who destroy; all those who touch nothing that they do not adorn and all those who touch nothing that they do not defile; all those of the evil eye of envy and all those of the pitiful eye of charity; all those who ennoble and expand and all those who belittle and bedraggle; all those who sap the virtues of society and those who feed their healthful growth; all those, in fine, that would lift a mortal to the skies and all those that would drag an angel down.

Mr. President, when a man's days are ended there comes after his death a judgment even in this life. Nature and society pass in a kind and yet a just survey upon each completed life. On which side of these opposing views of human interests and

human hopes which I have portrayed shall the life and conduct of our deceased friend find a place? When the woven tapestry of the fabric of his life, with its many bright colors and its gay and graceful figures, is folded away among the leaves of fate for the instruction and the delight of those who shall peruse that great book, all men shall read of him that he "served the state from boyhood up, labored for, loved her," and as for society and friendship and mankind, all his work was to adorn, to ennoble, and to expand; all such are enrolled in memories that will not suffer their remembrance to die.

I move, Mr. President, the adoption of the resolutions.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore*. The question is on the motion of the Senator from New York [Mr. Evarts] that the resolutions which have been read by the Secretary be adopted.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

Mr. EVARTS. I move that the Senate do now adjourn.

The motion was agreed to.

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